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THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE;
ILLUSTRATED:
EMBRACING
A LIFE OF THE POET,
AND
NOTES,
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

VOL. IV.

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BOSTON:
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VOL. IV. 1

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE transactions comprised in this play take up about nine years. The action commences with the account of Hotspur's being defeated and killed [1403], and closes with the death of king Henry IV. and the coronation of king Henry V. [1412-13]. "Upton thinks these two plays improperly called The First and Second Parts of Henry the Fourth. 'The first play ends (he says) with the peaceful settlement of Henry in the kingdom by the defeats of the rebels.' This is hardly true; for the rebels are not yet finally suppressed. The second, he tells us, shows Henry the Fifth in the various lights of a good-natured rake, till, on his father's death, he assumes a more manly character. This is true; but this representation gives us no idea of a dramatic action. These two plays will appear to every reader, who shall peruse them without ambition of critical discoveries, to be so connected, that the second is merely a sequel to the first; to be two only to be one."—*Johnson*.

This play was entered at Stationers' Hall, August 23, 1600. There are two copies, in quarto, printed in that year; but it is doubtful whether they are different editions, or the one only a corrected impression of the other.

Malone supposes it to have been composed in 1598.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH :

HENRY, *Prince of Wales, afterwards*

King Henry V. ;

THOMAS, *Duke of Clarence* ;PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, *afterwards* } *his Sons.*(2 Henry V.) *Duke of Bedford* ;PRINCE HUMPHREY of Gloucester, *after-**wards* (2 Henry V.) *Duke of Gloucester* ;

Earl of Warwick ;

Earl of Westmorland ; } *of the King's Party.*

GOWER, Harcourt ;

Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

A Gentleman attending on the Chief Justice.

Earl of Northumberland ;

SCROOP, *Archbishop of York* ;

LORD MOWBRAY, LORD HASTINGS ;

LORD BARDOLPH ; SIR JOHN COLEVILLE ;

} *Enemies to the King.*TRAVERS and MORTON, *Domestics of Northumberland.*

FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and Page.

POINS and PETO, *Attendants on Prince Henry.*SHALLOW and SILENCE, *Country Justices.*DAVV, *Scout to Shallow.*MORLBY, SHADOW, WART, FERBLE, and BULLCAMP,
*Recruits.*FANG and SNARE, *Sheriff's Officers.*

REMOR. A Porter.

A Dancer, *Speaker of the Epilogue.*

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND. LADY PERCY.

HOSTESS QUICKLY. DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Lords, and other Attendants ; Officers, Soldiers, Messen-
ger, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

SCENE. England.

SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

INDUCTION.

Warkworth. *Before Northumberland's Castle.*

*Enter RUMOR, painted full of tongues.*¹

Rumor. OPEN your ears ; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumor speaks ?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth.
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride ;
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world ;
And who but Rumor, who but only I,
Make fearful musters, and prepared defence ;
Whilst the big ear, swollen with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter ? Rumor is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures ;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,²
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,

¹ In a mask on St. Stephen's Night, 1614, by Thomas Campion,
Rumor comes on in a skin coat full of winged tongues.

² The *stops* are the holes in a flute or pipe.

Can play upon it. But what need I thus
 My well-known body to anatomize
 Among my household? Why is rumor here?
 I run before king Harry's victory;
 Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,
 Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his troops,
 Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
 Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
 To speak so true at first? My office is
 To noise abroad,—that Harry Monmouth fell
 Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;
 And that the king before the Douglas' rage
 Stooped his anointed head as low as death.
 This have I rumored through the peasant towns
 Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
 And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,¹
 Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
 Lies crafty-sick. The posts come tiring on,
 And not a man of them brings other news
 • Than they have learned of me. From Rumor's tongues
 They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true
 wrongs. [Exit.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The same. The Porter before the Gate.*

Enter LORD BARDOLPH.

Bardolph. Who keeps the gate here, ho?—Where
 is the earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?

Bard. Tell thou the earl,
 That the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His lordship is walked forth into the orchard.

¹ Northumberland's castle.

Please it your honor, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Bard. Here comes the earl.

North. What news, lord Bardolph? Every minute
now

Should be the father of some stratagem;
The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

Bard. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an Heaven will!

Bard. As good as heart can wish.—
The king is almost wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts
Killed by the hand of Douglas: young prince John,
And Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk sir John,
Is prisoner to your son. O, such a day,
So fought, so followed, and so fairly won,
Came not, till now, to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes!

North. How is this derived?
Saw you the field? Came you from Shrewsbury?

Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came from
thence;
A gentleman well-bred, and of good name,
That freely rendered me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant, Travers, whom I
sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Bard. My lord, I overrode him on the way;
And he is furnished with no certainties,
More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter TRAVERS.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you?

Tra. My lord, sir John Umfrevile turned me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better horsed,
Outrode me. After him, came, spurring hard,
A gentleman almost forspent¹ with speed,
That stopped by me to breathe his bloodied horse.
He asked the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury.
He told me, that rebellion had bad luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.
With that he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head; and, starting so,
He seemed in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

North. Ha!—Again.
Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur, coldspur? that rebellion
Had met ill luck!

Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what;
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honor, for a silken point²
I'll give my barony; never talk of it.

North. Why should the gentleman, that rode by
Travers,
Give then such instances of loss?

Bard. Who, he?
He was some hilding³ fellow, that had stolen
The horse he rode on; and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume;

¹ Exhausted.

² A *silken point* is a *tagged lace*.

³ i. e. *Hiljerling*, base, low fellow.

So looks the strond, whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witnessed usurpation.¹——

Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,
To fright our party.

North. How doth my son, and brother?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burned;
But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.
This thou wouldst say,—Your son did thus, and thus,
Your brother, thus; so fought the noble Douglas;
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
En ling with—brother, son, and all are dead.

Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;
But, for my lord your son,——

North. Why, he is dead.
See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He, that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others' eyes,
That what he feared is chanced. Yet speak, Morton;
Tell thou thy earl, his divination lies;
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great to be by me gainsaid;
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.
I see a strange confession in thine eye;
Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear or sin,
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so.
The tongue offends not, that reports his death;

¹ An attestation of its ravage.

And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead ;
Not he, which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office ; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remembered knolling a departing friend.¹

Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

Mor. I am sorry, I should force you to believe
That, which I would to Heaven I had not seen ;
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance, wearied and out-breathed,
To Harry Monmouth ; whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few, his death, (whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,)
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best-tempered courage in his troops ;
For from his metal was his party steeled ;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turned on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed,
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble Worcester
Too soon ta'en prisoner ; and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-laboring sword
Had three times slain the appearance of the king,
'Gan vail² his stomach, and did grace the shame
Of those that turned their backs ; and, in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is,—that the king hath won ; and hath sent out
A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,

¹ The *bell* anciently was rung before the dying person had expired, and thence was called the *passing* bell.

² To *vail* is to *lower*, to cast down.

Under the conduct of young Lancaster,
And Westmoreland: this is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physic; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well;
And as the wretch, whose fever-weakened joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs,
Weakened with grief, being now enraged with grief,¹
Are thrice themselves: hence, therefore, thou nice²
crutch;

A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quoif;
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which princes, fleshed with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron; and approach
The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring,
To frown upon the enraged Northumberland!
Let heaven kiss earth! Now let not nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confined! let order die!
And let this world no longer be a stage,
To feed contention in a lingering act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead!

Tra. This strained passion doth you wrong, my
lord.³

Bard. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your
honor.

Mor. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er

¹ *Grief*, in the latter part of this line, is used, in its present sense, for sorrow; in the former part for *bodily pain*.

² Shakspeare, like his contemporaries, uses *nice* in the sense of *effeminate*, *delicate*, *tender*.

³ This line in the quarto, is, by mistake, given to *Umfreville*, who is spoken of in this very scene as absent. It is given to *Travers* at Steevens's suggestion.

To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
You cast the event of war, my noble lord,¹
And summed the account of chance, before you said,—
Let us make head. It was your presumise,
That in the dole of blows your son might drop.
You knew, he walked o'er perils, on an edge,
More likely to fall in, than to get o'er;
You were advised, his flesh was capable
Of wounds, and scars; and that his forward spirit
Would lift him where most trade of danger ranged;
Yet did you say,—Go forth; and none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-borne action. What hath then befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be?

Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loss,
Knew that we ventured on such dangerous seas,
That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one;
And yet we ventured, for the gain proposed
Choked the respect of likely peril feared;
And, since we are o'erset, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth; body, and goods.

Mor. 'Tis more than time; and, my most noble lord,
I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,——
The gentle archbishop of York is up,²
With well-appointed powers; he is a man,
Who with a double surety binds his followers.
My lord, your son had only but the corps,
But shadows, and the shows of men, to fight:
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls;
And they did fight with queasiness, constrained,
As men drink potions; that their weapons only
Seemed on our side, but, for their spirits and souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop
Turns insurrection to religion;

¹ The fourteen following lines, and a number of others in this play were not in the quarto edition.

² This and the following twenty lines are not found in the quarto.

Supposed sincere and holy in his thoughts,
 He's followed both with body and with mind ;
 And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
 Of fair king Richard, scraped from Pomfret stones ;
 Derives from Heaven his quarrel, and his cause ;
 Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land,
 Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke ;
 And more ¹ and less do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before ; but, to speak truth,
 This present grief had wiped it from my mind.
 Go in with me ; and counsel every man
 The aptest way for safety, and revenge.
 Get posts, and letters, and make friends with speed ;
 Never so few, and never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. · London. *A Street.*

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, *with his Page bearing his sword and buckler.*

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water ? ²

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good, healthy water ; but for the party that owed ³ it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird ⁴ at me. The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to vent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only

¹ i. e. great and small, *all ranks*.

² This quackery was once so much in fashion that Linacre, the founder of the College of Physicians, formed a statute to restrain apothecaries from carrying the *water* of their patients to a doctor, and afterwards giving medicines in consequence of the opinions pronounced concerning it. This statute was followed by another, which forbade the doctors themselves to pronounce on any disorder from such an uncertain diagnostic. But this did not extinguish the practice.

³ Owned.

⁴ “ *Gird* (Mr. Gifford says) is a mere metathesis of *gride*, and means a thrust, a blow : the metaphorical use of the word for a smart stroke of wit, taunt, reproachful retort, &c., is justified by a similar application of kindred terms in all languages.

witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow, that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake,¹ thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate² till now: but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel; the juvenal,³ the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal. God may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as a face-royal,⁴ for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him.—What said master Dumbleton about the satin for my short cloak, and slops?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph; he would not take his bond and yours; he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damned like the glutton! may his tongue be hotter!⁵—A whoreson Achitophel! a rascally

¹ A root supposed to have the shape of a man. Quacks and impostors counterfeited, with the root briony, figures resembling parts of the human body, which were sold to the credulous as endued with specific virtues. See sir Thomas Brown's *Vulgar Errors*, p. 72, edit. 1686.

² An *agate* is used metaphorically for a very diminutive person, in allusion to the small figures cut in agate for rings and broaches.

³ *Juvenal* occurs in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and in *Love's Labor's Lost*. It is also used in many places by Chaucer for a *young man*.

⁴ Johnson says that, by a *face-royal*, Falstaff means a face exempt from the touch of vulgar hands. Steevens imagines that there may be a quibble intended on the coin called a real, or *royal*; that a barber can no more earn sixpence by his face, than by the face stamped on the coin, the one requiring as little shaving as the other. Mason thinks that Falstaff's conceit is, "If nothing be taken out of a *royal*, it will remain a *royal* still, as it was." The reader will decide for himself.

⁵ An allusion to the fate of the rich man, who had fared sumptuously every day, when he requested a drop of water to cool his tongue.

yea-forsooth knave ! to bear a gentleman in hand,¹ and then stand upon security !—The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles ; and if a man is thorough² with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon—security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I looked he should have sent me two-and-twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security ; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it ; and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him.—Where's Bardolph ?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield, to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield ; an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice,³ and an Attendant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there ?

Atten. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery ?

Atten. He, my lord ; but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury ; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York ? Call him back again.

Atten. Sir John Falstaff !

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder ; my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any

¹ To bear in hand is to keep in expectation by false promises.

² i. e. in their debt, by taking up goods on credit.

³ This judge was sir Wm. Gascoigne, chief justice of the King's Bench. He died Dec. 17, 1413.

thing good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

Atten. Sir John,——

Fal. What! a young knave, and beg! Is there not wars? is there not employment? Doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Atten. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? Setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

Atten. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou get'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged. You hunt counter;¹ hence! avaunt!

Atten. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord!—God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad. I heard say, your lordship was sick: I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltiness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship, to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

¹ To *hunt counter* was to hunt the wrong way, to trace the scent backwards; to *hunt it by the heel* is the technical phrase. Falstaff means to tell the man that he is on a wrong scent. The folio and the modern editions print *hunt-counter* with a hyphen, so as to make it appear like a name; but in the quartos the words are disjoined—*hunt counter*.

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear, his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty.—You would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, Heaven mend him! I pray, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cause of its effects in Galen; it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

*Fal.*¹ Very well, my lord, very well; rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not, if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord; but not so patient. Your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, sir John, you live in great infamy.

¹ In the quarto edition this speech stands thus:—

“*Old.* Very well, my lord, very well.”

This is a strong corroboration of the tradition that Falstaff was first called *Oldcastle*.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise ; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath misled me. I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound ; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gad's-hill. You may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'erposting that action.

Fal. My lord ?

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so ; wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What ! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassel candle,¹ my lord ; all tallow ; if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord ; your ill angel is light ;² but, I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing : and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell.³ Virtue is of so little regard in these coster-monger times, that true valor is turned bear-herd. Pregnancy⁴ is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings ; all the other gifts apper-

¹ A *wassel candle* is a large candle lighted up at a feast.

² "As light as a clipped angel" is a comparison frequent in the old comedies.

³ *I cannot tell*, Johnson explains, "I cannot be taken in a reckoning, I cannot pass current." Mr. Gifford objects to this explanation, and says that it merely means "I cannot tell what to think of it."

⁴ *Pregnancy* is readiness.

ment to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young. You measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single?¹ and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice,—I have lost it with hollaring, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not. The truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o' the ear that the prince gave you,—he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it; and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes and sackcloth; but in new silk and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, Heaven send the prince a better companion!

Fal. Heaven send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath severed you and prince Harry. I hear you are a going with lord John of Lancaster, against the archbishop, and the earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty, sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day! for, by

¹ *Single is simple, silly.*

the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily ; if it be a hot day, an I brandish any thing but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it. Well, I cannot last ever ;¹ but it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs say, I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest ; and God bless your expedition !

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound, to furnish me forth ?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny ; you are too impatient to bear crosses.² Fare you well. Commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exeunt* Chief Justice *and* Attendant.]

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle.³—A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery ; but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other ; and so both the degrees prevent⁴ my curses.—Boy !

Page. Sir ?

Fal. What money is in my purse ?

Page. Seven groats and two-pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption

¹ The rest of this speech, which is not in the folio, is restored from the quarto copy.

² A quibble is here intended between crosses, contraryings, and the sort of money so called.

³ This alludes to a common but cruel diversion of boys, called *fillipping* the toad. They lay a board, two or three feet long, at right angles, over a transverse piece, two or three inches thick ; then placing the toad at one end of the board, the other end is struck by a bat or large stick, which throws the poor toad forty or fifty feet perpendicular from the earth ; and the fall generally kills it. A *three-man beetle* is a heavy beetle, with three handles, used in driving piles.

⁴ To *prevent* is to anticipate.

of the purse ; borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.—Go bear this letter to my lord of Lancaster ; this to the prince ; this to the earl of Westmoreland ; and this to old mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin. About it ; you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout, or, a gout of this pox ! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do halt ; I have the wars for my color, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of any thing ; I will turn diseases to commodity. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. York. *A Room in the Archbishop's Palace.*

Enter the Archbishop of York ; the LORDS HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, and BARDOLPH.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause, and known our means ;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes.—
And first, lord marshal, what say you to it ?

Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our arms ;
But gladly would be better satisfied,
How, in our means, we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file
To five-and-twenty thousand men of choice ;
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

Bard. The question then, lord Hastings, standeth thus :—

Whether our present five-and-twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland.

Hast. With him, we may.

Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point.
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far
Till we had his assistance by the hand ;
For, in a theme so bloody-faced as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids uncertain, should not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true, lord Bardolph ; for, indeed,
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

Bard. It was, my lord ; who lined himself with
hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself with project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts ;¹
And so, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And, winking, leaped into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,
To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.

Bard. Yes, in this present quality of war ;—
Indeed the instant action,² (a cause on foot,)
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see the appearing buds ; which, to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair,
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model ;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection ;

¹ That is, *which turned out to be much smaller than*, &c.

² The first twenty lines of this speech were first inserted in the folio, 1623. This passage has perplexed the editors. The old copies read :—

“ Yes, *if* this present quality of war,
Indeed the instant action : a cause on foot
Lives so in hope : As in,” &c.

It has been proposed to read :—

“ Yes, *if* this present quality of war ;—
Induced the instant action : a cause on foot
Lives so in hope, as in,” &c.

The reading adopted by Steevens and Malone, from Johnson's suggestion, is that which is given above.

Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then, but draw anew the model
In fewer offices; or, at least, desist
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
(Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,
And set another up,) should we survey
The plot of situation, and the model;
Consent¹ upon a sure foundation;
Question surveyors; know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite; or else,
We fortify in paper, and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men;
Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant, that our hopes (yet likely of fair
birth)

Should be still-born, and that we now possessed
The utmost man of expectation;
I think we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

Bard. What! is the king but five-and-twenty thousand?

Hast. To us, no more; nay, not so much, lord Bardolph.

For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads: one power against the French,²
And one against Glendower; perforce, a third
Must take up us. So is the unfirm king
In three divided; and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

Arch. That he should draw his several strengths
together,

¹ Agree.

² During this rebellion of Northumberland and the archbishop, a French army of twelve thousand men landed at Milford Haven, in aid of Owen Glendower. See Holinshed, p. 531.

And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarmed, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

Bard. Who, is it like, should lead his forces hither?

Hast. The duke of Lancaster,¹ and Westmoreland;
Against the Welsh, himself, and Harry Monmouth:
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on;²
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited.—
A habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many, with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be!
And being now trimmed³ in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times?
They that, when Richard lived, would have him die,
Are now become enamored on his grave.
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,
When through proud London he came sighing on
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Cry'st now, *O earth, yield us that king again,*

¹ This is an anachronism. Prince John of Lancaster was not created a duke till the second year of the reign of his brother, king Henry V. At this time prince Henry was actually duke of Lancaster. Shakspeare was misled by Stowe, who, speaking of the first parliament of king Henry IV., says, "Then the king rose, and made his eldest sonne prince of Wales, &c.: his *second sonne* was there made duke of Lancaster." *Annales*, 1631.—He seems to have consulted Stowe (p. 323) between the times of finishing the last play and beginning of the present.

² This speech first appeared in the folio.

³ Dressed.

And take thou this! O thoughts of men accurst!
Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.
Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?
Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone.
[*Exeunt*

ACT II.

SCENE I. London. *A Street.*

Enter Hostess; FANG, and his boy, with her; and
SNARE, following.

Host. Master Fang, have you entered the action?

Fang. It is entered.

Host. Where is your yeoman?¹ Is it a lusty yeoman? will a' stand to't?

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Host. O Lord, ay; good master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest sir John Falstaff.

Host. Yea, good master Snare; I have entered him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly; in good faith, a' cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither; I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. An I but fist him once; an a' come but within my vice;²—

¹ A bailiff's follower was formerly called a serjeant's yeoman.

² The quarto reads *view*. *Vice* is used for *grasp* or clutch. The *fist* is vulgarly called the *vice* in the west of England.

Host. I am undone by his going ; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score.—Good master Fang, hold him sure ;—good master Snare, let him not 'scape. He comes continually to Pie-corner (saving your manhoods) to buy a saddle ; and he's indited to dinner to the lubbar's head in Lumbert-street, to master Smooth's the silkman. I pray ye, since my exion is entered, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long loan¹ for a poor lone woman to bear ; and I have borne, and borne, and borne ; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing ; unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.—

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, Page, and BARDOLPH.

Yonder he comes ; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, master Fang, and master Snare ; do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now ? whose mare's dead ? what's the matter ?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets !—Draw, Bardolph ; cut me off the villain's head ; throw the quean in the channel.

Host. Throw me in the channel ? I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou ? wilt thou ? thou bastardy rogue !—Murder, murder !—O thou honey-suckle² villain ! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's ? O thou honey-seed² rogue ! thou art a honey-seed ; a man-queller,³ and a woman-queller.

¹ The old copies read "long one ;" which Theobald supposed was a corruption of *lone* or *loan*. Mr. Douce thinks the alteration unnecessary ; and that the hostess means to say that a hundred *mark* is a long *score*, or *reckoning*, for her to bear.

² It is scarce necessary to remark that *honey-suckle* and *honey-seed* are dame Quickly's corruptions of *homicidal* and *homicide*.

³ To *quell* was anciently used for to *kill*.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two.—Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't thou? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fus-tilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, attended.

Ch. Just. What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

Ch. Just. How now, sir John? what, are you brawling here?

Doth this become your place, your time, and business? You should have been well on your way to York—Stand from him, fellow; wherefore hang'st thou on him?

Host. O, my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord. It is for all, all I have; he hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his;—but I will have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself, and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt¹ goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at

¹ *Parcel-gilt* is partly gilt, or gilt only in parts. Laneham, in his Letter from Kenilworth, describing a bride-cup, says, "It was formed of a

the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson-week,¹ when the prince broke thy head for liking his father² to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you. She hath been in good case, and, the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration. You have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person.

Host. Yea, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. 'Pr'ythee, peace.—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done with her; the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap³ with-

sweet sucket barrel, a faire turned foot set to it, all seemly be-sylvered and parcel gilt."

¹ The folio reads *Whitsun-week*.

² The folio has "for *likening him to*," &c.

³ *Sneap* is *reproof*, *rebuke*. Snip, snib, sneb, and snub, are different forms of the same word. To *sneap* was originally to *check* or pinch by frost.

out reply. You call honorable boldness, impudent sauciness: if a man will make court'sy, and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor; I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong; but answer in the effect of your reputation,¹ and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess. [*Taking her aside.*]

Enter GOWER.

Ch. Just. Now, master Gower, what news?

Gow. The king, my lord, and Harry prince of Wales,
Are near at hand; the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman:—

Host. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman.—Come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and for thy walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work,² is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, and it were not for thy humors, there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and 'draw³ thy action. Come, thou must not be in this humor with me! dost not know me? Come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

¹ Suitably to your character.

² *Water work* is *water color paintings* or *hangings*. The painted cloth was generally oil color; but a cheaper sort, probably resembling in their execution some modern paper-hangings, was brought from Holland or Germany, executed in water color, or distemper. The German hunting, or wild boar hunt, would consequently be a prevalent subject.

³ Withdraw.

Host. 'Pray thee, sir John, let it be but twenty nobles; i' faith I am loath to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift; you'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper; you'll pay me altogether.

Fal. Will I live?—Go, with her, with her; [*To BARDOLPH.*] hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words; let's have her.

[*Exeunt* Hostess, BARDOLPH, Officers,
and Page.

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

● *Ch. Just.* Where lay the king last night?

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well. What's the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse, Are marched up to my lord of Lancaster, Against Northumberland and the archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently. Come, go along with me, good master Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here; I thank you, good sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, master Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord ; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee ! thou art a great fool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Another Street.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that ? I had thought, weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

P. Hen. 'Faith, it does me ; though it discolors the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer ?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a composition.

P. Hen. Belike, then, my appetite was not princely got ; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name ? or to know thy face to-morrow ? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast ; *viz.* these, and those that were the peach-colored ones ? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts ; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use ?—but that the tennis-court keeper knows better than I ; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepest not racket there ; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland ; and God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen,¹ shall inherit his kingdom : but the midwives say the children are not in the fault ; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have labored so

¹ His bastard children, wrapped up in his old shirts.

hard, you should talk so idly. Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

P. Hen. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Hen. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

P. Hen. Why, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick; albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend,) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly, upon such a subject.

P. Hen. By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book, as thou, and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee,—my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is so sick; and keeping such vile company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation¹ of sorrow.

Poins. The reason?

P. Hen. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. Hen. It would be every man's thought: and thou art a blessed fellow, to think as every man thinks. Never a man's thought in the world keeps the roadway better than thine; every man would think me a hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

P. Hen. And to thee.

Poins. By this light, I am well spoken of; I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands;² and those two things, I

¹ *Ostentation* is not here used for *boastful* show, but for mere *outward* show.

² *A proper fellow of my hands* is the same as *a tall fellow of his hands*,

confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

P. Hen. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had him from me Christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

Enter BARDOLPH and Page.

Bard. 'Save your grace!

P. Hen. And yours, most noble Bardolph!

Bard. Come, you virtuous ass, [*To the Page.*] you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you become! Is it such a matter, to get a pottlepot's maiden-head?

Page. He called me even now, my lord, through a red-lattice,¹ and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last, I spied his eyes; and, methought, he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peeped through.

P. Hen. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

P. Hen. Instruct us, boy; what dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althea dreamed she was delivered of a firebrand; and therefore I call him her dream.

P. Hen. A crown's worth of good interpretation.—
There it is, boy. [*Gives him money.*]

Poins. O that this good blossom could be kept from cankers!—Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

P. Hen. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town; there's a letter for you.

which is only a free version of the French *homme haut à-la-main*: a man of execution or valor. That a tall or a proper fellow was sometimes used in an equivocal sense for a thief, there can be no doubt.

¹ An alehouse window.

Poins. Delivered with good respect.—And how doth the martlemas,¹ your master?

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician, but that moves not him; though that be sick it dies not.

P. Hen. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog: and he holds his place; for, look you, how he writes.

Poins. [*Reads.*] John Falstaff, *knight*,—Every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself. Even like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger, but they say, *There is some of the king's blood spilt: How comes that?* says he that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is as ready as a borrower's² cap; *I am the king's poor cousin, sir.*

P. Hen. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But the letter:—

Poins. Sir John Falstaff, *knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry, prince of Wales, greeting.*—Why, this is a certificate.

P. Hen. Peace!

Poins. *I will imitate the honorable Roman³ in brevity:—he sure means brevity in breath; short-winded.—I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favors so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell.*

*Thine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him,)
Jack Falstaff, with my familiars;
John, with my brothers and sisters;
and sir John, with all Europe.*

¹ Falstaff is before called "thou latter spring, all-hallowen summer," and Poins now calls him *martlemas*, a corruption of *martinmas*, which means the same thing. The feast of St. Martin being considered the latter end of autumn, *Este de St. Martin* is a French proverb for a late summer. It means, therefore, an old fellow with juvenile passions.

² The old copy reads a *borrowed* cap. The emendation is Warburton's.

³ That is, *Julius Cæsar*. Falstaff alludes to the *veni, vidi, vici*, which he afterwards quotes.

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Hen. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Poins. May the wench have no worse fortune! but I never said so.

P. Hen. Well, thus we play the fools with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us.—Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. Hen. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?¹

Bard. At the old place, my lord; in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord; of the old church.²

P. Hen. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

P. Hen. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

P. Hen. Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

P. Hen. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph;—no word to your master, that I am yet come to town. There's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir,—I will govern it.

P. Hen. Fare ye well; go. [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH and Page.]—This Doll Tear-sheet should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Albans and London.

¹ *A sty*, a place to fatten a boar in.

² A cant phrase, probably signifying *topers*, or *jolly companions of the old sort*.

P. Hen. How might we see Falstaff bestow¹ himself to-night in his true colors, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins, and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

P. Hen. From a god to a bull? a heavy descension!² it was Jove's case. From a prince to a apprentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine; for, in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Warkworth. *Before the Castle.*

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, LADY NORTHUMBERLAND, and LADY PERCY.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter, Give even way unto my rough affairs; Put not you on the visage of the times, And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

Lady N. I have given over; I will speak no more. Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honor is at pawn; And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady P. O, yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!

The time was, father, that you broke your word, When you were more endeared to it than now; When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry, Threw many a northward look, to see his father Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain. Who then persuaded you to stay at home? There were two honors lost; yours, and your son's. For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it!

¹ i. e. *act*. In a MS. letter from secretary Conway to Buckingham, at the Isle of Ree, "also what the lords have advanced for the expedition towards you, since Saturday that they returned from Windsor with charge to bestow themselves seriously in it."—*Conway Papers*.

² The folio reads *declension*.



For his,—it stuck upon him, as the sun
In the gray vault of heaven ; and, by his light,
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts ; he was, indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.
He had no legs, that practised not his gait ;¹
And speaking thick,² which nature made his blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant ;
For those that could speak low, and tardily,
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him. So that, in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humors of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashioned others. And him,—O wondrous him !
O miracle of men !—him did you leave
(Second to none, unseconded by you)
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage ; to abide a field,
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible ;³—so you left him.
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong,
To hold your honor more precise and nice
With others, than with him ; let them alone ;
The marshal, and the archbishop, are strong ;
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talked of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter ! you do draw my spirits from me,
With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go, and meet with danger there ;
Or it will seek me in another place,
And find me worse provided.

¹ The twenty-two following lines were first given in the folio.

² Speaking *thick* is speaking *quick*, rapidity of utterance. Baret translates the *anhilitus creber* of Virgil, *thicke-breathing*.

³ *Defensible* does not in this place mean *capable of defence*, but *bearing strength, furnishing the means of defence* ; the passive for the active participle.

Lady N. O, fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the
king,
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger ; but, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves. So did your son ;
He was so suffered ; so came I a widow ;
And never shall have length of life enough,
To rain upon remembrance¹ with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me ; 'tis with my
mind,
As with the tide swelled up unto its height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back.—
I will resolve for Scotland ; there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. London. *A Room in the Boar's Head
Tavern in Eastcheap.*

Enter two Drawers.

1 *Draw.* What the devil hast thou brought there ?
apple-Johns ? Thou know'st sir John cannot endure
an apple-John.²

2 *Draw.* Mass, thou sayest true. The prince once
set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told him,

¹ Alluding to the plant *rosemary*, so called because it was the symbol
of remembrance.

² This apple, which was said to keep two years, is well described
by Philips:—

“Nor *John-apple*, whose withered rind, entrenched
By many a furrow, aptly represents
Decrepid age.”

there were five more sir Johns ; and, putting off his hat, said, *I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights.* It angered him to the heart ; but he hath forgot that.

1 *Draw.* Why, then, cover, and set them down ; and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise ;¹ mistress Tear-sheet would fain hear some music. Despatch.—The room where they supped is too hot ; they'll come in straight.

2 *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the prince, and master Poins anon : and they will put on two of our jerkins, and aprons ; and sir John must not know of it. Bardolph hath brought word.

1 *Draw.* By the mass, here will be old utis.² It will be an excellent stratagem.

2 *Draw.* I'll see if I can find out Sneak. [Exit.

Enter Hostess and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Host. I' faith, sweet heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality ; your pulside beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire ; and your color, I warrant you, is as red as any rose. But, i' faith, you have drunk too much canaries ; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say,—What's this ? How do you now ?

Dol. Better than I was. Hem.

Host. Why, that's well said ; a good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes sir John.

¹ A noise, or a consort, was used for a set or company of musicians. Sneak was a street minstrel, and therefore the drawer goes out to listen for his band. Falstaff addresses them as a company in another scene. In the old play of King Henry IV. "There came the young prince, and two or three more of his companions, and called for wine good store, and then sent for a noyce of musitians," &c.

² Old utis is old festivity, or merry doings. Utis, or utas, being the eighth day after any festival, any day between the feast and the eighth day was said to be within the utas, from the French huit.

Enter FALSTAFF, singing.

Fal. *When Arthur first in court.*¹—Empty the jordan.
—*And was a worthy king.* How now, mistress Doll?
[*Exit Drawer.*]

Host. Sick of a calm; yea, good sooth.

Fal. So is all her sect;² an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Dol. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals,³ mistress Doll.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll; we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Dol. Ay, marry; our chains, and our jewels.

Fal. *Your brooches, pearls, and owches*;—for to serve bravely, is to come halting off, you know: To come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers⁴ bravely:—

Dol. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet, but you fall to some discord: you are both, in good truth, as rheumatic⁵ as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year! one must bear, and that must be you;

¹ The entire ballad is in the first volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*.

² *Sect* and *sex* were anciently synonymous; the instances of the use of the one for the other are too numerous for it to have been a mere corruption.

³ "*Rascall* (says Puttenham, p. 150) is properly the hunting term given to young deer *leane* and out of season, and not to people."

⁴ To understand this quibble, it is necessary to remember that a chamber signifies not only an apartment, but a *small piece of ordnance*.

⁵ Mrs. Quickly means *splenetic*. It should be remarked, however, that *rheum* seems to have been a cant word for *spleen*.

[*To DOLL.*] you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

Dol. Can a weak, empty vessel bear such a huge, full hogshead? There's a whole merchant's venture of Bordeaux stuff in him: you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold.—Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, ancient¹ Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither; it is the foul-mouth'dst rogue in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here; no, by my faith; I must live amongst my neighbors; I'll no swaggerers; I am in good name and fame with the very best.—Shut the door;—there comes no swaggerers here; I have not lived all this while to have swaggering now;—shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess?

Host. 'Pray you, pacify yourself, sir John; there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, sir John, never tell me; your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master Tisick, the deputy, the other day; and, as he said to me,—it was no longer ago than Wednesday last,—*Neighbor Quickly*, says he;—master Dumb, our minister, was by then;—*Neighbor Quickly*, says he, *receive those that are civil; for, saith he, you are in an ill name*;—now he said so, I can tell whereupon; *for, says he, you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive. Receive,* says he, *no swaggering companions.*—There comes none here;—you would bless you to hear what he said.—No, I'll no swaggerers.

¹ That is, *ensign*.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater,¹ he; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound; he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance.—Call him up, drawer.

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater.² But I do not love swaggering; by my troth, I am the worse, when one says—swagger: feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aspen leaf; I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and* Page.

Pist. 'Save you, sir John!

Fal. Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack; do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets. I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me? I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue; away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, mistress Dorothy.

Dol. Away, you cutpurse rascal! you filthy bung,³

¹ *Tame cheater* seems to have meant a *rogue* in general.

² The humor consists in Mrs. Quickly's mistaking a *cheater* for an *excheator*, or officer of the exchequer.

³ To *nip a bung*, in the cant of thievery, was to *cut a purse*. "*Bung* is now used for a *pocket*, heretofore for a *purse*."—*Belman of London*, 1610. Doll means to call him *pickpocket*.

away ! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal ! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you !—Since when, I pray you, sir ?—What, with two points¹ on your shoulder ? much !²

Pist. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol ; I would not have you go off here ; discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Host. No, good captain Pistol ; not here, sweet captain.

Dol. Captain ! thou abominable, damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called—captain ? If captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain, you slave ! for what ? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy house ?—He a captain ! hang him, rogue ! He lives upon mouldy stewed prunes, and dried cakes. A captain ! these villains will make the word captain as odious as the word occupy,³ which was an excellent good word before it was ill-sorted ; therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. 'Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I ; tell thee what, corporal Bardolph ;—I could tear her ;—I'll be revenged on her.

Page. 'Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damned first ;—to Pluto's damned lake, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down ! down, dogs ! down, fators !⁴ Have we not Hiren here ?⁵

¹ Laces, marks of his commission.

² An expression of disdain.

³ This word had been perverted to an obscene meaning.

⁴ Traitors, rascals.

⁵ Shakspeare has put into the mouth of Pistol a tissue of absurd and fustian passages from many ridiculous old plays. Part of this speech is parodied from *The Battle of Alcazar*, 1594. *Have we not Hiren here*, is probably a line from a play of George Peele's, called *The Turkish Mahomet and Hiren the fair Greek*. It is often used ludicrously by subsequent dramatists. *Hiren*, from its resemblance to *siren*, was used for a seducing woman, and consequently for a courtesan. Pistol, in his rants, twice brings in the same words, but apparently meaning to give his sword the name of *Hiren*. Mrs. Quickly, with admirable simplicity, supposes him to ask for a woman.

Host. Good captain Peesel, be quiet; it is very late, i' faith: I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humors, indeed! Shall pack-horses,
And hollow, pampered jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,¹
Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,²
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with
King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient; this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins.
Have we not Hiren here?

Host. O' my word, captain, there's none such here.
What the good-year! do you think I would deny her?
for God's sake, be quiet.

Pist. Then feed and be fat, my fair Calipolis.³
Come, give's some sack.

*Si fortuna me tormenta, sperato me contenta.*⁴—

Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire.
Give me some sack;—and, sweetheart, lie thou there.
[*Laying down his sword.*]
Come we to full points here; and are *et ceteras*
nothing?⁵

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif!⁶ What! we
have seen the seven stars.

¹ This is a parody of the lines addressed by Tamberlane to the captive princes who draw his chariot, in Marlowe's *Tamberlaine*, 1590.

² A blunder for Hannibal.

³ This is again a burlesque upon a line in *The Battle of Alcazar*, in which Muley Mahomet enters to his wife with lion's flesh on his sword:—

“Feed then and faint not, my faire Callypolis.”

⁴ Pistol is supposed to read this motto on his sword; by singular chance Mr. Douce picked up an old rapier with the same motto in French:—

Si fortune me tourmente, l'esperance me contente.

⁵ That is, Shall we have no further entertainment?

⁶ *Neif* is used for *fist*. It is a north country word.

Dol. Thrust him down stairs; I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags?¹

Fal. Quoit² him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling. Nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?³—

[*Snatching up his sword.*

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!

Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds

Untwine the sisters three! Come, Atropos, I say!³

Host. Here's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stars.

[*Drawing, and driving PISTOL out.*

Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tirrits and frights. So; murder, I warrant now.—Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

[*Exeunt PISTOL and BARDOLPH.*

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal is gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you.

Host. Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

¹ Common hackneys.

² i. e. *pitch* him down. The *shove-groat shillings* were such broad shillings of king Edward VI. as Slender calls *Edward shovel-boards*, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i. Sc. 1.

³ Pistol makes use of fragments of old ballads as well as old plays:—

“O death, rock me on slepe,
Bring me on quiet rest,”

is an ancient song, attributed to Anne Boleyn. There is another in the *Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, 1578, which has furnished him with some of his rhodomontade:—

“I hate this loathsome life,
O Atropos, draw nie,
Untwist the thread of mortall strife,
Send death, and let me die.”

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

Fal. Have you turned him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk : you have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal ! to brave me !

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you ! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st ! Come, let me wipe thy face ; —come on, you whoreson chops.—Ah, rogue ! i' faith, I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies. Ah, villain !

Fal. A rascally slave ! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, if thou darest for thy heart ; if thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Music.

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play ;—play, sirs ;—sit on my knee,
Doll. A rascally, bragging slave ! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Dol. I' faith, and thou followedst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig,¹ when wilt thou leave fighting o' days, and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven ?

Enter, behind, PRINCE HENRY and POINS, disguised like Drawers.

Fal. Peace, good Doll ! do not speak like a death's head ; do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humor is the prince of ?

Fal. A good, shallow young fellow : he would have made a good pantler ; he would have chipped bread well.

¹ Roasted pigs were formerly among the chief attractions of Bartholomew fair.

Dol. They say, Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? Hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why does the prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness; and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel;¹ and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons;² and rides the wild mare with the boys;³ and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet-stories;⁴ and such other gambol faculties he hath, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him; for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

P. Hen. Would not this nave of a wheel⁵ have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let's beat him before his whore.

P. Hen. Look, if the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange, that desire should so many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

P. Hen. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction!⁶ What says the almanac to that?

¹ *Fennel* was generally esteemed an inflammatory herb, and therefore to eat *conger and fennel* was to eat two high and hot things together. *Fennel* was also regarded as an emblem of *flattery*.

² The *flap-dragon* was some small, combustible material swallowed alight in a glass of liquor: a *candle's end* formed a very formidable and disagreeable flap-dragon, and to swallow it was considered an act of merit, or of gallantry, when done in honor of the toper's mistress.

³ *Riding the wild mare* is another name for the childish sport of *see-saw*.

⁴ Mr. Douce thinks Falstaff's meaning to be, that Poins excites no censure by telling his companions *modest* stories, or, in plain English, that he tells them nothing but *immodest* ones.

⁵ Falstaff is humorously called *nave of a wheel*, from his rotundity of figure. The equivoque between *nave* and *knave* is obvious.

⁶ This was indeed a prodigy. The astrologers, says Ficinus, remark, that *Saturn and Venus* are never conjoined.

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon,¹ his man, be not lisp[ing] to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Dol. Nay, truly; I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle² of? I shall receive money on Thursday: thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late; we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth thou'lt set me a weeping, an thou sayest so; prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return.—Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

P. Hen. Poins. Anon, anon, sir. [*Advancing.*

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's?—And art not thou Poins his brother?

P. Hen. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead?

Fal. A better than thou; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. Hen. Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London.—Now the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O, Jesu, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, — by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[*Leaning his hand upon DOLL.*

Dol. How! you fat fool, I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your re-

¹ *Trigon* or triangle, a term in the old judicial astrology. They called it a *fiery trigon* when the three upper planets met in a fiery sign; which was thought to denote rage and contention.

² A *kirtle* was a *petticoat*, which sometimes had a body without sleeves attached to it.

venge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Hen. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

Host. 'Blessing o' your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

P. Hen. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gads-hill: you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

P. Hen. I shall drive thee then to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, on mine honor; no abuse.

P. Hen. Not! to dispraise me, and call me—pan-
tler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, Ned, in the world; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him;—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none;—no, boys, none.

P. Hen. See, now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is the boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.¹

¹ The quarto reads, "and the devil *blinds* him too."

P. Hen. For the women,—

Fal. For one of them,—she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul! For the other,—I owe her money; and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so. What's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

P. Hen. You gentlewoman,—

Dol. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? Look to the door there, Francis.

Enter PETO.

P. Hen. Peto, how now? what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster; And there are twenty weak and wearied posts Come from the north; and, as I came along, I met, and overtook, a dozen captains, Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns, And asking every one for sir John Falstaff.

P. Hen. By Heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame, So idly to profane the precious time; When tempest of commotion, like the south Borne with black vapor, doth begin to melt, And drop upon our bare, unarmed heads. Give me my sword, and cloak. Falstaff, good night.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE HENRY, POINS, PETO,
and BARDOLPH.]

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpicked. [*Knocking heard.*] More knocking at the door?

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently; a dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the musicians, sirrah. [*To the Page.*]—Farewell, hostess;—farewell, Doll.—You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after; the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches! If I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Dol. I cannot speak;—if my heart be not ready to burst;—Well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*]

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time; but an honest, and truer-hearted man,—well, fare thee well.

Bard. [*Within.*] Mistress Tear-sheet,——

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. [*Within.*] Bid mistress Tear-sheet come to my master.

Host. O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY in his nightgown, with a Page.

K. Hen. Go, call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick;

But ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
And well consider of them. Make good speed.——

[*Exit Page.*]

How many thousand of my poorest subjects

Are at this hour asleep!—O Sleep, O gentle Sleep,
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
 Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
 Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody?
 O, thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
 In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,
 A watch-case,¹ or a common 'larum bell?
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude, imperious surge;
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deafening clamors in the slippery clouds,²
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
 Canst thou, O partial Sleep! give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
 And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king? Then, happy low,³ lie down!
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK and SURREY.

War. Many good morrows to your majesty!

K. Hen. Is it good morrow, lords?

War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

¹ A *watch case* here may mean the case of a watch-light; but the following article, cited by Strutt in his *Manners and Customs*, vol. iii. p. 70, from an old inventory, may throw some light upon it:—"Item, a laume (*larum*) or *watche* of iron, in an iron case, with two leaden plumets."

² Some commentators propose to read *shrouds* instead of *clouds*.

³ Warburton conjectures, that this is a corrupt reading for *happy lowly clown*.

K. Hen. Why then, good morrow to you all,¹ my lords.
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

War. We have, my liege.

K. Hen. Then you perceive, the body of our kingdom
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.

War. It is but as a body, yet, distempered;
Which to his former strength may be restored,
With good advice, and little medicine.—
My lord Northumberland will soon be cooled.

K. Hen. O Heaven! that one might read the book
of fate,
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent
(Weary of solid firmness) melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,²
The happiest youth—viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue—
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
'Tis not ten years gone,
Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and, in two years after,
Were they at wars. It is but eight years since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul;
Who, like a brother, toiled in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by,³
(You, cousin Nevil,⁴ as I may remember,)

[*To WARWICK.*

¹ This mode of phraseology, where only two persons are addressed, is used again in King Henry VI. Part 2.

² This and the three following lines are from the quarto copy.

³ The reference is to King Richard II. Act iv. Sc. 2: but neither Warwick nor the king were present at that conversation. Henry had then ascended the throne.

⁴ The earldom of Warwick was at this time in the family of *Beauchamp*,

When Richard—with his eyes brimfull of tears,
Then checked and rated by Northumberland—
Did speak these words, now proved a prophecy?
*Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne ;*
Though then, Heaven knows, I had no such intent
But that necessity so bowed the state,
That I and greatness were compelled to kiss:—
*The time shall come, thus did he follow it,
The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption ;—*so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition,
And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceased ;
The which observed, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life ; which in their seeds,
And weak beginnings, lie intresured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time ;
And, by the necessary form of this,
King Richard might create a perfect guess,
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would, of that seed, grow to a greater falseness ;
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

K. Hen. Are these things then necessities !
Then let us meet them like necessities:—
And that same word even now cries out on us ;
They say, the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord ;
Rumor doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the feared:—Please it your grace
To go to bed ; upon my life, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth,

and did not come into that of the *Nevils* till many years after ; when A
the daughter of this earl, married *Richard Nevil*, son of the earl of S
bury, who makes a conspicuous figure in the Third Part of King H
VI. under the title of *earl of Warwick*.

Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have received
A certain instance, that Glendower is dead.¹
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill;
And these unseasoned hours, perforce, must add
Unto your sickness.

K. Hen. I will take your counsel;
And, were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Court before Justice Shallow's House in Gloucestershire.*

Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting; MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULL-CALF, and Servants, behind.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an early stirrer, by the rood.² And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow? and your fairest daughter, and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say, my cousin William is become a good scholar. He is at Oxford, still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir; to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the inns of court shortly. I was once of Clement's inn, where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called—lusty Shallow, then, cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was called any thing; and I would have done any thing, indeed, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and

¹ Glendower did not die till after king Henry IV. Shakspeare was led into this error by Holinshed.

² The rood is the cross or crucifix (*rode*, Sax.).

black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele, a Cotswold man,¹—you had not four such swinge-bucklers² in all the inns of court again: and, I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas³ were; and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's⁴ head at the court gate, when he was a crack,⁵ not thus high; and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn. O, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all: all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Dead!—See, see!—he drew a good bow:—And dead!—he shot a fine shoot:—John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—he would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score;⁶ and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a

¹ The Cotswold hills in Gloucestershire were famous for rural sports of all kinds.

² *Swinge-bucklers* and *swash-bucklers* were terms implying *rakes* and *rioters*.

³ "*Buona-roba* as we say, good stuff; a good, wholesome, plump-cheeked wench." *Florio*.

⁴ Shakspeare probably got his idea of Scogan from his jests, which were published by Andrew Borde in the reign of king Henry VIII.

⁵ A *crack* is a *boy*.

⁶ Hit the white mark at twelve score yards. By the statute 33 Hen. VIII. c. 9, every person turned of seventeen years of age, who shoots at a less distance than twelve score, is to forfeit six shillings and eight pence.

man's heart good to see.—How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead?

Enter BARDOLPH, and one with him.

Sil. Here come two of sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace. What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, sir John Falstaff; a tall gentleman, by Heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir: I knew him a good backsword-man. How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated, than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good: yea, indeed, it is; good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes from *accommodo*: very good; a good phrase.¹

Bard. Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? By this good day, I know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my sword, to be a soldierlike word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated: that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

¹ It appears that it was fashionable in the Poet's time to introduce this word *accommodate* upon all occasions. Ben Jonson, in his *Discoveries*, calls it one of the perfumed terms of the time.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Shal. It is very just.—Look, here comes good sir John.—Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand. By my troth, you look well, and bear your years very well: welcome, good sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow.—Master Sure-card, as I think.

Shal. No, sir John: it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll?—Let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so: Yea, marry, sir.—Ralph Mouldy:—let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so.—Let me see; where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, an't please you.

Shal. What think you, sir John? a good-limbed fellow; young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things that are mouldy, lack use. Very singular good!—In faith, well said, sir John; very well said.

Fal. Prick him. [To SHALLOW.]

Moul. I was pricked well enough before, an you could have let me alone; my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery; you need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy, you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace ; stand aside. Know you where you are ?—For the other, sir John,—let me see.—Simon Shadow !

Fal. Ay, marry, let me have him to sit under ; he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow ?

Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou ?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son ! like enough ; and thy father's shadow ; so the son of the female is the shadow of the male. It is often so, indeed ; but not much of the father's substance.

Shal. Do you like him, sir John ?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer,—prick him ;—for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster book.

Shal. Thomas Wart !

Fal. Where's he ?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart ?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir John ?

Fal. It were superfluous ; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins ; prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha !—you can do it, sir ; you can do it : I commend you well.—Francis Feeble !

Fee. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble ?

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir ?

Fal. You may ; but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have pricked you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat ?

Fee. I will do my good will, sir ; you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor ! well said,

courageous Feeble ! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor well, master Shallow ; deep, master Shallow.

Fee. I would Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor ; that thou might'st mend him and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands. Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is next ?

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the green !

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow !—Come, prick me Bull-calf till he roar again.

Bull. O Lord ! good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked ?

Bull. O Lord, sir ! I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou ?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir ; a cough, sir ; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs, upon his coronation-day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown ; we will have away thy cold ; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here all ?

Shal. Here is two ¹ more called than your number ; you must have but four here, sir ;—and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, master Shallow.

Shal. O, sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's Fields ?

Fal. No more of that, good master Shallow, no more of that.

¹ There is, in fact, but *one* more called than Falstaff required ; perhaps we might, with Mr. Capel, omit the word *two*.

Shal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

Fal. She lives, master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never; she would always say, she could not abide master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain, she's old; and had Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before I came to Clement's Inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five years ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, sir John, we have; our watch-word was, *Hem, boys!*—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner.—O, the days that we have seen!—Come, come.

[*Exeunt FAL., SHAL., and SILENCE.*]

Bull. Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here is four Harry ten shillings¹ in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go; and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And, good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend; she has nobody to do any thing about her, when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself; you shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

¹ There were no coins of ten shillings value in Henry the Fourth's time. Shakespeare's *Harry ten shillings* were those of Henry VII. or VIII.

Fee. By my troth, I care not ;—a man can die but once ;—we owe God a death ;—I'll ne'er bear a base mind ;—an't be my destiny, so ; an't be not, so. No man's too good to serve his prince ; and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said : thou'rt a good fellow.

Fee. Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter FALSTAFF, and Justices.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have ?

Shal. Four, of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you.—I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.

Fal. Go to ; well.

Shal. Come, sir John, which four will you have ?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry then, Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy, and Bull-calf ;—For you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service ;—and, for your part, Bull-calf, grow till you come unto it ; I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, sir John, do not yourself wrong ; they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to choose a man ? Care I for the limb, the thewes,¹ the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man ! Give me the spirit, master Shallow.—Here's Wart ;—you see what a ragged appearance it is : he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer ; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow,—give me this man ; he presents no mark to the enemy ; the foeman may with as great aim

¹ Shakspeare uses *thewes* in a sense almost peculiar to himself, for *muscular strength* or *sineus*.

level at the edge of a penknife. And, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off! O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones.—Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse¹ thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So ;—very well ;—go to ;—very good :—exceeding good.—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapped, bald shot.²—Well said, i' faith, Wart ; thou art a good scab ; hold, there's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's-master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end Green,³ (when I lay at Clement's Inn,—I was then sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,⁴) there was a little quiver⁵ fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece thus ; and 'a would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in ; *rah, tah, tah*, would 'a say ; *bounce*, would 'a say ; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come.—I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, master Shallow.—God keep you, master Silence ; I will not use many words with you.—Fare you well, gentlemen both ; I thank you ; I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, Heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace! As you return, visit my

¹ *Traverse* was an ancient military term for *march*!

² *Shot*, for *shooter*.

³ *Mile-end Green* was the place for public sports and exercises.

⁴ *Arthur's show* was an exhibition of Toxophilites, styling themselves "The Auncient Order, Society, and Unitie laudable of Prince Arthure and his Knightly Armory of the Round Table." The associates were fifty-eight in number. According to their historian and poet, Richard Robinson, this society was established by charter under king Henry the Eighth, who, "when he sawe a good archer indeede, he chose him and ordained such a one for a knight of this order." Robinson's book was printed in 1583. *Sir Dagonet*, though one of the knights, is also represented in the romance as king Arthur's fool. This society is also noticed by Richard Mulcaster (who was a member) in his book *Concerning the Training up of Children*, 1581, in a passage communicated to Malone by the Rev. Mr. Bowle.

⁵ *Quiver* is nimble, active.

house ; let our old acquaintance be renewed ; peradventure, I will with you to the court.

Fal. I would you would, master Shallow.

Shal. Go to ; I have spoke, at a word. Fare you well. *[Exeunt SHALLOW and SILENCE.]*

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bardolph ; lead the men away. *[Exeunt BARDOLPH, Recruits, &c.]* As I return, I will fetch off these justices ; I do see the bottom of justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying ! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he had done about Turnbull-street !¹ and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's Inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring ; when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife ; he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible ;² he was the very Genius of famine ; [yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him mandrake.] He came ever in the rear-ward of the fashion ; [and sung those tunes to the over-scutched³ huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his fancies, or his good-nights.⁴] And now is this Vice's dagger⁵ become a squire ; and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been sworn brother to him ; and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard ; and then he burst⁶ his head, for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw

¹ *Turnbull-street*, or *Turnball-street*, is a corruption of *Turnmill-street*, near Clerkenwell ; anciently the resort of bullies, rogues, and other dissolute persons.

² Steevens has adopted Rowe's alteration of this word *invincible* to *invisible*. The word may be metaphorically used for *not to be mastered or taken in*.

³ i. e. *whipped, carted*. A *scutcher* was a whip, according to *Cotgrave*.

⁴ Titles of little poems. The sentences in brackets are not in the folio of 1623.

⁵ For some account of the *Vice* and his *dagger of lath*, the reader may see *Twelfth Night*, Act iv. Sc. 2.

⁶ *Burst, brast* and *broken*, were formerly synonymous ; as may be seen under the words *break* and *broken* in *Baret*.

it, and told John of Gaunt, he beat his own name; for you might have trussed him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court: and now has he land and beeves. Well; I will be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard, but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me: If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. *[Exit.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Forest in Yorkshire.*

Enter the Archbishop of York, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, and others.

Arch. What is this forest called?

Hast. 'Tis Gualtree forest, an't shall please your grace.

Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth,

To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

Arch. 'Tis well done.

My friends, and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you that I have received
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenor, and substance, thus:—
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
As might hold sortance¹ with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retired, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland; and concludes in hearty prayers,

¹ Be suitable.

That your attempts may overlive the hazard,
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch
ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news ?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form, comes on the enemy ;
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out.
Let us sway¹ on, and face them in the field.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us here ?

Mowb. I think it is my lord of Westmoreland.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince lord John and duke of Lancaster.

Arch. Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in peace ;
What doth concern your coming ?

West. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody² youth, guarded³ with rage,
And countenanced by boys, and beggary ;
I say, if damned commotion so appeared
In his true, native, and most proper shape,—
You, reverend father, and these noble lords
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form

¹ To *sway* was sometimes used for a rushing, hasty movement.

² Baret distinguishes between *bloody*, full of blood, *sanguineous*, and *bloody*, desirous of blood, *sanguinarius*. In this speech Shakspeare uses the word in both senses.

³ *Guarded* is a metaphor taken from dress ; *to guard* being to ornament with guards or facings.

Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honors. You, lord archbishop,—
Whose see is by a civil peace maintained ;
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touched ;
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutored ;
Whose white investments¹ figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war ?
Turning your books to graves,² your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances ; and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet, and a point of war ?

Arch. Wherefore do I this ?—so the question
stands.

Briefly to this end.—We are all diseased ;
And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it ; of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician ;
Nor do I as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men ;
But, rather, show a while like fearful war,
To diet rank minds, sick of happiness ;
And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weighed
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforced from our most quiet sphere³

¹ "Formerly all bishops wore white, even when they travelled."—*Hody's History of Convocations*, p. 141. This white investment was the episcopal rochet.

² Warburton very plausibly reads *glaiues* ; Steevens proposed *greaves*. It should be remarked that *greaves*, or leg-armor, is sometimes spelled *graves*.

³ The old copies read, "from our most quiet *there*." Warburton made the alteration.

By the rough torrent of occasion ;
 And have the summary of all our griefs,
 When time shall serve, to show in articles ;
 Which, long ere this, we offered to the king,
 And might by no suit gain our audience.
 When we are wronged, and would unfold our griefs,
 We are denied access unto his person ¹
 Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
 The dangers of the days but newly gone,
 (Whose memory is written on the earth
 With yet-appearing blood,) and the examples
 Of every minute's instance, ² (present now,)
 Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms ;
 Not to break peace, or any branch of it ;
 But to establish here a peace indeed,
 Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal denied ?
 Wherein have you been galled by the king ?
 What peer hath been suborned to grate on you ?
 That you should seal this lawless, bloody book
 Of forged rebellion with a seal divine,
 And consecrate commotion's bitter edge ? ³

Arch. My brother general, the commonwealth,
 To brother born a household cruelty,
 I make my quarrel in particular. ⁴

West. There is no need of any such redress,
 Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him, in part ; and to us all,
 That feel the bruises of the days before ;
 And suffer the condition of these times

¹ In Holinshed, the archbishop says, "Where he and his companie were in armes, it was for feare of the king, to whom he could have no free ac-cesse, by reason of such a multitude of flatterers as were about him."

² "Examples which every minute *instances* or supplies ;" which even the present minute presses on their notice.

³ This line is omitted in the folio.

⁴ The second line of this obscure speech is omitted in the folio. Something appears to be wanting to render it intelligible. Johnson proposes to substitute the word *quarrel* for *brother* in the first line, and suggests the following paraphrase: "My general cause of discontent is public mismanagement ; my particular cause a domestic injury done to my natural brother," who had been beheaded by the king's order.

To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honors?

West. O, my good lord Mowbray,¹
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say indeed,—it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from the king, or in the present time,
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on. Were you not restored
To all the duke of Norfolk's seigniories,
Your noble and right well-remembered father's?

Mowb. What thing in honor had my father lost,
That need to be revived and breathed in me?
The king that loved him, as the state stood then,
Was, force perforce, compelled to banish him.
And then, when Harry Bolingbroke, and he,—
Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,
Their neighing couriers daring of the spur,
Their armed staves² in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights³ of steel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together;—
Then, then, when there was nothing could have stayed
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke;
O, when the king did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw;
Then threw he down himself; and all their lives,
That by indictment, and by dint of sword,
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, lord Mowbray, now you know
not what.

The earl of Hereford⁴ was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman;
Who knows, on whom fortune would then have smiled?
But, if your father had been victor there,

¹ The thirty-seven following lines are not in the quarto.

² i. e. their *lances* fixed in the rest for the encounter.

³ The perforated part of the helmets, through which they could see to direct their aim (*visiere*, Fr.).

⁴ This is a mistake; he was *duke* of Hereford.

He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry ;
For all the country, in a general voice,
Cried hate upon him ; and all their prayers, and love,
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
And blessed, and graced indeed, more than the king.
But this is mere digression from my purpose.—
Here come I from our princely general,
To know your griefs ; to tell you from his grace,
That he will give you audience ; and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them ; every thing set off,
That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forced us to compel this offer,
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you overween, to take it so.
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear ;
For, lo ! within a ken our army lies ;
Upon mine honor, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armor all as strong, our cause the best ; .
Then reason wills, our hearts should be as good.—
Say you not, then, our offer is compelled.

Mowb. Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence.
A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear, and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon ?

West. That is intended in the general's name.
I muse, you make so slight a question.

Arch. Then take, my lord of Westmoreland, this
schedule ;

For this contains our general grievances.—
Each several article herein redressed ;
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinewed to this action,
Acquitted by a true, substantial form,

And present execution of our wills
To us, and to our purposes, consigned,—¹
We come within our awful ² banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I show the general. Please you,
lords,

In sight of both our battles we may meet:
And either end in peace, which Heaven so frame;
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

Arch. My lord, we will do so.

[*Exit WEST.*

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom, tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that. If we can make our peace
Upon such large terms, and so absolute,
As our conditions shall consist³ upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall, to the king, taste of this action;
That, were our royal faiths ⁴ martyrs in love,
We shall be winnowed with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord. Note this; the king is
weary

Of dainty and such picking ⁵ grievances;
For he hath found,—to end one doubt by death,
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.
And therefore will he wipe his tables ⁶ clean;
And keep no telltale to his memory,

¹ The old copy reads *confined*. Johnson proposed to read *consigned*; which must be understood in the Latin sense, *consignatus*, *signed*, *sealed*, *ratified*, *confirmed*; which was indeed the old meaning. Shakspeare uses *consign* and *consigning* in other places in this sense.

² *Awful* for *lawful*; or under the due awe of authority.

³ To *consist*, to *rest*; *consisto*.—*Baret*.

⁴ The faith due to a king.

⁵ Insignificant.

⁶ Alluding to table books of slate, ivory, &c.

That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance. For full well he knows
He cannot so precisely weed this land,
As his misdoubts present occasion.
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend.
So that this land, like an offensive wife,
That hath enraged him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolved correction in the arm
That was upreared to execution.

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement ;
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'Tis very true ;—
And therefore be assured, my good lord marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.
Here is returned my lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

West. The prince is here at hand. Pleaseth your
lordship
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies ?

Mowb. Your grace of York, in God's name then set
forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace : my lord, we
come. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, the Archbishop, HASTINGS, and others: from the other side, PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, WESTMORELAND, Officers, and Attendants.

P. John. You are well encountered here, my cousin Mowbray.—

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop;
And so to you, lord Hastings,—and to all.—
My lord of York, it better showed with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text,
Than now to see you here an iron man,¹
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
That man that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favor,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,
In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord bishop,
It is even so.—Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deep you were within the books of God?
To us, the speaker in his parliament;
To us, the imagined voice of God himself;
The very opener, and intelligencer,
Between the grace, the sanctities of Heaven,
And our dull workings.² O, who shall believe,
But you misuse the reverence of your place;
Employ the countenance and grace of Heaven,
As a false favorite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonorable? You have taken up,³

¹ Holinshed says of the archbishop, that, "coming forth amongst them clad in armour, he encouraged and pricked them forth to take the enterprize in hand."

² *Dull workings* are labors of thought.

³ Raised up in arms.

Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The subjects of Heaven's substitute, my father;
And, both against the peace of Heaven and him,
Have here up-swarmed them.

Arch. Good my lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace;
But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland,
The time misordered doth, in common sense,¹
Crowd us, and crush us, to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief;
The which hath been with scorn shoved from the court,
Whereon this Hydra son of war is born;
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charmed asleep,
With grant of our most just and right desires;
And true obedience of this madness cured,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt.
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them;
And so, success² of mischief shall be born;
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel-up,
Whiles England shall have generation.

P. John. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too
shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your grace to answer them directly,
How far-forth do you like their articles?

P. John. I like them all, and do allow them well;
And swear here by the honor of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook;
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning, and authority.—
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redressed;
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,

¹ *Common sense is the general sense of general danger.*

² Succession.

Discharge your powers¹ unto their several counties,
As we will ours; and here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace;
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,
Of our restored love and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses.

P. John. I give it you, and will maintain my word;
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hast. Go, captain, [*To an Officer.*] and deliver to
the army

This news of peace; let them have pay, and part;
I know it will well please them. Hie thee, captain.

[*Exit Officer.*]

Arch. To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.

West. I pledge your grace; and, if you knew what
pains

I have bestowed to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely; but my love to you
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West.

I am glad of it.—

Health to my lord, and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season;
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

Arch. Against ill chances, men are ever merry;
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus,—Some good thing comes to-morrow.

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true.

[*Shouts within.*]

P. John. The word of peace is rendered. Hark,
how they shout!

Mowb. This had been cheerful, after victory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;

¹ It was Westmoreland who made this deceitful proposal, as appears from Holinshed:—"The earl of Westmoreland, using more policie than the rest, said, whereas our people have been long in armour, let them depart home to their wonted trades: In the mean time let us drink together in signe of agreement, that the people on both sides may see it, and know that it is true, that we be light at a point."

For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.

P. John. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too.—

[*Exit WESTMORELAND*]

And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us; that we may peruse the men
We should have coped withal.

Arch. Go, good lord Hastings
And, ere they be dismissed, let them march by.

[*Exit HASTINGS*]

P. John. I trust, my lords, we shall lie to-nigh
together.—

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders, having charge from you to stand
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

P. John. They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispersed already
Like youthful steers unyoked, they take their courses
East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries toward his home, and sporting-place.

West. Good tidings, my lord Hastings; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason;—
And you, lord archbishop,—and you, lord Mowbray,—
Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honorable?

West. Is your assembly so?

Arch. Will you thus break your faith?

P. John. I pawned thee none.
I promised you redress of these same grievances,
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honor,
I will perform with a most Christian care.
But, for you, rebels,—look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.

Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly¹ brought here, and foolishly sent hence.—
Strike up our drums, pursue the scattered stray;
Heaven, and not we, have safely fought to-day.—
Some guard these traitors to the block of death;
Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath. [*Exeunt.*²

SCENE III. *Another Part of the Forest. Alarums;
Excursions.*

Enter FALSTAFF and COLEVILE, meeting.

Fal. What's your name, sir? of what condition are you; and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is—Colevile of the dale.

Fal. Well then, Colevile is your name; a knight is your degree; and your place, the dale. Colevile shall still be your name; a traitor your degree; and the dungeon your place,—a place deep enough: so shall you still be Colevile of the dale.

Cole. Are not you sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think you are sir John Falstaff; and in that thought, yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe. My womb, my womb, my womb undoes me.—Here comes our general.

¹ i. e. foolishly.

² "It cannot but raise some indignation to find this horrid violation of faith passed over thus slightly by the Poet without any note of censure or detestation."—*Johnson.*

Enter PRINCE JOHN *of* Lancaster, WESTMORELAND,
and others.

P. John. The heat is past; follow no further now;—
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—

[*Exit* WEST.

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?

When every thing is ended, then you come.

These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other, break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus; I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valor. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have foundered nine score and odd posts; and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valor, taken sir John Colevile of the dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy. But what of that? He saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, —*I came, saw, and overcame.*

P. John. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him; and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Colevile kissing my foot. To the which course, if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element,¹ which show like pins' heads to her; believe not the word of the noble. Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

P. John. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then.

¹ A ludicrous term for the *stars*.

P. John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

P. John. Is thy name Colevile?¹

Cole. It is, my lord.

P. John. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither; had they been ruled by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves; but
thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away; and
I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

P. John. Now, have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stayed.

P. John. Send Colevile, with his confederates,
To York, to present execution.²—

Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure.

[Exeunt some with COLEVILE.]

And now despatch we toward the court, my lords;

I hear, the king my father is sore sick.

Our news shall go before us to his majesty,—

Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him;

And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go

¹ It appears that Colevile was designed to be pronounced as a trisyllable; it is often spelled *Colleville* in the old copies.

² "At the king's coming to Durham the lord Hastings, *sir John Colevile of the dale*, &c. being convicted of the conspiracy, were there beheaded."—*Holinshed*, p. 530. It is to be observed that there are two accounts of the termination of the archbishop of York's conspiracy, *both* of which are given by Holinshed. He states that on the archbishop and earl marshal submitting to the king and to his son prince John, there present, "their troopes skaled and fledde ther wayes; but being pursued, many were taken, many slain, &c.; the archbishop and earl marshal were brought to Pomfret to the king, who from thence went to *Yorke*, *whyther the prisoners were also brought, and there beheaded.*" It is this last account that Shakspeare has followed, but with some variation; for the names of Colevile and Hastings are not mentioned among those who were beheaded at York.

through Glostershire ; and, when you come to court, stand my good lord,¹ 'pray, in your good report.

P. John. Fare you well, Falstaff ; I, in my condition,²

Shall better speak of you than you deserve. [*Exit.*

Fal. I would you had but the wit ; 'twere better than your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young, sober-blooded boy doth not love me ; nor a man cannot make him laugh ;—but that's no marvel ; he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof ; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness ; and then, when they marry, they get wenches : they are generally fools and cowards ;—which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris sack hath a twofold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain ; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapors which environ it ; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive,³ full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes ; which delivered o'er to the voice, (the tongue,) which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is,—the warming of the blood ; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice : but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face ; which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm : and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart ; who, great, and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage ; and this valor comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing, without sack ; for that sets it a-work ; and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a

¹ *Stand my good lord, or be my good lord, means stand my friend, be my patron or benefactor, report well of me.*

² *Condition is most frequently used by Shakspeare for nature, disposition. The prince may therefore mean, "I shall, in my good nature, speak better of you than you deserve."*

³ *Inventive, imaginative.*

devil;¹ till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it, that prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavor of drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris; that he is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them, should be,—to forswear thin potations, and addict themselves to sack.

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Glostershire; and there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire. I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Westminster. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, PRINCE HUMPHREY, WARWICK, *and others.*

K. Hen. Now, lords, if Heaven doth give successful
end

To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our navy is addressed,² our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish;
Only, we want a little personal strength;
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

¹ It was anciently supposed that all the mines of gold, &c. were guarded by evil spirits. See the *Secret Wonders of Nature and Art*, by Edw. Fenton, 1569, p. 91.

² Ready, prepared.

War. Both which, we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

K. Hen. Humphrey, my son of Gloster,
Where is the prince your brother?

P. Humph. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at
Windsor.

K. Hen. And how accompanied?

P. Humph. I do not know, my lord.

K. Hen. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence,
with him?

P. Humph. No, my good lord; he is in presence
here.

Cla. What would my lord and father?

K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

How chance, thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas;
Thou hast a better place in his affection,
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy;
And noble offices thou mayst effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren.—
Therefore, omit him not; blunt not his love;
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,
By seeming cold or careless of his will.
For he is gracious, if he be observed;¹
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:
Yet, notwithstanding, being incensed, he's flint;
As humorous² as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.³
His temper, therefore, must be well observed.
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,

¹ i. e. if he has *respectful attention* shown him.

² *Humorous* for *capricious*.

³ Alluding to the opinion of some philosophers, that the vapors being congealed in the air by cold (which is the most intense in the morning), and being afterwards rarefied and let loose by the warmth of the sun, occasion those sudden and impetuous gusts of wind which are called *flaws*. Shakspeare uses the word again in *King Henry VI.* and in his *Venus and Adonis*.

When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth ;
But, being moody, give him line and scope ;
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this,
Thomas,

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends ;
A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in ;
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion,¹
(As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,)
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum, or rash gunpowder.

Cla. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Hen. Why art thou not at Windsor with him,
Thomas ?

Cla. He is not there to-day ; he dines in London.

K. Hen. And how accompanied ? canst thou tell
that ?

Cla. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

K. Hen. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds ;
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them. Therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death ;
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,
In forms imaginary, the unguided days,
And rotten times, that you shall look upon,
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections fly
Towards fronting peril and opposed decay !

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite.
The prince but studies his companions,
Like a strange tongue ; wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful, that the most immodest word
Be looked upon, and learned ; which once attained,

¹ Though their blood be inflamed by the *temptations* to which youth is peculiarly subject.

Your highness knows, comes to no further use,
But to be known, and hated. So, like gross terms
The prince will, in the perfectness of time,
Cast off his followers; and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of others;
Turning past evils to advantages.

K. Hen. 'Tis seldom—when the bee doth leave
comb
In the dead carrion.—Who's here? Westmoreland!

Enter WESTMORELAND.

West. Health to my sovereign! and new happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver!
Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand.
Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheathed,
But peace puts forth her olive every where.
The manner how this action hath been borne,
Here at more leisure may your highness read;
With every course, in his particular.¹

K. Hen. O, Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day. Look! here's more news.

Enter HARCOURT.

Har. From enemies Heaven keep your majesty;
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of!
The earl Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English, and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown.
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

¹ The detail contained in prince John's letter.

K. Hen. And wherefore should these good news
make me sick?

Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy.
O me! come near me, now I am much ill. [*Swoons.*

P. Humph. Comfort, your majesty!

Cla. O my royal father!

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself; look up!

War. Be patient, princes; you do know, these fits
Are with his highness very ordinary.

Stand from him; give him air; he'll straight be well.

Cla. No, no; he cannot long hold out these pangs;
The incessant care and labor of his mind
Hath wrought the mure,¹ that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

P. Humph. The people fear me; for they do ob-
serve

Unfathered heirs,² and loathly birds of nature.
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep, and leaped them over.

Cla. The river hath thrice flowed, no ebb between:
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say, it did so, a little time before
That our great grandsire, Edward, sicked and died.

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

P. Humph. This apoplex will, certain, be his end.

K. Hen. I pray you, take me up, and bear me
hence

Into some other chamber; softly, 'pray.

[*They convey the King into an inner part of
the room, and place him on a bed.*

¹ *Mure* for *wall* is another of Shakspeare's Latinisms. It was not in frequent use by his contemporaries.

² That is, equivocal births, monsters.

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends ;
 Unless some dull¹ and favorable hand
 Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the music in the other room.

K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise.

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

P. Hen. Who saw the duke of Claren

Cla. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

P. Hen. How now ! rain within doors, and n
 abroad !

How doth the king ?

P. Humph. Exceeding ill.

P. Hen. Heard he the good news y
 Tell it him.

P. Humph. He altered much upon the hearing i

P. Hen. If he be sick

With joy, he will recover without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lords ;—sweet pri
 speak low ;

The king your father is disposed to sleep.

Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your grace to go along with

P. Hen. No ; I will sit and watch here by the ki

[*Exeunt all but P. Hen*

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
 Being so troublesome a bedfellow ?

O polished perturbation ! golden care !

That keeps the ports of slumber open wide

To many a watchful night !—sleep with it now !

Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,

¹ *Dull* and *slow* were synonymous. “*Dullness*, slowness ; tardivete. Somewhat *dull* or *slowe* ; tardiusculus, tardelet ;” says 1
 But Shakspeare uses *dulness* for *drowsiness* in the *Tempest*. And
 has also this sense :—“Slow, *dull*, asleepe, drousie, astonied, heavie
pidus.” It has always been thought that *slow* music induces sleep.

² The hint only of this beautiful scene is taken from Holinshed, p

As he, whose brow, with homely biggin¹ bound,
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armor worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather, which stirs not;
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move.—My gracious lord!—my father!—
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,
That from this golden rigol² hath divorced
So many English kings. Thy due, from me,
Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood;
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O, dear father, pay thee plenteously.
My due, from thee, is this imperial crown;
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—

[*Putting it on his head.*

Which Heaven shall guard; and put the world's whole
strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honor from me. This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me.

[*Exit.*

K. Hen. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK, and the rest.

Cla. Doth the king call?

War. What would your majesty? How fares your
grace?

K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone, my
lords?

Cla. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. Hen. The prince of Wales? Where is he?
let me see him.

He is not here.

¹ A *biggin* was a head-band of coarse cloth; so called because such a forehead-cloth was worn by the Beguines, an order of nuns.

² i. e. circle; probably from the old Italian *rigolo*, a small wheel.

War. This door is open ; he is gone this way.

P. Humph. He came not through the chamber
where we staid.

K. Hen. Where is the crown ? who took it from my
pillow ?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

K. Hen. The prince hath ta'en it hence ;—go, seek
him out ;

Is he so hasty that he doth suppose

My sleep my death ?

Find him, my lord of Warwick ; chide him hither.

[*Exit* WARWICK.]

This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you are !
How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object !

For this the foolish, over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with
care,

Their bones with industry ;
For this they have engrossed and piled up
The cankered heaps of strange-achieved gold ;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts, and martial exercises ;
When, like the bee, tolling from every flower
The virtuous sweets ;
Our thighs packed with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive ; and, like the bees,
Are murdered for our pains. This bitter taste
Yields his engrossments¹ to the ending father.

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath determined me ?

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks ;
With such a deep demeanor in great sorrow,

¹ Accumulations.

That tyranny, which never quaffed but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have washed his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Hen. But wherefore did he take away the
crown?

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY.

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry.—
Depart the chamber; leave us here alone.

*[Exeunt CLARENCE, PRINCE HUMPHREY,
Lords, &c.]*

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that
thought;

I stay too long by thee; I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honors
Before thy hour be ripe? O, foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.
Thou hast stolen that, which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence; and, at my death,
Thou hast sealed up my expectation;¹
Thy life did manifest, thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,
Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head;
Only compound me with forgotten dust;

¹ i. e. confirmed my opinion.

Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.
 Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
 For now a time is come to mock at form;
 Harry the fifth is crowned.—Up, vanity!
 Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!
 And to the English court assemble now,
 From every region, apes of idleness!
 Now, neighbor confines, purge you of your scum.
 Have you a ruffian, that will swear, drink, dance,
 Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit
 The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
 Be happy; he will trouble you no more.
 England shall double gild his treble guilt;
 England shall give him office, honor, might;
 For the fifth Harry from curbed license plucks
 The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
 Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
 O, my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
 When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
 What wilt thou do, when riot is thy care?
 O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
 Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

P. Hen. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tea
 [Kneeling]

The moist impediments unto my speech,
 I had forestalled this dear and deep rebuke,
 Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
 The course of it so far. There is your crown;
 And he that wears the crown immortally,
 Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
 Than as your honor, and as your renown,
 Let me no more from this obedience rise,
 Which my most true and inward-duteous spirit
 Teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending!'¹

¹ The Variorum Shakspeare reads:—

“Let me no more from this obedience rise
 (Which my most true and inward duteous spirit
 Teacheth,) this prostrate and exterior bending!”

The sense appears to be, “Let me no more rise from this obeisa
 which my most loyal and inwardly duteous spirit teacheth this prost

Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,
 And found no course of breath within your majesty,
 How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
 O, let me in my present wildness die;
 And never live to show the incredulous world
 The noble change that I have purposed!
 Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
 (And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,)
 I spake unto the crown as having sense,
 And thus upbraided it:—*The care on thee depending,
 Hath fed upon the body of my father;
 Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.
 Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
 Preserving life in med'cine potable;*¹
*But thou, most fine, most honored, most renowned,
 Hast eat thy bearer up.* Thus, my most royal liege,
 Accusing it, I put it on my head;
 To try with it,—as with an enemy,
 That had before my face murdered my father,—
 The quarrel of a true inheritor.
 But if it did infect my blood with joy,
 Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
 If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
 Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
 Give entertainment to the might of it,
 Let God forever keep it from my head!
 And make me as the poorest vassal is,
 That doth with awe and terror kneel to it! .

K. Hen. O, my son!
 Heaven put it in thy mind to take it hence,
 That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,
 Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
 Come hither, Harry; sit thou by my bed;
 And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
 That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,

and exterior bending." *Obeisance* and *obedience* were formerly used indiscriminately the one for the other. *Truth* is always used for *loyalty*.

¹ It was long a prevailing opinion that a solution of gold had great medicinal virtues; and that the incorruptibility of the metal might be communicated to the body impregnated with it. *Potable gold* was one of the panacea of ancient quacks.

By what by-paths, and indirect, crook'd ways,
 I met this crown ; and I myself know well,
 How troublesome it sat upon my head :
 To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
 Better opinion, better confirmation ;
 For all the soil of the achievement goes
 With me into the earth. It seemed in me,
 But as an honor snatched with boisterous hand ;
 And I had many living, to upbraid
 My gain of it by their assistances ;
 Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
 Wounding supposed peace.¹ All these bold fears,²
 Thou see'st, with peril I have answered ;
 For all my reign hath been but as a scene
 Acting that argument ; and now my death
 Changes the mode ;³ for what in me was purchased,
 Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort ;
 So thou the garland wear'st successively.⁴
 Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
 Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green ;
 And all thy friends, which thou must make thy friends,
 Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out ;
 By whose fell working I was first advanced,
 And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
 To be again displaced ; which to avoid,
 I cut them⁵ off ; and had a purpose now
 To lead out many to the Holy Land ;
 Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look
 Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
 Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds
 With foreign quarrels ; that action, hence borne out,
 May waste the memory of the former days.
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
 That strength of speech is utterly denied me.

¹ *Supposed peace* is *imagined peace*, counterfeit, not real.

² *Fears* are *objects of fear*, terrors.

³ The *mode* is the *state* or *form* of things.

⁴ i. e. *by order of succession*.

⁵ Mason proposes to read, "I cut *some* off," which seems, indeed, necessary. The sense would then be, "Some I have cut off, and many I intended to lead to the Holy Land."

How I came by the crown, O God, forgive !
And grant it may with thee in true peace live !

P. Hen. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me :
Then plain, and right, must my possession be ;
Which I, with more than with a common pain,
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, WARWICK, Lords,
and others.

K. Hen. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

P. John. Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal father !

K. Hen. Thou bring'st me happiness, and peace,
son John ;

But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare, withered trunk : upon thy sight,
My worldly business makes a period.—
Where is my lord of Warwick ?

P. Hen. My lord of Warwick !

K. Hen. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon ?

War. 'Tis called Jerusalem, my noble lord.

K. Hen. Laud be to God !—even there my life
must end.¹

It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem ;
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land.—
But bear me to that chamber ; there I'll lie ;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [Exeunt.

¹ " At length he recovered his speech and understanding, and perceiving himselfe in a strange place, which he knew not, he willed to know if the chamber had anie particular name, whereunto answer was made, that it was called *Jerusalem*. Then said the king, Lauds be given to the Father of Heaven, for now I know that I shall die here in this chamber, according to the prophesie, of me declared, that I should depart this life in *Jerusalem*."—*Holinshed*, p. 541.

ACT V.

SCENE I. Glostershire. . *A Hall in Shallow's House.*

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, *and* Page.

Shal. By cock and pye,¹ sir, you shall not away to-night.—What, Davy, I say !

Fal. You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you ; you shall not be excused ; excuses shall not be admitted ; there is no excuse shall serve ; you shall not be excused.—Why, Davy !

Enter DAVY.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy ; let me see.—Yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus ;—those precepts cannot be served : and, again, sir,—Shall we sow the headland with wheat ?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook.—Are there no young pigeons ?

Davy. Yes, sir.—Here is now the smith's note, for shoeing, and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and paid.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had.—And, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair ?

Shal. He shall answer it.—Some pigeons, Davy ; a couple of short-legged hens ; a joint of mutton ; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

¹ This adjuration, which seems to have been a popular substitute for profane swearing, occurs in several old plays.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yes, Davy. I will use him well; a friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse.¹ Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are back-bitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor; that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship, that he is a knave, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit DAVY.*] Where are you, sir John? Come, off with your boots.—Give me your hand, master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph;—and welcome, my tall fellow. [*To the Page.*] Come, sir John. [*Exit SHALLOW.*]

Fal. I'll follow you, good master Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH and Page.*] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit's-staves as master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his.

¹ "A friend in court is worth a penny in purse," is one of Camden's proverbial sentences. See his *Remaines*, 4to, 1605.

They, by observing him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man; their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild geese. If I had a suit to master Shallow, I would humor his men, with the imputation of being near their master; if to his men, I would curry with master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain, that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diseases, one of another; therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keep prince Harry in continual laughter, the wearing-out of six fashions, (which is four terms, or two actions,¹) and he shall laugh without *intervallums*. O, it is much, that a lie, with a slight oath, and a jest, with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. [*Within.*] Sir John!

Fal. I come, master Shallow; I come, master Shallow.
[*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

SCENE II. Westminster. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter WARWICK and the Lord Chief Justice.

War. How now, my lord chief justice? whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walked the way of nature;
And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would his majesty had called me with him.

¹ Actions for debt.

The service that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think the young king loves you not.

Ch. Just. I know he doth not; and do arm myself,
To welcome the condition of the time;
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter PRINCE JOHN, PRINCE HUMPHREY, CLARENCE,
WESTMORELAND, *and others.*

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry.
O that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

Ch. Just. Alas! I fear all will be overturned.

P. John. Good morrow, cousin Warwick.

P. Humph. Cla. Good morrow, cousin.

P. John. We meet like men that had forgot to
speak.

War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

P. John. Well, peace be with him that hath made
us heavy!

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

P. Humph. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend,
indeed;

And I dare swear, you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow; it is, sure, your own.

P. John. Though no man be assured what grace to
find,
You stand in coldest expectation.

I am the sorrier; 'would 'twere otherwise.

Cla. Well, you must now speak sir John Falstaff
fair;

Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honor,
Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see, that I will beg

A ragged and forestalled remission.—¹
 If truth and upright innocence fail me,
 I'll to the king my master that is dead,
 And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the prince.

Enter KING HENRY V.

Ch. Just. Good morrow ; and Heaven save your
 majesty !

King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
 Sits not so easy on me as you think.—
 Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear ;
 This is the English, not the Turkish court ;
 Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
 But Harry, Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers ;
 For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you :
 Sorrow so royally in you appears,
 That I will deeply put the fashion on,
 And wear it in my heart. Why, then, be sad ;
 But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
 Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
 For me, by Heaven, I bid you be assured,
 I'll be your father and your brother too ;
 Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.
 Yet weep, that Harry's dead ; and so will I :
 But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,
 By number, into hours of happiness.

P. John, &c. We hope no other from your majesty.

King. You all look strangely on me ;—and you
 most ; *[To the Chief Justice.]*
 You are, I think, assured I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assured, if I be measured rightly,
 Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No !
 How might a prince of my great hopes forget
 So great indignities you laid upon me ?

¹ "A ragged and forestalled remission" is a remission or pardon obtained by beggarly supplication. *Forestalling* is *prevention*.

What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
The immediate heir of England? Was this easy?¹
May this be washed in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me;
And, in the administration of his law,
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgment;²
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought;
To pluck down justice from your awful bench;
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person;
Nay, more; to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;
Be now the father, and propose a son:³
Hear your own dignities so much profaned,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdained;
And then imagine me taking your part,
And, in your power, soft silencing your son.
After this cold considerance, sentence me;

¹ *Was this easy?* was this a *light offence*?

² It has already been remarked that sir William Gascoigne, the chief justice in this play, died in the reign of Henry IV.; and consequently this scene has no foundation in fact. Shakspeare was misled by Stowe, or probably was careless about the matter. While Gascoigne was at the bar, Henry of Bolingbroke was his client, who appointed him his attorney to sue out his livery in the Court of Wards: but Richard II. defeated his purpose. When Bolingbroke became Henry IV., he appointed Gascoigne chief justice. In that station he acquired the character of a learned, upright, wise, and intrepid judge. The story of his committing the prince is told by sir Thomas Elyot, in his book entitled *The Governor*; but Shakspeare followed the *Chronicles*.

³ i. e. image to yourself that you have a son.

And, as you are a king, speak in your state,¹
What I have done, that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right, justice, and you weigh it
well ;

Therefore still bear the balance and the sword ;
And I do wish your honors may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words ;—
*Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son ;
And not less happy, having such a son,
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice.*—You did commit me :
For which I do commit into your hand
The unstained sword that you have used to bear ;
With this remembrance,—That you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand ;
You shall be as a father to my youth :
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear ;
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practised, wise directions.—
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you ;—
My father is gone wild into his grave,²
For in his tomb lie my affections ;
And with his spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world ;
To frustrate prophecies ; and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flowed in vanity, till now.
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea ;
Where it shall mingle with the state³ of floods,

¹ In your regal character and office.

² The meaning may be, My *wild* dispositions having ceased on my father's death, and being now, as it were, buried in his tomb, he and *wisdom* are interred in the same grave.

³ That is, with the *majestic dignity* of the ocean, the chief of floods.

And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now call we our high court of parliament;
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best-governed nation;
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us;—
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.—

[*To the Lord Chief Justice.*

Our coronation done, we will accite,
As I before remembered, all our state;
And (God consigning to my good intents)
No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,
Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Glostershire. *The Garden of Shallow's House.*

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH, the Page, and DAVY.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard; where, in an arbor, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own graffing, with a dish of carraways,¹ and so forth;—come, cousin Silence;—and then to bed.

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all. beggars all, sir John:—marry, good air.—Spread, Davy; spread, Davy; well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man, and your husbandman.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good

¹ This passage, which was long a subject of dispute, some pertinaciously maintaining that *carraways* meant *apples* of that name, has been at length properly explained by the following quotations from Cogan's *Haven of Health*, 1599:—"For the same purpose *careway seeds* are used to be made in comfits, and to be eaten with *apples*, and surely very good for that purpose, for all such things as breed wind, would be eaten with other things that breake wind." Apples and carraways were formerly always eaten together; and it is said that they are still served up on particular days at Trinity college, Cambridge.

varlet, sir John.—By the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper ;——a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down ;—come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah ! quoth-a,—we shall
Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer, [Singing.
And praise Heaven for the merry year,
When flesh is cheap, and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there,
So merrily,
And ever among so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart !—Good master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit ; [*Seating BARDOLPH and the Page at another table.*] I'll be with you anon :—most sweet sir, sit.—Master page, good master page, sit, proface.¹ What you want in meat, we'll have in drink. But you must bear ; the heart's all. [*Exit.*

Shal. Be merry, master Bardolph ;—and my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. *Be merry, be merry, my wife has all ;* [Singing.
For women are shrews, both short and tall :

'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,²

And welcome merry Shrove-tide.³

Be merry, be merry, &c.

Fal. I did not think master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who, I ? I have been merry twice and once, ere now.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. There is a dish of leather-coats⁴ for you.

[*Setting them before BARDOLPH.*

Shal. Davy,—

¹ An expression of welcome, equivalent to *Much good may it do you !*

² This proverbial rhyme is of great antiquity ; it is found in Adam Davie's *Life of Alexander* :—

“Merrie swithe it is in hall
 When the berdes waveth alle.”

³ *Shrovetide* was the ancient *carnival*.

⁴ Apples, commonly called russetines.

Davy. Your worship?—I'll be with you straight.
[*To BARD.*]—A cup of wine, sir?

Sil. *A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine,* [Singing
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, master Silence.

Sil. And we shall be merry;—now comes in the sweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, master Silence.

Sil. *Fill the cup, and let it come:*

I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome; if thou wantest any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart.—Welcome, my little tiny thief; [*To the Page.*] and welcome, indeed, too.—I'll drink to master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleroes about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy,—

Shal. By the mass, you'll crack a quart together. Ha! will you not, master Bardolph?

Bard. Yes, sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thank thee.—The knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: he will not out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing; be merry. [*Knocking hard.*] Look who's at door there. Ho! who knocks? [*Exit DAVY.*

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

[*To SILENCE, who drinks a bumper.*

Sil. *Do me right,*¹

[Singing.

*And dub me knight:*²

*Samingo.*³

Is't not so?

¹ To do a man right and to do him reason, were formerly the usual expressions in pledging healths; he who drank a bumper expected that a bumper should be drunk to his toast.

² He who drank a bumper on his knees to the health of his mistress, was dubbed a knight for the evening.

³ It has been supposed that the introduction of Domingo as a burthen to a drinking song, was intended as a satire on the luxury of the Domini-

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why, then say, an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. An it please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court, let him come in.—

Enter PISTOL.

Fal. How now, Pistol?

Pist. God save you, sir John!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.—Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

Sil. By'r lady, I think 'a be; but goodman Puff of Barson.

Pist. Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—

Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,

And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;

And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,

And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutra for the world, and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa, and golden joys.

Fal. O, base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?
Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. *And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.* [Sings.

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why, then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir.—If, sir, you come with

cans; but whether the change to *Samango* was a blunder of Silence in his cups, or was a real contraction of San Domingo, is uncertain. Why Saint Dominick should be the patron of topers does not appear.

news from the court, I take it, there is but two ways: either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, Bezonian?¹ speak, or die.

Shal. Under king Harry.

Pist. Harry the Fourth, or Fifth?

Shal. Harry the Fourth.

Pist. A foutra for thine office!—

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;
Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth.
When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me,² like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What! is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door:³ The things I speak are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph; saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I will double charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O, joyful day!—I would not take a knight-hood for my fortune.

Pist. What? I do bring good news?

Fal. Carry master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots; we'll ride all night.—O, sweet Pistol:—Away, Bardolph. [*Exit BARD.*]—Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, master Shallow; I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and woe to my lord chief justice!

¹ *Bezonian*, according to Florio a *bisogno*, is “a new-levied souldier, such as comes needy to the wars.” Cotgrave, in *bisongne*, says “a filthie knave, or clowne, a raskall, a *bisonian*, base-humored scoundrel.” Its original sense is a beggar, a needy person; it is often met with very differently spelled in the old comedies.

² An expression of contempt or insult.

³ Steevens remarks, that this proverbial expression is oftener used than understood. The *door nail* is the *nail* in ancient doors on which the knocker strikes. It is therefore used as a comparison for one irrecoverably dead, one who has fallen (as Virgil says) *multa morte*, i. e. with abundant death, such as reiterated strokes on the head would produce.

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!
Where is the life that late I led, say they.
 Why, here it is; welcome these pleasant days.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. London. *A Street.*

Enter Beadles, *dragging in* HOSTESS QUICKLY *and*
 DOLL TEAR-SHEET.¹

Host. No, thou arrant knave; I would I might die, that I might have thee hanged: thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

1 Bead. The constables have delivered her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her. There hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook,² you lie. Come on; I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal; an the child I now go with do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

Host. O the Lord, that sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God, the fruit of her womb miscarry!

1 Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead, that you and Pistol beat among you.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer!³ I will have you as soundly swung for this, you blue-bottle rogue!⁴ you filthy, famished correctioner! if you be not swung, I'll forswear half-kirtles.⁵

¹ In the quarto, 1600, we have "Enter *Sincklo*, and three or four officers." And the name of *Sincklo* is prefixed to the Beadle's speeches. *Sincklo* is also introduced in *The Taming of the Shrew*; he was an actor in the same company with Shakspeare.

² *Nut-hook* was a term of reproach for a bailiff or constable.

³ Doll compares the beadle's spare figure to the embossed figures in the middle of the pierced convex lid of a censer made of thin metal. The sluttery of rush-strewed chambers rendered censers or fire pans, in which coarse perfumes were burned, most necessary utensils.

⁴ Beadles usually wore a blue livery.

⁵ A *half-kirtle* was a kind of apron or fore part of the dress of a woman.

1 *Bead.* Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

Host. O, that right should thus overcome might!
Well; of sufferance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

Host. Ay; come, you starved blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death! goodman bones!

Host. Thou atomy, thou!

Dol. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal!

1 *Bead.* Very well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A public Place near Westminster Abbey.*

Enter two Grooms, strewing Rushes.

1 *Groom.* More rushes, more rushes.

2 *Groom.* The trumpets have sounded twice.

1 *Groom.* It will be two o'clock ere they come from
the coronation. Despatch, despatch.

[*Exeunt* Grooms.]

*Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and
the Page.*

Fal. Stand here by me, master Robert Shallow; I
will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him,
as 'a comes by; and do but mark the countenance that
he will give me.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight.

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me.—O, if I
had had time to have made new liveries, I would have
bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. [*To*
SHALLOW.] But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth
better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shows my earnestness of affection.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion.

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to

deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him; thinking of nothing else; putting all affairs else in oblivion; as if there were nothing else to be done, but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est*:
'Tis all in every part.¹

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,
And make thee rage.
Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,
Is in base durance, and contagious prison;
Hauled thither
By most mechanical and dirty hand:—
Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's
snake,
For Doll is in; Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

[*Shouts within, and the trumpets sound.*]

Pist. There roared the sea, and trumpet-clangor
sounds.

Enter the King and his Train, the Chief Justice among them.

Fal. God save thy grace, king Hal! my royal Hal!²

Pist. The Heavens thee guard and keep, most royal
imp of fame!

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!

King. My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you what 'tis
you speak?

Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

¹ Warburton thought that we should read:—

“Tis *all in all* and all in every part.”

² A similar scene occurs in the anonymous old play of King Henry V. Falstaff and his companions address the king in the same manner, and are dismissed as in this play.

King. I know thee not, old man. Fall to thy prayers ;
How ill white hairs become a fool, and jester !
I have long dreamed of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swelled, so old, and so profane ;¹
But, being awake, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body hence,² and more thy grace ;
Leave gormandizing ; know the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men :—
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest ;
Presume not, that I am the thing I was ;
For Heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turned away my former self :
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me ; and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots ;
Till then I banish thee, on pain of death,—
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—
Not to come near our person by ten mile.
For competence of life, I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil ;
And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will—according to your strength and qualities—
Give you advancement.³—Be it your charge, my lord,
To see performed the tenor of our word.

Set on. [*Exeunt King, and his Train.*]

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, sir John ; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this ; I shall be sent for in private to him : look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement ; I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

¹ *Profane* (says Johnson) in our author often signifies *love of talk*.

² Henceforward.

³ This circumstance Shakspeare may have derived from the old play of King Henry V. But Hall, Holinshed, and Stowe, give nearly the same account of the dismissal of Henry's loose companions.

Shal. I cannot perceive how ; unless you give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word ; this that you heard, was but a color.

Shal. A color, I fear, that you will die in, sir John.

Fal. Fear no colors ; go with me to dinner. Come, lieutenant Pistol ;—come, Bardolph.—I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter PRINCE JOHN, *the* Chief Justice, Officers, &c.

Ch. Just. Go, carry sir John Falstaff to the Fleet ; Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord,——

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak ; I will hear you soon. Take them away.

Pist. *Si fortuna me tormenta, spero me contenta.*

[*Exeunt* FAL., SHAL., PIST., BARD., Page, and Officers.]

P. John. I like this fair proceeding of the king's :
He hath intent, his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for ;
But all are banished, till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

P. John. The king hath called his parliament, my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

P. John. I will lay odds, that, ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords, and native fire,
As far as France : I heard a bird so sing,
Whose music, to my thinking, pleased the king.
Come, will you hence ?

[*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY A DANCER.

FIRST, my fear ; then, my court'sy ; last, my speech. My fear is, your displeasure ; my court'sy, my duty ; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me ; for what I have to say, is of mine own making ; and what, indeed, I should say, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture.—Be it known to you, (as it is very well,) I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this ; which, if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promised you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies : bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs ? and yet that were but light payment,—to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me ; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France ; where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions ; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary ; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night : and so kneel down before you :—but, indeed, to pray for the queen.¹

¹ Most of the ancient interludes conclude with a prayer for the king or queen. Hence, perhaps, the *Vivant Rex et Regina*, at the bottom of our modern play bills.

I FANCY every reader, when he ends this play, cries out with Desdemona, "O most lame and impotent conclusion!" As this play was not, to our knowledge, divided into acts by the author, I could be content to conclude it with the death of Henry the Fourth:—

"In that Jerusalem shall Harry die."

These scenes, which now make the fifth act of *Henry the Fourth*, might then be the first of *Henry the Fifth*; but the truth is, that they do not unite very commodiously to either play. When these plays were represented, I believe they ended as they are now ended in the books; but Shakspeare seems to have designed that the whole series of action, from the beginning of *Richard the Second* to the end of *Henry the Fifth*, should be considered by the reader as one work upon one plan, only broken into parts by the necessity of exhibition.

None of Shakspeare's plays are more read than the *First and Second Parts of Henry the Fourth*. Perhaps no author has ever, in two plays, afforded so much delight. The great events are interesting, for the fate of kingdoms depends upon them; the slighter occurrences are diverting, and, except one or two, sufficiently probable; the incidents are multiplied with wonderful fertility of invention, and the characters diversified with the utmost nicety of discernment, and the profoundest skill in the nature of man.

The prince, who is the hero both of the comic and tragic part, is a young man of great abilities and violent passions, whose sentiments are right, though his actions are wrong; whose virtues are obscured by negligence, and whose understanding is dissipated by levity. In his idle hours he is rather loose than wicked; and when the occasion forces out his latent qualities, he is great without effort, and brave without tumult. The trifler is roused into a hero, and the hero again reposes in the trifler. The character is great, original and just.

Percy is a rugged soldier, choleric and quarrelsome, and has only the soldier's virtues, generosity and courage.

But Falstaff, unimitated, unimitable Falstaff, how shall I describe thee? Thou compound of sense and vice; of sense which may be admired, but not esteemed; of vice which may be despised, but hardly detested. Falstaff is a character loaded with faults, and with those faults which naturally produce contempt. He is a thief and a glutton, a coward and a boaster, always ready to cheat the weak, and prey upon the poor; to terrify the timorous, and insult the defenceless. At once obsequious and malignant, he satirizes in their absence those whom he lives by flattering. He is familiar with the prince only as an agent of vice; but of this familiarity he is so proud, as not only to be supercilious and haughty with common men, but to think his interest of importance to the duke of Lancaster. Yet the man, thus corrupt, thus despicable, makes himself necessary to the prince that despises him, by the most pleasing of all qualities, perpetual gayety; by an unfailing power of exciting laughter; which is the more freely indulged, as his wit is not of the splendid or ambitious kind, but consists in easy scapes and sallies of levity, which make sport, but raise no envy. It must be observed, that he is stained with no enormous or sanguinary crimes, so that his licentiousness is not so offensive but that it may be borne for his mirth.

The moral to be drawn from this representation is, that no man is more dangerous than he that, with a will to corrupt, hath the power to please; and that neither wit nor honesty ought to think themselves safe with such a companion, when they see Henry seduced by Falstaff.

JOHNSON.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE transactions comprised in this play commence about the latter end of the first, and terminate in the eighth year of this king's reign; when he married Katharine, princess of France, and closed up the differences betwixt England and that crown.

This play, in the quarto edition of 1608, is styled *The Chronicle History of Henry, &c.*, which seems to have been the title appropriated to all Shakspeare's historical dramas. Thus in *The Antipodes*, a comedy by R. Brome:—

“These lads can act the emperor's lives all over,
And Shakspeare's *Chronicled Histories* to boot.”

The players, likewise, in the folio of 1623, rank these pieces under the title of *Histories*.

It is evident that a play on this subject had been performed before the year 1592. Nash, in his *Pierce Penniless*, dated in that year, says, “What a glorious thing it is to have *Henry the Fifth* represented on the stage, leading the French king prisoner, and forcing both him and the Dolphin to swear fealtie!” Perhaps this same play was thus entered on the books of the Stationers' Company:—“Thomas Strode] May 2, 1594. A booke entituled The famous Victories of Henry the Fifth, containing the honourable Battle of Agincourt.” There are two more entries of a play of King Henry V., viz. between 1596 and 1615, and one August 14, 1600. Malone had an edition printed in 1598; and Steevens had two copies of this play, one without date, and the other dated 1617, both printed by Bernard Alsop: from one of these it was reprinted, in 1778, among “Six Old Plays on which Shakspeare founded,” &c., published by Mr. Nichols. It is thought that this piece is prior to Shakspeare's King Henry V., and that it is the very “displeasing play” alluded to in the epilogue to the Second Part of King Henry IV., “for Oldcastle died a martyr,” &c. Oldcastle is the Falstaff of the piece, which is despicable, and full of ribaldry and impiety. Shakspeare seems to have taken not a few hints from it; for it comprehends, in some measure, the story of the two parts of King Henry IV. as well as of King Henry V.; and no ignorance could debase the gold of Shakspeare into such dross, though no chemistry, but that of Shakspeare, could exalt such base metal into gold. This piece must have been performed before the year 1588, Tarlton, the comedian, who played both the parts of the chief justice and the clown in it, having died in that year.

This anonymous play of King Henry V. is neither divided into acts or scenes, is uncommonly short, and has all the appearance of having been imperfectly taken down during the representation.

There is a play called *Sir John Oldcastle*, published in 1600, with the name of William Shakspeare prefixed to it. The prologue serves to show that a former piece, in which the character of Oldcastle was introduced, had given great offence:—

“The doubtful title (gentlemen) prefix
 Upon the argument we have in hand,
 May breed suspense, and wrongfully disturbe
 The peaceful quiet of your settled thoughts.
 To stop which scruple, let this breefe suffice :
 It is no *pampered glutton* we present,
 Nor *aged counsellour to youthful sinne* ;
 But one whose vertue shone above the rest,
 A valiant martyr and a vertuous peere ;
 In whose true faith and loyalty exprest
 Unto his soveraigne, and his countries weale,
 We strive to pay that tribute of our love
 Your favours merit: let faire truth be graced,
 Since forged invention former time defaced.”

Shakspeare's play, according to Malone, seems to have been written in the middle of the year 1599. There were three quarto editions in the Poet's lifetime—1600, 1602, and 1608. In all of them the choruses are omitted, and the play commences with the fourth speech of the second scene.

“King Henry the Fifth is visibly the favorite hero of Shakspeare in English history. He portrays him endowed with every chivalrous and kingly virtue ; open, sincere, affable, yet still disposed to innocent raillery, as a sort of reminiscence of his youth, in the intervals between his dangerous and renowned achievements. To bring his life, after his ascent to the crown, on the stage was, however, attended with great difficulty. The conquests in France were the only distinguished events of his reign ; and war is much more an epic than a dramatic object. If we would have dramatic interest, war must only be the means by which something else is accomplished, and not the last aim and substance of the whole.” In *King Henry the Fifth*, no opportunity was afforded Shakspeare of rendering the issue of the war dramatic ; but he has availed himself of other circumstances attending it, with peculiar care. “Before the battle of Agincourt, he paints in the most lively colors the light-minded impatience of the French leaders for the moment of battle, which to them seemed infallibly the moment of victory ; on the other hand, he paints the uneasiness of the English king and his army, from their desperate situation, coupled with the firm determination, if they are to fall, at least to fall with honor. He applies this as a general contrast between the French and English national characters ; a contrast which betrays a partiality for his own nation, certainly excusable in a poet, especially when he is backed with such a glorious document as that of the memorable battle in question. He has surrounded the general events of the war with a fulness of individual characteristic, and even sometimes comic features. A heavy Scotchman, a hot Irishman, a well-meaning, honorable, pedantic Welshman, all speaking in their peculiar dialects. But all this variety still seemed to the Poet insufficient to animate a play of which the object was a conquest, and nothing but a conquest. He has, therefore, tacked a prologue (in the technical language of that day, a chorus) to the beginning of each act. These prologues, which unite epic pomp and solemnity with lyrical sublimity, and among which the description of the two camps before the battle of Agincourt forms a most admirable night-piece, are intended to

keep the spectators constantly in mind that the peculiar grandeur of the actions there described cannot be developed on a narrow stage ; and that they must supply the deficiencies of the representation from their own imaginations. As the subject was not properly dramatic, in the form, also, Shakspeare chose rather to wander beyond the bounds of the species, and to sing as a poetic herald, what he could not represent to the eye, than to cripple the progress of the action by putting long speeches in the mouths of the persons of the drama.

“ However much Shakspeare celebrates the French conquest of king Henry, still he has not omitted to hint to us, after his way, the secret springs of this undertaking. Henry was in want of foreign wars to secure himself on the throne ; the clergy also wished to keep him employed abroad, and made an offer of rich contributions to prevent the passing of a law which would have deprived them of the half of their revenues. His learned bishops are consequently as ready to prove to him his undisputed right to the crown of France, as he is to allow his conscience to be tranquillized by them. They prove that the Salic law is not, and never was, applicable to France ; and the matter is treated in a more succinct and convincing manner than such subjects usually are in manifestoes. After his renowned battles, Henry wished to secure his conquests by marriage with a French princess ; all that has reference to this is intended for irony in the play. The fruit of this union, from which two nations promised to themselves such happiness in future, was that very feeble Henry the Sixth, under whom every thing was so miserably lost. It must not, therefore, be imagined that it was without the knowledge and will of the Poet that an heroic drama turns out a comedy in his hands ; and ends, in the manner of comedy, with a marriage of convenience.” *

* Schlegel.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

Duke of Gloster, } *Brothers to the King.*
 Duke of Bedford, }

Duke of Exeter, *Uncle to the King.*

Duke of York, *Cousin to the King.*

Earls of Salisbury, Westmoreland, and Warwick.

Archbishop of Canterbury.

Bishop of Ely.

Earl of Cambridge, } *Conspirators against the King.*
 LORD SCROOP, }
 SIR THOMAS GREY, }

SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, } *Officers in King Henry's*
 GOWER, } *Army.*
 FLUELLEN,
 MACMORRIS,

JAMY, } *Soldiers in the same.*
 BATES, }
 COURT, }
 WILLIAMS, }

NYM, } *formerly Servants to Falstaff, now Soldiers*
 BARDOLPH, } *in the same.*
 PISTOL, }

Boy, *Servant to them.*

A Herald. Chorus.

CHARLES THE SIXTH, King of France.

LEWIS, the Dauphin.

Dukes of Burgundy, Orleans, and Bourbon.

The Constable of France.

RAMBURES, } *French Lords.*
 GRANDPREE, }

Governor of Harfleur.

MONTJOY, *a French Herald.*

Ambassadors to the King of England.

ISABEL, Queen of France.

KATHARINE, Daughter of Charles and Isabel.

ALICE, a Lady attending on the Princess Katharine.

QUICKLY, Pistol's Wife, an Hostess.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and English Soldiers,
 Messengers, and Attendants.

*The SCENE, at the beginning of the Play, lies in Eng-
 land; but afterwards wholly in France.*

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

Enter CHORUS.

O, FOR a muse of fire, that would ascend
 The brightest heaven of invention !
 A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
 And monarchs to behold the swelling scene !
 Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
 Assume the port of Mars ; and, at his heels,
 Leashed in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,
 Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
 The flat, unraised spirit, that hath dared,
 On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth
 So great an object. Can this cockpit hold
 The vasty fields of France ? or may we cram
 Within this wooden O,¹ the very casques,
 That did affright the air at Agincourt ?
 O, pardon ! since a crooked figure may
 Attest, in little place, a million ;
 And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
 On your imaginary forces² work.
 Suppose, within the girdle of these walls
 Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
 Whose high, upreared and abutting fronts
 The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.
 Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts ;
 Into a thousand parts divide one man,
 And make imaginary puissance ;
 Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them

¹ O, for circle, alluding to the circular form of the theatre.

² "*Imaginary forces.*" *Imaginary* for *imaginative*, or *your powers of fancy*.

Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth ;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there ; jumping o'er times ;
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass. For the which supply,
Admit me chorus to this history ;
Who, prologue like, your humble patience pray
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London.¹ *An Antechamber in the
King's Palace.*

*Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop
of Ely.²*

Canterbury. My lord, I'll tell you,—that self bill is
urged,
Which in the eleventh year o' the last king's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us passed,
But that the scrambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of further question.

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now ?

Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession ;
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By testament have given to the church,
Would they strip from us : being valued thus,—

¹ This first scene was added in the folio, together with the choruses and other amplifications. It appears from Hall and Holinshed, that the events passed at Leicester, where king Henry V. held a parliament in the second year of his reign. But the chorus at the beginning of the second act shows that the Poet intended to make London the place of his first scene.

² "Canterbury and Ely." Henry Chicheley, a Carthusian monk, recently promoted to the see of Canterbury John Fordham, bishop of Ely consecrated 1388, died 1426.

As much as would maintain, to the king's honor,
Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights;
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
And, to relief of lazars, and weak age,
Of indigent, faint souls, past corporal toil,
A hundred alms-houses, right well supplied;
And to the coffers of the king beside,
A thousand pounds by the year. Thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The king is full of grace, and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Cant. The courses of his youth promised it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seemed to die too;¹ yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an angel came,
And whipped the offending Adam out of him;
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelop and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made;
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady current, scouring faults;
Nor never hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire, the king were made a prelate:
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say,—it hath been all in all his study:
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle rendered you in music:
Turn him to any cause of policy,

¹ The same thought occurs in the preceding play, where king Henry V. says:—

“My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections.”

The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
 Familiar as his garter ; that, when he speaks,
 The air, a chartered libertine, is still,
 And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
 To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences ;
 So that the art and practic part of life
 Must be the mistress to his theoric ;¹
 Which is a wonder, how his grace should glean it,
 Since his addiction was to courses vain ;
 His companies unlettered, rude, and shallow ;
 His hours filled up with riots, banquets, sports ;
 And never noted in him any study,
 Any retirement, any sequestration
 From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
 And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,
 Neighbored by fruit of baser quality.
 And so the prince obscured his contemplation
 Under the veil of wildness ; which, no doubt,
 Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
 Unseen, yet crescive² in his faculty.

Cant. It must be so ; for miracles are ceased ;
 And therefore we must needs admit the means,
 How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
 How now for mitigation of this bill
 Urged by the commons ? Doth his majesty
 Incline to it, or no ?

Cant. He seems indifferent ;
 Or, rather, swaying more upon our part,
 Than cherishing the exhibitors against us.
 For I have made an offer to his majesty,—
 Upon our spiritual convocation ;
 And in regard of causes now in hand,
 Which I have opened to his grace at large,

¹ He discourses with so much skill on all subjects, "that his *theory* must have been taught by *art* and *practice*." *Practic* and *theoric*, or rather *pratique* and *theorique*, was the old orthography of *practice* and *theory*.

² This expressive word is used by Drant, in his Translation of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, 1567.

As touching France,—to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem received, my lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save, that there was not time enough to hear
(As, I perceived, his grace would fain have done)
The severals, and unhidden passages¹
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms;
And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,
Derived from Edward his great grandfather.

Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off?

Cant. The French ambassador upon that instant
Craved audience; and the hour I think is come,
'To give him hearing. Is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy;
Which I could, with a ready guess, declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you; and I long to hear it.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A Room of State in the same.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER,
WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *and* Attendants.

K. Hen. Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?

Exe. Not here in presence.

K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.²

West. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?

K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin; we would be resolved,

¹ "The *severals* and *unhidden passages*." The *particulars* and *clear, unconcealed circumstances* of his true titles, &c.

² "Send for him, good uncle." The person here addressed was Thomas Beaufort, half brother to king Henry IV., being one of the sons of John of Gaunt by Katharine Swynford. He was not made duke of Exeter till the year after the battle of Agincourt, 1416. He was properly now only earl of Dorset. Shakspeare may have confounded this character with John Holland, duke of Exeter, who married Elizabeth, the king's aunt. He was executed at Plashey, in 1400. The old play began with the next speech.

Before we hear him, of some things of weight,
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop of Ely.

Cant. God, and his angels, guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it!

K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed;
And justly and religiously unfold,
Why the law Salique, that they have in France,
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate,¹ whose right
Suits not in native colors with the truth;
For God doth know, how many, now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake the sleeping sword of war.
We charge you in the name of God, take heed;
For never two such kingdoms did contend,
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,
'Gainst him, whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration, speak, my lord;
And we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speak is in your conscience washed
As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign,—and you
peers,
That owe your lives, your faith, and services,

¹ Or burden your knowing or conscious soul with displaying false titles in a specious manner or opening pretensions, which, if shown in their native colors, would appear to be false.

To this imperial throne.—There is no bar¹
To make against your highness' claim to France,
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—
In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,
No woman shall succeed in Salique land;
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze,
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
That the land Salique lies in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;
Where Charles the Great, having subdued the Saxons
There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women,
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Established there this law,—to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land;
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany called—Meisen.
Thus doth it well appear, the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France;
Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one-and-twenty years
After defunction of king Pharamond,
Idly supposed the founder of this law;
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great
Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala, in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, which deposed Childerick,
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to king Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also,—that usurped the crown
Of Charles the duke of Lorain, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,—

¹ "There is no bar," &c. The whole speech is taken from *Holinshed*.

To fine¹ his title with some show of truth,
 (Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,)
 Conveyed² himself as heir to the lady Lingare,
 Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
 To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
 Of Charles the Great. Also king Lewis the Tenth,³
 Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
 Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
 Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
 That fair queen Isabel, his grandmother,
 Was lineal of the lady Ermengare,
 Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorain:
 By the which marriage, the line of Charles the Great
 Was reunited to the crown of France.
 So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
 King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
 King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
 To hold in right and title of the female.
 So do the kings of France unto this day;
 Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law,
 To bar your highness claiming from the female;
 And rather choose to hide them in a net,
 Than amply to imbare⁴ their crooked titles
 Usurped from you and your progenitors.

K. Hen. May I, with right and conscience, make
 this claim?

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!
 For in the book of Numbers is it writ,—
 When the son dies, let the inheritance
 Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
 Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
 Look back unto your mighty ancestors;
 Go, my dread lord, to your great grandsire's tomb,

¹ To *fine* is to embellish, to trim, to make showy or specious: *Limare*. The folio reads *find*.

² Shakspeare found this expression in Holinshed; and, though it sound odd to modern ears, it is classical.

³ This should be Lewis the Ninth, as it stands in Hall's Chronicle. Shakspeare has been led into the error by Holinshed, whose Chronicle he followed.

⁴ The folio reads *imbarre*; the quarto *imbace*.

From whom you claim ; invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great uncle's, Edward the Black Prince ;
Who on the French ground played a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France ;
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.¹
O, noble English, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France ;
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action !

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats.
You are their heir ; you sit upon their throne ;
The blood and courage that renowned them,
Runs in your veins ; and my thrice-puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Ere. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.

West. They know your grace hath cause, and
means, and might ;
So hath your highness ;² never king of England
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects ;
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,
And lie pavilioned in the fields of France.

Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood, and sword, and fire, to win your right.
In aid whereof, we of the spirituality
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum,
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade the
French,
But lay down our proportions to defend

¹ This alludes to the battle of Cressy, as described by Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 372.

² i. e. your highness hath indeed what they think and know you have.

Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cant. They of those marches,¹ gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing snatchers
only,
But fear the main intendment² of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbor to us.
For you shall read, that my great grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfurnished kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brimfulness of his force ;
Galling the gleaned land with hot essays ;
Girding, with grievous siege, castles and towns ;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighborhood.³

Cant. She hath been then more feared than harmed,
my liege.
For hear her but exempl'd by herself,—
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken, and impounded as a stray,
The king of Scots ; whom she did send to France,
To fill king Edward's fame with prisoner kings ;
And make her chronicle as rich with praise,
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasures.

West. But there's a saying, very old and true,—

*If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin.*

For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot

¹ The marches are the borders.

² The main intendment is the principal purpose, that he will bend his whole force against us ; the Bellum in aliquem intendere of Livy.

³ The quarto reads, "at the bruit thereof."

Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs ;
 Playing the mouse, in absence of the cat,
 To spoil and havock more than she can eat.

Exe. It follows, then, the cat must stay at home.
 Yet that is but a crushed necessity ;¹
 Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,
 And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
 While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
 The advised head defends itself at home ;
 For government, though high, and low, and lower,
 Put into parts, doth keep in one concent ;²
 Congruing in a full and natural close,
 Like music.

Cant. True ; therefore doth Heaven divide
 The state of man in divers functions,
 Setting endeavor in continual motion ;
 To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
 Obedience ; for so work the honey bees ;
 Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach
 The act³ of order to a peopled kingdom.
 They have a king, and officers of sorts ;⁴
 Where some, like magistrates, correct at home ;
 Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad ;
 Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds ;
 Which pillage, they with merry march bring home
 To the tent-royal of their emperor ;
 Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
 The singing masons building roofs of gold ;
 The civil⁵ citizens kneading up the honey ;

¹ " Yet that is but a *crushed* necessity." This is the reading of the folio. The editors of late editions have adopted the reading of the quarto copy, " cursed necessity."

² *Concent* is connected harmony in general, and not confined to any specific consonance. *Concentio* and *concentus* are both used by Cicero for the union of voices or instruments, in what we should now call a *chorus* or *concert*.

³ " The *act* of order " is the *statute* or *law* of order ; as appears from the reading of the quarto. " Creatures that by awe *ordain* an *act* of order to a peopled kingdom."

⁴ i. e. of different degrees : if it be not an error of the press for *sort*, i. e. *rank*.

⁵ " The *civil* citizens kneading up the honey." *Civil* is *grave*. See

The poor mechanic porters crowding in
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate ;
 The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
 Delivering o'er to executors¹ pale
 The lazy, yawning drone. I this infer,—
 That many things, having full reference
 To one concent, may work contrariously ;
 As many arrows, loosed several ways,
 Fly to one mark ;
 As many several ways meet in one town ;
 As many fresh streams run in one self-sea ;
 As many lines close in the dial's centre ;
 So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
 End in one purpose, and be all well borne
 Without defeat.² Therefore to France, my liege.
 Divide your happy England into four ;
 Whereof take you one quarter into France,
 And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
 If we, with thrice that power left at home,
 Cannot defend our own door from the dog,
 Let us be worried ; and our nation lose
 The name of hardiness, and policy.

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the
 dauphin.

[*Exit an Attendant. The King ascends
 his throne.*]

Now are we well resolved ; and by God's help,
 And yours, the noble sinews of our power,—
 France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
 Or break it all to pieces. Or there we'll sit,
 Ruling, in large and ample empery,³
 O'er France, and all her almost kingly dukedoms ;
 Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,

Twelfth Night, Act iii. Sc. 4. Johnson observes, to *knead* the honey is not physically true. The bees do, in fact, knead the wax more than the honey.

¹ "*Executors*," for *executioners*. Thus also Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, p. 38, ed. 1632:—

"Tremble at an *executor*, and yet not feare hell-fire."

² "Without defeat." The quartos read, "Without *defect*."

³ "*Empery*." This word, which signifies *dominion*, is now obsolete.

K. Hen. What treasure, uncle ?

Ere. Tennis-balls, my liege.¹

K. Hen. We are glad the dauphin is so pleasant
with us ;

His present, and your pains, we thank you for.
When we have matched our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set,
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.²
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a wrangler,
That all the courts of France will be disturbed
With chaces.³ And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valued this poor seat of England ;
And therefore, living hence,⁴ did give ourself
To barbarous license ; as 'tis ever common,
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the dauphin,—I will keep my state ;
Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness,
When I do rouse me in my throne of France ;
For that I have laid by my majesty,⁵
And plodded like a man for working-days ;
But I will rise there with so full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince,—this mock of his
Hath turned his balls to gun-stones ;⁶ and his soul
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them ; for many a thousand widows

¹ In the old play of King Henry V. this present consists of a *gilded tun of tennis-balls*, and a carpet.

² The *hazard* is a place in the tennis-court, into which the ball is sometimes struck.

³ A *chace* at tennis is that spot where a ball falls, beyond which the adversary must strike his ball to gain a point or *chace*. At long tennis it is the spot where the ball leaves off rolling. We see, therefore, why the king has called himself a *wrangler*.

⁴ That is, away from this seat or throne.

⁵ To qualify myself for this undertaking, I have descended from my station, and studied the arts of life in a lower character.

⁶ "Hath turned his balls to *gun-stones*." When ordnance were first used, they discharged balls of stone.

Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands ;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down ;
And some are yet ungotten, and unborn,
That shall have cause to curse the dauphin's scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal ; and in whose name,
Tell you the dauphin, I am coming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallowed cause.
So, get you hence in peace ; and tell the dauphin,
His jest will savor but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.—
Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* Ambassadors.]

Exe. This was a merry message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush at it.

[*Descends from his throne.*]

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furtherance to our expedition ;
For we have now no thought in us but France,
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected ; and all things thought upon,
That may, with reasonable swiftness, add
More feathers to our wings ; for, God before,
We'll chide this dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore, let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

Enter CHORUS.

Cho. Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies ;
Now thrive the armorers, and honor's thought

Reigns solely in the breast of every man.
 They sell the pasture now, to buy the horse ;
 Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
 With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
 For now sits Expectation in the air ;
 And hides a sword, from hilt unto the point,
 With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,¹
 Promised to Harry, and his followers.
 The French, advised by good intelligence
 Of this most dreadful preparation,
 Shake in their fear ; and with pale policy
 Seek to divert the English purposes.
 O, England !—model to thy inward greatness,
 Like little body with a mighty heart,—
 What mightst thou do, that honor would thee do,
 Were all thy children kind and natural !
 But see thy fault ! France hath in thee found out
 A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
 With treacherous crowns ; and three corrupted men—
 One, Richard earl of Cambridge ;² and the second,
 Henry lord Scroop³ of Masham ; and the third,
 Sir Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland—
 Have, for the gilt of France, (O guilt, indeed !)
 Confirmed conspiracy with fearful France ;
 And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
 (If hell and treason hold their promises,)
 Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
 Linger your patience on ; and well digest
 The abuse of distance, while we force a play.⁴
 The sum is paid ; the traitors are agreed ;

¹ In ancient representations of trophies, &c. it is common to see swords encircled with crowns. Shakspeare's image is supposed to be taken from a wood cut in the first edition of Holinshed.

² "Richard earl of Cambridge" was Richard de Conisbury, younger son of Edmund Langley, duke of York. He was father of Richard duke of York, and grandfather of Edward the Fourth.

³ "Henry lord Scroop" was a third husband of Joan duchess of York, mother-in-law of Richard earl of Cambridge.

⁴ The old copy reads:—

"Linger your patience on, and *we'll* digest
The abuse of distance ; force a play."

The alteration was made by Pope.

The king is set from London ; and the scene
 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton.
 There is the playhouse now ; there must you sit ;
 And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
 And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
 To give you gentle pass ; for, if we may,
 We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
 But, till the king come forth, and but till then,
 Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.¹ [Exit.

SCENE I. *The same.* Eastcheap.

Enter Nym and Bardolph.

Bard. Well met, corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are ancient Pistol and you friends yet ?

Nym. For my part, I care not. I say little : but
 when time shall serve, there shall be smiles ;²—but
 that shall be as it may. I dare not fight ; but I will
 wink, and hold out mine iron. It is a simple one ; but
 what though ? It will toast cheese ; and it will endure
 cold as another man's sword will ; and there's the humor
 of it.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast, to make you friends ;

¹ “ But till the king come forth, and *but* till then,
 Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.”

The old copy reads :—

“ But till the king come forth, and *not* till then.”

The emendation was proposed by Mr. Roderick, and deserves admission into the text. Malone has plainly shown that it is a common typographical error. The objection is, that a scene in London intervenes ; but this may be obviated by transposing that scene to the end of the first act. The division into acts and scenes, it should be recollected, is the arbitrary work of Mr. Rowe and the subsequent editors ; and the first act of this play, as it is now divided, is unusually short. This chorus has slipped out of its place.

² “ When time shall serve, there shall be *smiles*.” Dr. Farmer thought that this was an error of the press for *smiles*, i. e. *blows*, a word used in the Poet's age, and still provincially current. The passage, as it stands, has been explained :—“ I care not whether we are friends at present ; however, when time shall serve, *we shall be in good humor with each other* ; but be it as it may.”

and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France ; let it be so, good corporal Nym.

Nym. 'Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it ; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may : that is my rest,¹ that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly : and, certainly, she did you wrong ; for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell ; things must be as they may. Men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time ; and, some say, knives have edges. It must be as it may : though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.²

Enter PISTOL and MRS. QUICKLY.

Bard. Here comes ancient Pistol, and his wife :—good corporal, be patient here.—How now, mine host Pistol ?

Pist. Base tike,³ call'st thou me—host ? Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term ; Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long ; for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. [*Nym draws his sword.*] O well-i-day, Lady, if he be not drawn now !⁴ we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed. Good lieutenant Bardolph,—good corporal, offer nothing here.

¹ "That is my *rest* ;" that is my *determination*.

² i. e. "I know not what to say or think of it." See this phrase amply illustrated in Mr. Gifford's *Ben Jonson*, vol. i. p. 125. No phrase is more common in our old dramatic writers.

³ i. e. base fellow. Still used in the north ; where a *tike* is also a dog of a large, common breed.

⁴ The folio has "O well-a-day, Lady, if he be not *hewn* now ;" an evident error of the press. The quarto reads, "O Lord! here's corporal Nym's—now," &c.

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog!¹ thou prick-eared cur of Iceland!

Quick. Good corporal Nym, show the valor of a man, and put up thy sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you *solus*.

[*Sheathing his sword.*]

Pist. *Solus*, egregious dog? O viper vile!
The *solus* in thy most marvellous face;
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels;
For I can take,² and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason;³ you cannot conjure me. I have a humor to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms; if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may; and that's the humor of it.

Pist. O, braggard vile, and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;
Therefore exhale. [Pistol and Nym draw.

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say;—he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. [Draws.

Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.

¹ "*Iceland dogges*, curled and rough all over, which, by reason of the length of their heare, make show neither of face nor of body. And yet thes currez, forsoothe, because they are so strange, are greatly set by, esteemed, taken up, and made of, many times instead of the spaniell gentle or comforter." Abraham Fleming's translation of Caius de Canibus, 1576, *Of English Dogges*.—*Island cur* is again used as a term of contempt in "Epigrams served out in Fifty-two several Dishes;" no date:—

"He wears a gown lac'd round, laid down with furre,
Or, miser-like, a pouch where never man
Could thrust his finger, but this *island curre*."

² "For I can *take*." Malone would change this, without necessity, to "I can *talk*." Pistol only means, "I can *understand* or *comprehend* you."

³ *Barbason* is the name of a demon mentioned in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give,
Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humor of it.

Pist. *Coupe le gorge*, that's the word?—I thee defy again.

O, hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?

No; to the spital go,

And from the powdering-tub of infamy

Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,¹

Doll Tear-sheet she by name, and her espouse.

I have, and I will hold, the *quondam* Quickly

For the only she; and—*pauca*, there's enough.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master,—and you, hostess;—he is very sick, and would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy nose between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan: 'faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days; the king has killed his heart.—Good husband, come home presently.

[*Exeunt* MRS. QUICKLY and Boy.]

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together. Why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have; that's the humor of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound; push home.

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

¹ "The lazar kite of Cressid's kind." Of Cressida's nature, see *Troilus and Cressida*.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends; an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too. Pr'ythee, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings, I won of you at betting?

Pist. A noble¹ shalt thou have, and present pay;
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood.
I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me;—
Is not this just?—for I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well, then, that's the humor of it.

Re-enter MRS. QUICKLY.

Quick. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shaken of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humors on the knight, that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right;
His heart is fractured and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king; but it must be as it may; he passes some humors, and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins,
we will live. *[Exeunt.]*

¹ The noble was worth six shillings and eight-pence.

SCENE II. Southampton. *A Council Chamber.*

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, *and* WESTMORELAND.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold to trust these traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves!

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,¹
Whom he hath cloyed² and graced with princely favors,—

That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

Trumpet sounds. Enter KING HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, Lords, *and* Attendants.

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My lord of Cambridge,—and my kind lord of Masham,—

And you, my gentle knight,——give me your thoughts.
Think you not, that the powers we bear with us,
Will cut their passage through the force of France;
Doing the execution, and the act,
For which we have in head assembled them?

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

¹ "That was his *bedfellow*." Thus Holinshed:—"The said lord Scroop was in such favor with the king, that he admitted him sometimes to be his *bedfellow*." This familiar appellation of *bedfellow* was common among the ancient nobility. This custom, which now appears so strange and unseemly to us, continued to the middle of the seventeenth century, if not later. Cromwell obtained much of his intelligence during the civil wars from the mean men with whom he slept.

² "Whom he hath *cloyed* and graced." The quarto reads, "*dulled* and cloyed."

K. Hen. I doubt not that ; since we are well persuaded,

We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair consent¹ with ours ;
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better feared, and loved,
Than is your majesty ; there's not, I think, a subject,
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. Even those, that were your father's enemies,
Have steeped their galls in honey ; and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness ;
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil ;
And labor shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.

K. Hen. We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That railed against our person : we consider,
It was excess of wine that set him on ;
And, on his more advice,² we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security.
Let him be punished, sovereign ; lest example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.

Grey. Sir, you show great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.

K. Hen. Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,³
Shall not be winked at, how shall we stretch our eye,

¹ "Consent" is accord, agreement.

² i. e. his better consideration, or more circumspect behavior.

³ "Distemper" here put for intemperance, or riotous excess.

When capital crimes, chewed, swallowed, and digested,
Appear before us?—We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey,—in their dear
care

And tender preservation of our person,—
Would have him punished. And now to our French
causes.

Who are the late¹ commissioners?

Cam. I one, my lord;
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And me, my royal sovereign.

K. Hen. Then, Richard, earl of Cambridge, there
is yours;—

There yours, lord Scroop of Masham;—and, sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours.—

Read them; and know, I know your worthiness:—

My lord of Westmoreland,—and uncle Exeter,—

We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen?

What see you in those papers, that you lose

So much complexion?—Look ye, how they change!

Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,

That hath so cowarded and chased your blood

Out of appearance?

Cam. I do confess my fault;
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey. Scroop. To which we all appeal.

K. Hen. The mercy, that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppressed and killed.

You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;

For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,

As dogs upon their masters, worrying them.—

See you, my princes, and my noble peers,

These English monsters!—My lord of Cambridge
here,—

You know how apt our love was to accord

To furnish him with all appertinents

Belonging to his honor; and this man

¹ i. e. those lately appointed.

Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspired,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton ; to the which,
This knight—no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is—hath likewise sworn—But O!
What shall I say to thee, lord Scroop ; thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature !
Thou, that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost mightst have coined me into gold,
Wouldst thou have practised on me for thy use ?
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,
That might annoy my finger ? 'Tis so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils swore to either's purpose,
Working so grossly¹ in a natural cause,
That admiration did not whoop at them ;²
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder, to wait on treason, and on murder :
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was,
That wrought upon thee so preposterously,
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence ;
And other devils, that suggest by treasons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colors, and with forms being fetched
From glistening semblances of piety ;
But he, that tempered thee, bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon, that hath gulled thee thus,
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar³ back,
And tell the legions—I can never win

¹ i. e. plainly, evidently.

² "Did not whoop at them ;" that they excited no exclamation of surprise.

³ i. e. Tartarus, the fabled place of future punishment.

A soul so easy as that Englishman's.
 O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
 The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?
 Why, so didst thou. Seem they grave and learned?
 Why, so didst thou. Come they of noble family?
 Why, so didst thou. Seem they religious?
 Why, so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet;
 Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger;
 Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood;
 Garnished and decked in modest complement;¹
 Not working with the eye, without the ear,
 And, but in purged judgment, trusting neither?
 Such, and so finely bolted,² didst thou seem:
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
 To mark the full-fraught man, and best endued,
 With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
 For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
 Another fall of man.—Their faults are open;
 Arrest them to the answer of the law;—
 And God acquit them of their practices!

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
 Richard earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry
 lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas
 Grey, knight of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discovered;
 And I repent my fault more than my death;
 Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
 Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me,—the gold of France did not seduce;³

¹ "*Complement*" has here the same meaning as in *Love's Labor's Lost*, Act i. Sc. 1. Bullokar defines it, "*Court ship* [i. e. courtiership], fulness, perfection, *fine behavior*." The gradual change of this word, to its meaning of *ceremonious words*, may be traced in Blount's *Glossography*.

² *Bolted* is the same as *sifted*, and has, consequently, the meaning of *refined*.

³ "For me, the gold of France did not seduce." "—— diverse write that Richard earle of Cambridge did not conspire with the lord Scroope, &c. for the murthering of king Henrie, to please the French king withall, but onlie to the intent to exalt the crowne to his brother-in-law Edmund earle of Marche, as heir to Lionel duke of Clarence, who being for diverse

Although I did admit it as a motive,
The sooner to effect what I intended :
But God be thanked for prevention ;
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoyce,¹
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoyce
At the discovery of most dangerous treason,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprise :
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy ! Hear your
sentence.

You have conspired against our royal person,
Joined with an enemy proclaimed, and from his coffers
Received the golden earnest of our death ;
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person, seek we no revenge ;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you three sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor, miserable wretches, to your death :
The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give you
Patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences !—Bear them hence.

[Exeunt conspirators, guarded.]

Now, lords, for France : the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war ;
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason, lurking in our way,

secret impediments not able to have issue, the earl of Cambridge was sure that the crowne should come to him by his wife, and to his children of her begotten. And therefore (as was thought) he rather confessed himselfe for neede of money to be corrupted by the French king, lest the earl of Marche should have tasted of the same cuppe that he had drunken, and what should have come to his own children he much doubted," &c.—*Holinshed.*

¹ i. e. "at which prevention, in suffering, I will heartily rejoyce."

To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now,
 But every rub is smoothed on our way.
 Then, forth, dear countrymen ; let us deliver
 Our puissance into the hand of God,
 Putting it straight in expedition.
 Cheerly to sea ; the signs of war advance ;
 No king of England, if not king of France.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. London. Mrs. Quickly's *House in Eastcheap.*

Enter PISTOL, MRS. QUICKLY, NYM, BARDOLPH, and Boy.

Quick. Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring¹ thee to Staines.

Pist. No ; for my manly heart doth yearn.—
 Bardolph, be blithe ;—Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins.
 Boy, bristle thy courage up ; for Falstaff he is dead,
 And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. 'Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or hell !

Quick. Nay, sure, he's not in hell ; he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any christom² child ; 'a parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at turning o' the tide ; for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way ; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields.³ How now, sir John ? quoth I ;

¹ i. e. let me *accompany thee*.

² i. e. *chrisom* child ; which was one that died within one month of birth, because during that time they wore the *chrisom cloth*, a white cloth put upon a child newly christened, wherewith women used to shroud the child if dying within the month ; otherwise it was brought to church at the day of purification.

³ "And 'a babbled of green fields." The first folio reads, "For his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a Table of green fields." Theobald gave the present reading of the text, which, though entirely conjectural, is better than any thing which has been offered in the numerous notes on this passage.

what, man! be of good cheer. So 'a cried out—God, God, God! three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him, 'a should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet. I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say, he cried out of sack.

Quick. Ay, that 'a did.

Bard. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that 'a did not.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and said, they were devils incarnate.

Quick. 'A could never abide carnation; 'twas a color he never liked.

Boy. 'A said once, the devil would have him about women.

Quick. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women: but then he was rheumatic;¹ and talked of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose; and 'a said, it was a black soul burning in hell-fire?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone, that maintained that fire; that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog off? the king will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips.
Look to my chattels, and my movables;
Let senses rule; the word is, *Pitch and Pay*.
Trust none;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck;
Therefore, *cave to* be thy counsellor.
Go, clear thy crystals.—Yoke-fellows in arms,

¹ *Rheumatic.* Mrs. Quickly means lunatic.

Let us to France ! like horse-leeches, my boys ;
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck !

Boy. And that is but unwholesome food, they

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess. [Kissing

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humor of it
adieu.

Pist. Let housewifery appear ; keep close, I
command.

Quick. Farewell ; adieu. [E

SCENE IV. France. *A Room in the French Palace.*

*Enter the French King, attended ; the Dauphin,
DUKE of BURGUNDY, the Constable, and others*

Fr. King. Thus come the English with full
upon us ;

And more than carefully it us concerns,
To answer royally in our defences.

Therefore the dukes of Berry and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth,—
And you, prince dauphin,—with all swift despatch
To line, and new repair, our towns of war,
With men of courage, and with means defendant
For England his approaches makes as fierce,
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.

It fits us, then, to be as provident
As fear may teach us, out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English
Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe ;
For peace itself should not so dull¹ a kingdom,
(Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in ques
But that defences, musters, preparations,

¹ To *dull* is to render torpid, insensible, or inactive.

Should be maintained, assembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I say, 'tis meet we all go forth,
To view the sick and feeble parts of France:
And let us do it with no show of fear;
No, with no more, than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance;
For, my good liege, she is so idly kinged,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, prince dauphin!
You are too much mistaken in this king.
Question your grace the late ambassadors,—
With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception,¹ and, withal,
How terrible in constant resolution,—
And you shall find, his vanities fore-spent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable,
But though we think it so, it is no matter.
In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems,
So the proportions of defence are filled;
Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat, with scanting
A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we king Harry strong;
And, princes, look, you strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been fleshed upon us;
And he is bred out of that bloody strain,²
That haunted us in our familiar paths.
Witness our too much memorable shame,

¹ "How modest in exception;" how diffident and decent in making objections.

² Strain is lineage.

When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
 And all our princes captived, by the hand
 Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of Wales;
 Whiles that his mountain sire—on mountain standing,
 Up in the air, crowned with the golden sun—
 Saw his heroical seed, and smiled to see him
 Mangle the work of nature, and deface
 The patterns that by God and by French fathers
 Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
 Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
 The native mightiness and fate of him.¹

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Henry, king of England,
 Do crave admittance to your majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience. Go,
 and bring them.

[Exeunt Mess. and certain Lords.]

You see, this chase is hotly followed, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs
 Most spend their mouths,² when what they seem to
 threaten,

Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
 Take up the English short; and let them know
 Of what a monarchy you are the head;
 Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
 As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with EXETER and Train.

Fr. King. From our brother England?

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your majesty.
 He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
 That you divest yourself, and lay apart
 The borrowed glories, that, by gift of Heaven,
 By law of nature, and of nations, 'long

¹ i. e. what is allotted him by destiny.

² i. e. bark; the sportsman's term.

To him, and to his heirs ; namely, the crown,
And all wide-stretched honors that pertain,
By custom and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of France. That you may know,
'Tis no sinister, nor no awkward claim,
Picked from the worm-holes of long-vanished days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion raked,
He sends you this most memorable line,¹

[*Gives a paper.*]

In every branch truly demonstrative ;
Willing you overlook this pedigree ;
And, when you find him evenly derived
From his most famed of famous ancestors,
Edward the Third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him, the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows ?

Exe. Bloody constraint ; for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it ;
And, therefore, in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove ;
(That, if requiring fail, he will compel ;)
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown ; and to take mercy
On the poor souls, for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws ; and on your head
Turns he the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallowed in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threatening, and my message ;
Unless the dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further.
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother England.

Dau. For the dauphin,
I stand here for him. What to him from England ?

¹ "Memorable line ;" this genealogy, this deduction of his lineage.

Exe. Scorn, and defiance ; slight regard, contempt
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king :—and, if your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer for it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide¹ your trespass, and return your mock
In second accent of his ordnance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair reply,
It is against my will ; for I desire
Nothing but odds with England : to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with those Paris balls.

Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe ;
And, be assured, you'll find a difference
(As we, his subjects, have in wonder found)
Between the promise of his greener days,
And these he masters now : now he weighs time,
Even to the utmost grain ; which you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind a
full.

Exe. Despatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay ;
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon despatched, with fair
conditions.

A night is but small breath, and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence. [*Exeunt*

¹ To *chide* is to resound, to echo.

ACT III.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Thus with imagined wing our swift scene
 flies,
 In motion of no less celerity
 Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
 The well-appointed king at Hampton pier¹
 Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
 With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning.
 Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
 Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing;
 Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
 To sounds confused; behold the threaden sails,
 Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrowed sea,
 Breasting the lofty surge. O, do but think
 You stand upon the rivage, and behold
 A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
 For so appears this fleet majestic,
 Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
 Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy;²
 And leave your England, as dead midnight, still,
 Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,
 Either past, or not arrived to, pith and puissance.
 For who is he, whose chin is but enriched
 With one appearing hair, that will not follow
 These culled and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
 Work, work, your thoughts, and therein see a siege.
 Behold the ordnance on their carriages,

¹ "The *well-appointed* king at *Hampton* pier." "*Well-appointed*," that is, well furnished with all necessities of war. The old copies read, "*Dover* pier:" but the Poet himself, and all accounts, and even the *Chronicles* which he followed, say that the king embarked at Southampton. A minute account still exists among the records of the town; and it is remarkable that a low, level plain, where the army encamped, is now covered by the sea, and called *Westport*.

² The meaning of this passage is, "Let your minds follow this navy." The *stern* was anciently synonymous to *rudder*. "The *sterne* of a ship, *gubernaculum*."—*Baret*.

Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
 To his full height!—On, on, you noble English,¹
 Whose blood is fet² from fathers of war-proof!
 Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
 Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
 And sheathed their swords for lack of argument;³
 Dishonor not your mothers; now attest,
 That those, whom you called fathers, did beget you!
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war!—And you, good yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
 The mettle of your pasture: let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;
 For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start.⁴ The game's afoot;
 Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,
 Cry—God for Harry! England! and Saint George!
 [*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Forces pass over. Then*

Enter Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach! to the breach!

Nym. 'Pray thee, corporal,⁴ stay; the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives: the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

¹ "You noble English." The folio reads *noblish*, by mistake; the compositor having taken twice the final syllable *ish*. Steevens reads *noblest*. This speech is not in the quartos.

² "Whose blood is *fet* from fathers of war-proof." Mr. Pope took the liberty of altering this word to *fetch*. The sacred writings afford us many instances of its use. "*Ascita et accepta a Græcis, Fet* and taken out of Greece." It is often coupled with *far*, as in the expressions "*far-fet* and dear-bought," "affectated and *far-fet*."

³ *Argument* is matter, subject.

⁴ "*Corporal*." Bardolph is called *lieutenant* in a former scene.

Pist. The plain-song is most just ; for humors do
abound ;
Knocks go and come ; God's vassals drop and die !
And sword and shield,
In bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. 'Would I were in an alehouse in London ! I
would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety.

Pist. And I :

If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly,
As bird doth sing on bough.

*Enter FLUELLEN.*¹

Flu. Got's plood !—Up to the preaches, you rascals !
will you not up to the preaches ?

[*Driving them forward.*

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould !²

Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage !

Abate thy rage, great duke !

Good bawcock, bate thy rage ! use lenity, sweet chuck !

Nym. These be good humors !—your honor wins
bad humors.

[*Exeunt NYM, PISTOL, and BARDOLPH,
followed by FLUELLEN.*

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three
swashers. I am boy to them all three ; but all they
three, though they would serve me, could not be man
to me ; for, indeed, three such antics do not amount to
a man. For Bardolph,—he is white-livered, and red-
faced ; by the means whereof, 'a faces it out, but fights
not. For Pistol,—he hath a killing tongue, and a

¹ *Fluellen* is merely the Welsh pronunciation of *Lluellyn*, as *Floyd* is of *Lloyd*.

² i. e. "be merciful, great *commander*, to men of *earth*, to poor mortal men." *Duke* is only a translation of the Roman *dux*. Sylvester, in his *Du Bartas*, calls Moses "a great duke."

quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym,—he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are matched with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own; and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it,—purchase. Bardolph stole a lute case; bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching; and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel. I knew, by that piece of service, the men would carry coals.¹ They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchiefs; which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. *[Exit Boy.]*

Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER following.

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mincs; the duke of Gloster would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines. For, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' adversary (you may discuss unto the duke, look you) is dight himself four yards under the countermines:² by Cheshu, I think 'a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman; a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

¹ "Carry coals." See note on the first scene of *Romeo and Juliet*.

² "Is dight himself;" that is, the enemy had digged four yards under the countermines.

Flu. It is captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the 'orld. I will verify as much in his peard; he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter MACMORRIS and JAMY, at a distance.

Gow. Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition, and knowledge, in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the 'orld, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say, gud-day, captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, goot captain Jamy.

Gow. How now, captain Macmorris? have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

Mac. By Chrish la, tish ill done; the work ish give over; the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and by my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over. I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la, in an hour. O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I peseech you now, will you vouchsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline: that is the point.

Jamy. It sall be very gud, gud feith, gud captains bath; and I sall quit¹ you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

¹ "I sall quit you;" I shall, with your permission, *requite* you; that is, answer you, or interpose with my arguments, as I shall find opportunity.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me ; the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes ; it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet calls us to the breach ; and we talk, and, by Chrish, do nothing ; 'tis shame for us all : so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still ; it is shame, by my hand : and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done ; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la.

Jamy. By the mess, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, aile do gude service, or aile ligge i' the grund for it : ay, or go to death : and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that sall I surely do, that is the breff and the long. Mary, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation——

Mac. Of my nation ? What ish my nation ? ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal ? What ish my nation ? Who talks of my nation ?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, captain Macmorris, peradventure, I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you ; being as goot a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself : so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. Au ! that's a foul fault. [*A parley sounded.*]

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of war ; and there is an end. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. Before the gates of Harfleur. The Governor and some Citizens on the Walls; the English Forces below.*

Enter KING HENRY and his Train.

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the town?
'This is the latest parle we will admit:
Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves;
Or, like to men proud of destruction,
Defy us to our worst; for, as I am a soldier,
(A name, that, in my thoughts, becomes me best,)
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur
Till in her ashes she lie buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;
And the fleshed soldier,—rough and hard of heart,—
In liberty of bloody hand, shall range
With conscience wide as hell; mowing like grass
Your fresh-fair virgins, and your flowering infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war—
Arrayed in flames, like to the prince of fiends—
Do, with his smirched complexion, all fell feats
Enlinked to waste and desolation?
What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness,
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,
As send precepts to the Leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town, and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of deadly murder, spoil, and villany.
If not, why, in a moment, look to see

The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
 Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters ;
 Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
 And their most reverend heads dashed to the walls ;
 Your naked infants spitted upon pikes ;
 Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confused
 Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
 At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
 What say you ? will you yield, and this avoid ?
 Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroyed ?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end :
 The dauphin, whom of succor we entreated,
 Returns us—that his powers are not yet ready
 To raise so great a siege. Therefore, dread king,
 We yield our town, and lives, to thy soft mercy.
 Enter our gates ; dispose of us and ours ;
 For we no longer are defensible.

K. Hen. Open your gates.—Come, uncle Exeter,
 Go you and enter Harfleur ; there remain,
 And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French.
 Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,—
 The winter coming on, and sickness growing
 Upon our soldiers,—we'll retire to Calais.
 To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest ;
 To-morrow for the march are we addressed.¹

[Flourish. The King, &c. enter the town.]

SCENE IV.² Rouen. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KATHARINE and ALICE.

Kath. *Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.*

Alice. *Un peu, madame.*

¹ i. e. prepared.

² Every one must wish to believe, with Warburton and Farmer, that this scene is an interpolation. Yet, as Johnson remarks, the grimaces of the two Frenchwomen, and the odd accent with which they uttered the English, might divert an audience more refined than could be found in the Poet's time.

Kath. *Je te prie, m'enseigniez ; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez vous la main, en Anglois ?*

Alice. *La main ? elle est appelée, de hand.*

Kath. *De hand. Et les doigts ?*

Alice. *Les doigts ? ma foy, j'oublie les doigts ; mais je me souviendray. Les doigts ? je pense, qu'ils sont appelé de fingres ; ouy, de fingres.*

Kath. *La main, de hand ; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense, que je suis le bon escolier. J'ay gagné deux mots d'Anglois vistement. Comment appelez vous les ongles ?*

Alice. *Les ongles ? les appellons, de nails.*

Kath. *De nails. Escoutez ; dites moy, si je parle bien ; de hand, de fingres, de nails.*

Alice. *C'est bien dit, madame ; il est fort bon Anglois.*

Kath. *Dites moy en Anglois, le bras.*

Alice. *De arm, madame.*

Kath. *Et le coude.*

Alice. *De elbow.*

Kath. *De elbow. Je m'en faitz la répétition de tous les mots, que vous m'avez appris dès à present.*

Alice. *Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.*

Kath. *Excusez moy, Alice ; escoutez : De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.*

Alice. *De elbow, madame.*

Kath. *O Seigneur Dieu ! je m'en oublie ; de elbow. Comment appelez vous le col ?*

Alice. *De neck, madame.*

Kath. *De neck. Et le menton ?*

Alice. *De chin.*

Kath. *De sin. Le col, de neck : le menton, de sin.*

Alice. *Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur ; en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droict que les natifs d'Angleterre.*

Kath. *Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu ; et en peu de temps.*

Alice. *N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ay enseigné ?*

Kath. *Non, je réciteray à vous promptement.* De hand, de fingre, de mails,—

Alice. De nails, *madame*.

Kath. De nails, de arme, de ilbow.

Alice. *Sauf vostre honneur*, de elbow.

Kath. *Ainsi dis je*; de elbow, de neck, et de sin. *Comment appelez vous le pieds et la robe?*

Alice. De foot, *madame*; et de con.

Kath. De foot et de con? *O Seigneur Dieu! ces sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, grosse, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user. Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Il faut de foot, et de con, neant-moins. Je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble.* De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de neck, de sin, de foot, de con.

Alice. *Excellent, madame!*

Kath. *C'est assez pour une fois; allons nous à disner.* [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter the French King, the Dauphin, Duke of Bourbon, the Constable of France, and others.

Fr. King. 'Tis certain he hath passed the river
Some.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dau. *O Dieu vivant!* shall a few sprays of us,—
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,¹
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters?

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards!

¹ *Luxury* for *lust*.

"To't, Luxury, pellmell, for I lack soldiers."—*Lear*.

Mort de ma vie! if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten¹ isle of Albion.

Con. *Dieu de batailles!* where have they this
mettle?

Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-reined² jades, their barley broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O, for honor of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields;
Poor—we may call them, in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honor,
Our madams mock at us; and plainly say,
Our mettle is bred out; and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth,
To new-store France with bastard warriors.

Bour. They bid us—to the English dancing-schools,
And teach lavoltas³ high, and swift corantos;
Saying, our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy, the herald? Speed
him hence;
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.
Up, princes; and, with spirit of honor edged,
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field.

¹ "Nook-shotten isle." *Shotten* signifies any thing projected; so *nook-shotten isle* is an isle that shoots out into capes, promontories, and necks of land.

² "A drench for sur-reined jades." *Sur-reined* is probably over-ridden or over-strained.

³ "Lavoltas high." The *lavolta*, or *volta*, "a kind of turning French dance," says Florio; in which the man turns the woman round several times, and then assists her in making a high spring or cabriole. The reader will find a very curious and amusing article on the subject, in Mr. Douce's *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, vol. i. p. 489.

Charles De-la-bret,¹ high constable of France ;
You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy ;
Jaques Chatillion, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpre, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois ;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,
For your great seats, now quit you of great shames.
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur :
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys ; whose low, vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon :
Go down upon him,—you have power enough,—
And in a captive chariot, into Rouen
Bring him our prisoner.

Con.

This becomes the great.

Sorry am I, his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick, and famished in their march ;
For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
And, for achievement, offer us his ransom.²

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Mont-joy ;

And let him say to England, that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give.—
Prince dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.³

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.—

Now, forth, lord constable, and princes all ;
And quickly bring us word of England's fall. [*Exeunt.*

¹ This should be Charles D'Albret ; but the metre would not admit of the change. Shakspeare followed Holinshed, who calls him *Delabreth*. The other French names have been corrected.

² "And for achievement offer us his ransom." That is, instead of achieving a victory over us, make a proposal to pay us a sum as ransom.

³ *Rouen* is spelled *Roan* in the old copy. It was pronounced as a monosyllable.

SCENE VI. *The English Camp in Picardy.*

Enter GOWER and FLUELLEN.

Gow. How now, captain Fluellen, come you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent service committed at the pridge.

Gow. Is the duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honor with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my livings, and my uttermost powers. He is not (God be praised, and plessed!) any hurt in the 'orld; but keeps the pridge most valiantly,¹ with excellent discipline. There is an ensign there at the pridge,—I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the 'orld; but I did see him do gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is called—ancient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter PISTOL.

Flu. Do you not know him? Here comes the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favors :
The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise Got; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,

¹ "But keeps the pridge most valiantly." After Henry had passed the Some, the French endeavored to intercept him in his passage to Calais, and for that purpose attempted to break down the only bridge that there was over the small river of Ternois, at Blangi, over which it was necessary for Henry to pass. But Henry, having notice of their design, sent a part of his troops before him, who, attacking and putting the French to flight, preserved the bridge till the whole English army arrived and passed over it.

Of buxom valor,¹ hath,—hy cruel fate,
 And giddy fortune's furious, fickle wheel,
 That goddess blind,
 That stands upon the rolling, restless stone,—

Flu. By your patience, ancient Pistol. Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler before her eyes, to signify to you that fortune is plind. And she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and variations, and mutabilities; and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone which rolls, and rolls, and rolls.—In good truth, the poet is make a most excellent description of fortune; fortune, look you, is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
 For he hath stolen a *pix*,² and hanged must 'a be.
 A damned death!

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
 And let not hemp his windpipe suffocate.
 But Exeter hath given the doom of death,
 For *pix* of little price.
 Therefore, go speak; the duke will hear thy voice;
 And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
 With edge of penny cord, and vile reproach.
 Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his goot pleasure, and put him to executions; for disciplines ought to be used.

¹ "*Buxom valor.*" It is true that, in the Saxon and our elder English, *buxom* meant *pliant, yielding, obedient*; and in this sense Spenser uses it; but it was also used for *lusty, rampant*, however mistakenly.

² "*A pix.*" The folio reads *par*; but Holinshed, whom Shakspeare followed, says, "A foolish soldier stole a *pixe* out of a church, for which cause he was apprehended, and the king would not once more remove till the *box* was restored, and the offender strangled." It was the box in which the consecrated wafers were kept, originally so named from being made of *box*; but in later times it was made of gold, silver, and other costly materials.

Pist. Die and be damned ; and *figo* for thy friendship !

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain ! [*Exit* PISTOL.

Flu. Very good.¹

Gow. Why this is an arrant counterfeit rascal. I remember him now ; a bawd ; a cutpurse.

Flu. I'll assure you, 'a uttered as prave 'ords at the pridge, as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well ; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue ; that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself, at his return into London, under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in great commanders' names ; and they will learn you by rote, where services were done ;—at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy ; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on ; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths. And what a beard of the general's cut,² and a horrid suit of the camp, will do among foaming bottles, and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on ! But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellous mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, captain Gower ;—I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the 'orld he is ; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the king is coming ; and I must speak with him from the pridge.³

¹ "Very good." In the quartos, instead of these two words, we have:—

"Captain Gower, cannot you hear it lighten and thunder?"

² "A beard of the general's cut." Our ancestors were very curious in the fashion of their beards ; a certain cut was appropriated to certain professions and ranks. The *spade* beard and the *stiletto* beard appear to have been appropriated to the soldier.

³ "From the pridge." These words are not in the quarto. If not a mistake of the compositor, who may have caught them from the king's speech, they must mean *about* the bridge, or *concerning* it.

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, *and* Soldiers.

Flu. Got pless your majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen? camest thou from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge; the French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most prave passages. Marry, th'athversary was have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the duke of Exeter is master of the pridge; I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th'athversary hath been very great, very reasonable great; marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man; his face is all bubukles, and whelks,¹ and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue, and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut off;—and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for; none of the French upbraided, or abused in disdainful language. For when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket sounds. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. You know me by my habit.²

K. Hen. Well, then, I know thee. What shall I know of thee?

¹ "His face is all bubukles, and *whelks*, and knobs." *Whelks* are not stripes, as Mr. Nares interprets the word, but pimples, or blotches; *Papulae*. "A pimple, a *whelke*."

² "You know me by my habit;" that is, by his herald's coat. The person of a herald being inviolable was distinguished by a richly emblazoned dress. *Montjoie* is the title of the first king-at-arms in France, as *Garter* is in this country.

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king:—Say thou to Harry of England, though we seemed dead, we did but sleep: advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him we could have rebuked him at Harfleur; but that we thought not good to bruise an injury, till it were full ripe;—now we speak upon our cue,¹ and our voice is imperial! England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which, in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add—defiance; and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced.—So far my king and master; so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,

And tell thy king,—I do not seek him now;
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment;² for, to say the sooth,
(Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,)
My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
My numbers lessened; and those few I have,
Almost no better than so many French;
Who, when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought, upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen.—Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus!—this your air of France

¹ i. e. in our turn. This theatrical phrase has been already noticed.

² i. e. without impediment (empechement, Fr.). See Cotgrave's Dictionary.

Hath blown that vice in me ; I must repent.
 Go, therefore, tell thy master, here I am.
 My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk ;
 My army, but a weak and sickly guard ;
 Yet, God before,¹ tell him we will come on,
 Though France himself, and such another neighbor,
 Stand in our way. There's for thy labor, Montjoy.
 Go, bid thy master well advise himself.
 If we may pass, we will ; if we be hindered,
 We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
 Discolor ;² and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
 The sum of all our answer is but this :
 We would not seek a battle, as we are ;
 Nor, as we are, we say, we will not shun it.
 So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.
[*Exit* MONTJOY.

Glo. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.

March to the bridge ; it now draws toward night.—
 Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves ;
 And on to-morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The French Camp, near Agincourt.*

*Enter the Constable of France, the LORD RAMBURES,
 the DUKE of ORLEANS, Dauphin, and others.*

Con. Tut ! I have the best armor of the world.—
 'Would it were day !

Orl. You have an excellent armor ; but let my horse have his due.

¹ *God before* was then used for *God being my guide*.

² This is from Holinshed. "My desire is, that none of you be *so unadvised* as to be the occasion that I in my defence shall *colour* and make *real* your *tawny* ground with the effusion of Christian blood. When he had thus answered the herauld he gave him a great rewarde, and licenced him to depart." It was always customary to give a reward, or largess, to the herauld, whether he brought a message of defiance or congratulation.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armor,—

Orl. You are as well provided of both, as any prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this!—I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ca, ha!* He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; ¹ *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk; he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the color of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus. He is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness, while his rider mounts him. He is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may call—beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey. It is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all. 'Tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown) to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once wrote a sonnet in his praise, and began thus:—*Wonder of nature,*—

¹ Alluding to the bounding of tennis-balls, which were stuffed with hair.

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. *Ma foy!* The other day, methought, your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So, perhaps, did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O! then, belike, she was old and gentle; and you rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait trossers.¹

Con. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

Dau. Be warned by me then. They that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs; I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears her own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

Dau. *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au boubier.* Thou makest use of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress; or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My lord constable, the armor, that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars, or suns, upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously! and 'twere more honor, some were away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who

¹ "Like a Kerne of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your *strait trossers*." This expression is here merely figurative, as Theobald long since observed, for *femoribus denudatis*. But it is certain that the Irish *trossers*, or trowsers, were anciently the direct contrary to the modern garments of that name. "Their *trowses*, commonly spelt *trossers*, were long pantaloons exactly fitted to the shape."

would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. 'Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way. But I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty English prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight; I'll go arm myself. [Exit.

Orl. The dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is, simply, the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow; he will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said, he cared not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it, but his lackey. 'Tis a hooded valor; and, when it appears, it will bate.¹

¹ When a hawk is unhooded, her first action is to bate (i. e. beat her wings, or flutter). The hawk wants no courage, but invariably bates upon the removal of her hood. The constable intimates that the dauphin's

Orl. Ill will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with—There is flattery in friendship.

Orl. And I will take up that with—Give the devil his due.

Con. Well placed ; there stands your friend for the devil. Have at the very eye of that proverb, with—a pox of the devil.

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much—a fool's bolt is soon shot.

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tent.

Con. Who hath measured the ground ?

Mess. The lord Grandpre.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman.—'Would it were day!'—Alas, poor Harry of England!—He longs not for the dawning, as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish² fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge !

Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack ; for if their heads had any intellectual armor, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures ; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs ! that run winking into the mouth

courage, when it appears (i. e. when he prepares for encounter), will *bate* ; i. e. soon diminish or evaporate.

¹ Instead of this and the succeeding speeches, the quartos conclude this scene with a couplet:—

“——Come, come away ;
The sun is high, and we wear out the day.”

² *Peevish*, i. e. foolish.

of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples. You may as well say,—that's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs, in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives; and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then we shall find to-morrow—they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm. Come, shall we about it?

Orl. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see,—by
ten,
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.¹
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fixed sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch.²

¹ "Fills the wide vessel of the universe." Warburton says *universe* for *horizon*. Johnson remarks that, "however large in its philosophical sense, it may be poetically used for as much of the world as falls under observation."

² "The secret whispers of each other's watch." Holinshed says that the distance between the two armies was but two hundred and fifty paces: and again, "at their coming into the village, fires were made (by the English) to give light on every side, as there were likewise by the French hosts."

Fire answers fire ; and through their paly flames
 Each battle sees the other's umbered¹ face.
 Steed threatens steed in high and boastful neighs,
 Piercing the night's dull ear : and from the tents,
 The armorers, accomplishing the knights,
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,²
 Give dreadful note of preparation.
 The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
 And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
 Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
 The confident and over-lusty³ French
 Do the low-rated English play at dice ;
 And chide the cripple, tardy-gaited night,
 Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
 So tediously away. The poor, condemned English,
 Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
 The morning's danger ; and their gestures sad,
 Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
 Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
 So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold
 The royal captain of this ruined band,
 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
 Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head !
 For forth he goes, and visits all his host ;
 Bids them good morrow, with a modest smile ;
 And calls them—brothers, friends, and countrymen.
 Upon his royal face there is no note,
 How dread an army hath enrouned him ;
 Nor doth he dedicate one jot of color
 Unto the weary and all-watched night ;

¹ *Umbre* for *shadow* is common in our elder writers.

² "The armorers, accomplishing the knights,
 With busy hammers closing rivets up."

This does not solely refer to the riveting the plate armor before it was put on, but as to part when it was on. The top of the cuirass had a little projecting bit of iron that passed through a hole pierced through the bottom of the casque. When both were put on, the smith or armorer presented himself, with his riveting hammer, *to close the rivet up* ; so that the party's head should remain steady, notwithstanding the force of any blow that might be given on the cuirass or helmet.

³ *Over-lusty*, i. e. *over-saucy*.

But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint,
 With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty ;
 That every wretch, pining and pale before,
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
 A largess universal, like the sun,
 His liberal eye doth give to every one,
 Thawing cold fear. Then, mean and gentle all,
 Behold, as may unworthiness define,
 A little touch of Harry in the night.
 And so our scene must to the battle fly ;
 Where (O for pity !) we shall much disgrace—
 With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
 Right ill-disposed, in brawl ridiculous—
 The name of Agincourt. Yet, sit and see ;
 Minding¹ true things, by what their mockeries be.
[Exit.]

SCENE I. *The English Camp at Agincourt.*

Enter KING HENRY, BEDFORD, and GLOSTER.

K. Hen. Gloster, 'tis true, that we are in great
 danger ;
 The greater therefore should our courage be.—
 Good morrow, brother Bedford.—God Almighty !
 There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
 Would men observingly distil it out ;
 For our bad neighbor makes us early stirrers,
 Which is both healthful, and good husbandry.
 Besides, they are our outward consciences,
 And preachers to us all ; admonishing,
 That we should dress us fairly for our end,²
 Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
 And make a moral of the devil himself.

¹ "*Minding* true things." To *mind* is the same as to call to remembrance. Such is the Scotch use of the word at this day.

² "To *dress* is to make ready, to *prepare* (paro, Lat.).

*Enter ERPINGHAM.*¹

Good morrow, old sir Thomas Erpingham.
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erp. Not so, my liege; this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say—now lie I like a king.

K. Hen. 'Tis good for men to love their present
pains,

Upon example; so the spirit is eased;
And, when the mind is quickened, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
With casted slough and fresh legerity.²

Lend me thy cloak, sir Thomas.—Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good morrow to them; and, anon,
Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and BEDFORD.*

Erp. Shall I attend your grace?

K. Hen. No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England.
I and my bosom must debate awhile,
And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

[*Exit ERPINGHAM.*

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart; thou speakest
cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. *Qui va la?*

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me. Art thou officer;
Or art thou base, common, and popular?

¹ *Sir Thomas Erpingham* came over with Bolingbroke from Bretagne, and was one of the commissioners to receive king Richard's abdication. He was at this time warden of Dover castle, and his arms are still visible on the side of the Roman Pharos.

² *Legerity* is lightness, nimbleness.

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trailest thou the puissant pike?

K. Hen. Even so. What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. Hen. Then you are a better than the king.

Pist. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame;
Of parents good, of fist most valiant.
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-strings
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

K. Hen. Harry *le Roy*.

Pist. *Le Roy!* a Cornish name; art thou of Cornish
crew?

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Knowest thou Fluellen?

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate,
Upon Saint Davy's day.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap
that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The *figo* for thee then!

K. Hen. I thank you. God be with you!

Pist. My name is Pistol called. [Exit.

K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER, severally.

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So! in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak
lower. It is the greatest admiration in the universal
'orld, when the true and auncient prerogatives and
laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the
pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great,
you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle
taddle, or pibble pabble, in Pompey's camp; I warrant
you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and
the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety
of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you heard him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb; in your own conscience now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.

[*Exeunt GOWER and FLUELLEN.*]

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valor in this Welshman.

Enter BATES, COURT, and WILLIAMS.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be; but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but, I think, we shall never see the end of it.—Who goes there?

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Hen. Under sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander, and a most kind gentleman. I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. Hen. Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions:¹ his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing;²

¹ i. e. but human *qualities*.

² When the hawk descended in its flight, it was said to *stoop*.

therefore, when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are. Yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will; but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in the Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king; I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then, would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say, you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone; howsoever you speak this, to feel other men's minds. Methinks I could not die any where so contented, as in the king's company; his cause being just, and his quarrel honorable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects; if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But, if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all—We died at such a place; some, swearing; some, crying for a surgeon; some, upon their wives left poor behind them; some, upon the debts they owe; some, upon their children rawly¹ left. I am afraid there are few die well, that die in battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to

¹ i. e. their children left *immaturely*, left young and helpless.

it; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him; or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers, and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. —But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury;¹ some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment,² though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished, for before-breach of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel; where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish. Then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed—wash every mote out of

¹ “— beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury. Thus in the song at the beginning of the fourth act of *Measure for Measure* :—

“That so sweetly were forsworn—
Seals of love, but sealed in vain.”

² i. e. the punishment they are born to.

his conscience ; and dying so, death is to him advantage ; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained ; and, in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head ; the king is not to answer for it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me ; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say, he would not be ransomed.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully ; but, when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. 'Mass, you'll pay¹ him then ! That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun,² that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch ! You may as well go about to turn the sun to ice, with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after ! Come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round ; I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again ?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet ; then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove ; give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap : if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, *This is my glove*, by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

¹ *To pay* here signifies to bring to account, to punish.

² "That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun." In the quarto the thought is more opened—*It is a great displeasure that an elder gun can do against a cannon*, or a subject against a monarch.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou darest as well be hanged.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word ; fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends ; we have French quarrels enough, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us ; for they bear them on their shoulders : But it is no English treason to cut French crowns ; and, to-morrow, the king himself will be a clipper. *[Exeunt Soldiers.*

Upon the king !¹ let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and
Our sins, lay on the king ;—we must bear all.
O hard condition ! twin-born with greatness,
Subjected to the breath of every fool,
Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing !
What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,
That private men enjoy !
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony ?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony ?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers ?
What are thy rents ? what are thy comings in ?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth !
What is thy soul of adoration ?²
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men ?
Wherein thou art less happy, being feared,
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poisoned flattery ? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure !

¹ This beautiful speech was added after the first edition.

² "What is *thy* soul of adoration ?" This is the reading of the old copy, which Malone changed to

"What is *the* soul of adoration ?"

Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose:
I am a king, that find thee; and I know,
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced¹ title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,—
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;
Who, with a body filled, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, crammed with distressful bread;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise, and help Hyperion² to his horse;
And follows so the ever-running year
With profitable labor, to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
Had the forehand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots,
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.³

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence
Seek through your camp to find you.

¹ *Farced* is stuffed.

² Apollo. See *Hamlet*, Act i. Sc. 2.

³ To *advantage* is a verb used by Shakspeare in other places. It was formerly in general use.

K. Hen. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent ;
I'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do't, my lord. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. O, God of battles ! steel my soldiers' hearts !
Possess them not with fear ; take from them now¹
The sense of reckoning of the opposed numbers :
Pluck their hearts from them not to-day, O Lord !
O, not to-day ! Think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown !
I Richard's body have interred new ;
And on it have bestowed more contrite tears,
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their withered hands hold up
Toward heaven to pardon blood ; and I have built
Two chantries,² where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do :
Though all that I can do, is nothing worth ;
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. My liege !

K. Hen. My brother Gloster's voice ?—Ay ;
I know thy errand ; I will go with thee.—
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.
[*Exeunt.*

¹ The late editions exhibit the passage thus :—

“ ——— take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them !—Not to-day, O Lord,
O, not to-day, think not upon,” &c.

² “Two chantries.” One of these was for Carthusian monks, and was called *Bethlehem* ; the other was for religious men and women of the order of saint Bridget, and was named *Sion*. They were on opposite sides of the Thames, and adjoined the royal manor of Sheen, now called Richmond.

SCENE II. *The French Camp.*

Enter Dauphin, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, and *others*.

Orl. The sun doth gild our armor; up, my lords.

Dau. *Montez a cheval* :—My horse! *valet! lac-quay?* ha!

Orl. O brave spirit!

Dau. *Via!*¹—*les eaux et la terre*——

Orl. *Rien puis? l'air et le feu*——

Dau. *Ciel!* cousin Orleans.——

Enter Constable.

Now, my lord constable.

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh.

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides:
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And doubt² them with superfluous courage. Ha!

Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?

How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you French peers.

Con. To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!

Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,
To give each naked curtle-ax a stain,

¹ *Via*, an exclamation of encouragement—*on, away*; of Italian origin.

² "That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And *doubt* them with superfluous courage."

This is the reading of the folio, which Malone has altered to *dout*, i. e. *de out*, in provincial language.

That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheath for lack of sport: let us but blow on them,
The vapor of our valor will o'erturn them.
'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys, and our peasants,—
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle,—were enough
To purge this field of such a hilding foe;
Though we, upon this mountain's basis by,
Took stand for idle speculation:
But that our honors must not. What's to say?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket-sonuance,¹ and the note to mount;
For our approach shall so much dare the field,
That England shall crouch down in fear, and yield.

Enter GRANDPRE.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of
France?

Yon island carrions,² desperate of their bones,
Ill-favoredly become the morning field.
Their ragged curtains³ poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggared host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,⁴

¹ The *tucket-sonuance* was a flourish on the trumpet as a signal to prepare to march. The phrase is derived from the Italian *toccata*, a prelude or flourish, and *suonanza*, a sound, a resounding. Thus in the Devil's Law Case, 1623, two *tuckets* by two several trumpets.

² "Yon island carrions." The description of the English is founded on Holinshed's melancholy account, speaking of the march from Harfleur to Agincourt:—"The Englishmen were brought into great misery in this journey; their victual was in a manner all spent, and now could they get none:—rest none could they take, for their enemies were ever at hand to give them allarmes: daily it rained, and nightly it freezed; of fewel there was great scarcity, but of fluxes great plenty; money they had enough, but wares to bestow it upon, for their releife or comforte, had they little or none."

³ Their ragged *curtains* are their *colors*.

⁴ Ancient candlesticks were often in the form of human figures, holding the socket for the lights in their extended hands.

With torch-staves in their hand : and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips ;
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes ;
And in their pale, dull mouths the gimmel¹ bit
Lies foul with chewed grass, still and motionless ;
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit itself in words,
To démonstrate the life of such a battle,
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners, and fresh suits,
And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them ?

Con. I stay but for my guard.² On, to the field ;
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come, away !
The sun is high, and we outwear the day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The English Camp.*

Enter the English Host ; GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY, and WESTMORELAND.

Glo. Where is the king ?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

Exe. There's five to one ; besides, they all are fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us ! 'tis a fearful odds.
God be with you, princes all ; I'll to my charge.
If we no more meet, till we meet in heaven,

¹ The *gimmel bit* was probably a bit in which two parts or links were united, as in the *gimmel* ring, so called because they were double linked ; from *gemellus*, Lat.

² "I stay but for my *guard*." Dr. Johnson and Mr. Steevens were of opinion that *guard* here means rather something of ornament, than an attendant or attendants.

Then, joyfully,—my noble lord of Bedford,—
My dear lord Gloster,—and my good lord Exeter,
And my kind kinsman,¹—warriors all, adieu!

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go
with thee!

Exe. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day.
And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it,
For thou art framed of the firm truth of valor.

[*Exit* SALISBURY.]

Bed. He is as full of valor, as of kindness;
Princely in both.

West. O that we now had here

Enter KING HENRY.

But one ten thousand of those men in England,
That do no work to-day!

K. Hen. What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland?²—No, my fair cousin.
If we are marked to die, we are enough
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honor.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns³ me not, if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But, if it be a sin to covet honor,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England.
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honor,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more.
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,

¹ "And my kind kinsman." This is addressed to Westmoreland by the speaker, who was *Thomas Montacute*, earl of Salisbury: he was not, in point of fact, related to Westmoreland; there was only a kind of connection by marriage between their families.

² In the quarto this speech is addressed to Warwick.

³ To *yearn* is to grieve or vex.

Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse :
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is called—the feast of Crispian :¹
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tiptoe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
And say—*To-morrow is Saint Crispian* ;
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,
And say, *These wounds I had on Crispin's day*.
Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember, with advantages,
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words—
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered :
This story shall the good man teach his son ;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered :
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ,
For he, to-day, that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition :²
And gentlemen in England, now abed,
Shall think themselves accursed, they were not here :
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks,
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

¹ "The feast of Crispian." The battle of Agincourt was fought up the 25th of October, 1415.

² i. e. shall advance him to the rank of a gentleman. King Henry inhibited any person, but such as had a right by inheritance or grant, from bearing coats of arms, except those who fought with him at the battle Agincourt ; and these last were allowed the chief seats at all feasts and public meetings.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed ;
The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man whose mind is backward
now !

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from Eng-
land, cousin ?

West. God's will, my liege, 'would you and I alone,
Without more help, might fight this battle out !

K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwished five thou-
sand men ;¹

Which likes me better, than to wish us one.—
You know your places. God be with you all !

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, king
Harry,

If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow ;
For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy
The constable desires thee—thou wilt mind²
Thy followers of repentance ; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where (wretches) their poor
bodies
Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now ?

Mont. The constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back ;

¹ “— thou hast unwished five thousand men.” By wishing only thyself and me, thou hast wished five thousand men away. The Poet, inattentive to numbers, puts *five thousand* ; but in the last scene the French are said to be full *threescore thousand*, which Exeter declares to be five to one ; the numbers of the English are variously stated ; Holinshed makes them fifteen thousand, others but nine thousand.

² i. e. remind.

Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man, that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast lived, was killed with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall, no doubt,
Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work.
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be famed; for there the sun shall greet
them,

And draw their honors reeking up to heaven;
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark then abounding valor in our English;
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.
Let me speak proudly.—Tell the constable,
We are but warriors for the working-day.
Our gayness, and our gilt, are all besmirched
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our host,
(Good argument, I hope, we shall not fly,)
And time hath worn us into slovenry:
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim;
And my poor soldiers tell me—yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes; or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
And turn them out of service. If they do this,
(As, if God please, they shall,) my ransom then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labor;
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald;
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints;
Which if they have as I will leave 'em to them,
Shall yield them little, tell the constable.

Mont. I shall, king Harry. And so fare thee well;
Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. I fear thou'lt once more come again for
ransom.

*Enter the Duke of York.*¹

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.²

K. Hen. Take it, brave York.—Now, soldiers,
march away ;—
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day !
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Field of Battle. Alarums : Excursions.*

Enter French Soldier, PISTOL, and Boy.

Pist. Yield, cur.

Fr. Sol. *Je pense, que vous estes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.*

Pist. Quality ? Callino, castore me !³ Art thou a gentleman ? What is thy name ? discuss.

Fr. Sol. *O seigneur Dieu !*

Pist. O, seignior Dew should be a gentleman.—
Perpend my words, O seignior Dew, and mark ;—
O seignior Dew, thou diest on point of fox,⁴
Except, O seignior, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. *O, prenez misericorde ! ayez pitié de moy !*

¹ "The duke of York." This *Edward* duke of York has already appeared in King Richard II. under the title of *duke of Aumerle*. He was the son of Edmond Langley, the duke of York of the same play, who was the fifth son of king Edward III. Richard earl of Cambridge, who appears in the second act of this play, was younger brother to this Edward duke of York.

² The *vaward* is the vanguard.

³ "Callino, castore me !" The jargon of the old copies, where these words are printed *Qualitie calmie custure me*, was changed by former editors into "Quality, call you me ? construe me." Malone found *Calen o custure me*, mentioned as the burden of a song in "A Handful of Pleasant Delites," 1584. And Mr. Boswell discovered that it was an old Irish song, which is printed in Playford's Musical Companion, 1667 or 1673 :—

"Callino, Callino, Callino, castore me,
Eva ee, eva ee, loo, loo, loo lee."

The words are said to mean "Little girl of my heart forever and ever."

⁴ "— thou diest on point of fox." *Fox* is an old cant word for a sword. Generally *old fox* ; it was applied to the old English broadsword.

Pist. Moy shall not serve ; I will have forty moys ;
For I will fetch thy rim¹ out at thy throat,
In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. *Est-il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras ?*

Pist. Brass, cur !
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass ?

Fr. Sol. *O pardonnez moy !*

Pist. Say'st thou me so ? Is that a ton of moys ?²
Come hither, boy. Ask me this slave, in French,
What is his name.

Boy. *Escoutez. Comment estes-vous appelé ?*

Fr. Sol. *Monsieur le Fer.*

Boy. He says his name is—master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer ! I'll fer him, and fir³ him, and ferret him :—discuss the same in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and fir.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, monsieur ?*

Boy. *Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous prest ; car ce soldat icy est disposé tout à cette heure de couper vostre gorge.*

Pist. Ouy, couper gorge, par ma foy, pesant,
Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns ;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. *O, je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner ! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison ; gardez ma vie, et je vous donneray deux cents escus.*

Pist. What are his words ?

Boy. He prays you to save his life ; he is a gentle-

¹ "For I will fetch thy *rim* out at thy throat." Pistol is not very scrupulous in the nicety of his language ; he uses rim (*rymme*) for the intestines generally. It is not very clear what our ancestors meant by it ; bishop Wilkins defines it "the membrane of the belly ;" Florio makes it the omentum, "a fat pannicle, caule, sewet, *rim*, or kell, wherein the bowels are lapt." Holmes, in his Acad. of Armory, calls the *peritonæum* "the paunch or *rim* of the belly ;" which is defined by others to be the "*inner rine* of the belly."

² Pistol's *moy* is, perhaps, a vulgar corruption of *moydore*.

³ To *firk* is to beat or scourge.

man of a good house ; and, for his ransom, he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him—my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. *Petit monsieur, que dit-il ?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il est contre son jurement, de pardonner aucun prisonnier ; neantmoins, pour les escus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.*

Fr. Sol. *Sur mes genoux, je vous donne mille remerciemens ; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, valiant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.*

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks ; and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of (as he thinks) the most brave, valorous, and thrice worthy seignior of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.—
Follow me, cur. [*Exit* PISTOL.

Boy. *Suivez-vous le grand capitaine.*

[*Exit* French Soldier.

I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart ; but the saying is true,—The empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valor than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger ;¹ and they are both hanged ; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp. The French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it ; for there is none to guard it but boys. [*Exit.*

¹ In the old mysteries, the Vice, or fool, among other indignities, used to threaten to pare the devil's nails with his dagger of lath.

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Field of Battle.*
Alarums.

Enter Dauphin, ORLEANS, BOURBON, Constable,
RAMBURES, *and others.*

Con. *O diable !*

Orl. *O seigneur !—le jour est perdu, tout est perdu !*

Dau. *Mort de ma vie !* all is confounded, all !

Reproach and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our plumes.—*O meschante fortune !—*

Do not run away.

[A short alarum.]

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. *O perdurable shame !—let's stab ourselves.*

Be these the wretches that we played at dice for ?

Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom ?

Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame !

Let us die in fight :¹ Once more back again ;

And he that will not follow Bourbon now,

Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand,

Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door,

Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,²

His fairest daughter is contaminate.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoiled us, friend us now !

Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives

Unto these English, or else die with fame.³

Orl. We are enough, yet living in the field,

To smother up the English in our throngs,

If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now ! I'll to the throng ;

Let life be short ; else, shame will be too long.

[Exeunt.]

¹ The old copy wants the word *fight*, which was supplied by Malone. Theobald proposed "Let us die *instant*," which Steevens adopted.

² i. e. who has no more gentility.

³ This line is from the quartos.

SCENE VI. *Another Part of the Field. Alarums.*

Enter KING HENRY and Forces; EXETER, and others.

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen;
But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The duke of York commends him to your majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? Thrice, within this hour,
I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting:
From helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

Exe. In which array (brave soldier) doth he lie,
Larding the plain; and by his bloody side
(Yoke-fellow to his honor-owing wounds)
The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first died, and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteeped,
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;

And cries aloud,—*Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!*

My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:

Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast;

As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,

We kept together in our chivalry!

Upon these words I came, and cheered him up:

He smiled me in the face, raught¹ me his hand,

And, with a feeble gripe, says,—*Dear my lord,*

Commend my service to my sovereign.

So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck

He threw his wounded arm, and kissed his lips,

And so, espoused to death, with blood he sealed

A testament of noble-ending love.

The pretty and sweet manner of it forced

Those waters from me, which I would have stopped:

But I had not so much of man in me,

¹ i. e. reached.

But¹ all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen. I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.— [*Alarum.*
But, hark! what new alarum is this same?—
The French have reinforced their scattered men:
Then every soldier kill his prisoners;
Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Another Part of the Field. Alarums.*

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 'tis expressly
against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of
knavery, mark you now, as can be offered in the 'orld:
In your conscience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive; and
the cowardly rascals, that ran from the battle, have
done this slaughter: besides, they have burned and
carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore
the king, most worthily, hath caused every soldier to
cut his prisoner's throat.² O, 'tis a gallant king!

Flu. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, captain Gower.
What call you the town's name, where Alexander the
Pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig,
or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the mag-

¹ "*But* all my mother came into my eyes,
And gave me up to tears."

Thus the quarto. The folio reads "*And all,*" &c. *But* has here the force
of *but that*.

² "Caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat." The king killed
his prisoners (says Johnson) because he expected another battle, and he
had not sufficient men to guard one army and fight another. Gower's
reason is, as we see, different. Shakspeare followed Holinshed, who gives
both reasons for Henry's conduct, but has chosen to make the king men-
tion one of them and Gower the other.

nanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think, Alexander the Great was born in Macedon; his father was called—Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is born. I tell you, captain,—if you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth; it is called Wye, at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis so like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander, (God knows, and you know,) in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Clytus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that; he never killed any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take tales out of my mouth, ere it is made an end and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it. As Alexander is kill his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his goot judgments, is turn away the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he. I can tell you, there is goot men born at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY, with a part of the English Forces; WARWICK,¹ GLOSTER, EXETER, and others.

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald.
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill;
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our sight.
If they'll do neither, we will come to them;
And make them skirr² away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have;³
And not a man of them, that we shall take,
Shall taste our mercy.—Go, and tell them so.

¹ Richard Beauchamp, earl of Warwick. He did not, however, obtain that title till 1417, two years after the era of this play.

² i. e. *scour* away.

³ “Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have.” Johnson accuses the Poet of having made the king cut the throats of his prisoners twice over. Malone replies that the incongruity, if it be one, is Holinshed's, for thus the matter is stated by him. While the battle was yet going on, about six hundred horsemen, who were the first that fled, hearing that the English tents were a good way distant from the army, without a sufficient guard, entered and pillaged the king's camp. “When the outcry of the *lackies and boys which ran away for fear of the Frenchmen*, thus spoiling the camp, came to the king's ears, he doubting lest his enemies should gather together again and begin a new *fielde*, and mistrusting further that the *prisoners* would either be an aide to his enemies or very enemies to their takers indeed, if they were suffered to live, contrary to his accustomed gentleness, commanded by sounde of trumpet that *every man upon pain of death should incontinently slea his prisoner*.” This was the first transaction. Holinshed proceeds—“When this lamentable slaughter was ended, the Englishmen disposed themselves in order of *battayle*, ready to abide a new *fielde*, and also to invade and newly set on their enemies. Some write, that the king *perceiving his enemies in one parte to assemble together* as though they meant to give a new battle for preservation of the prisoners, *sent to them a herault, commanding them either to depart out of his sight, or else to come forward at once and give battaile; promising herewith, that, if they did offer to fight agayne, not only those prisoners which his people already had taken, but also so many of them as in this new conflicte, which they thus attempted, should fall into his hands, should die the death without redemption*.” The fact is, that notwithstanding the first order concerning the prisoners, they were not all put to death, as appears from a subsequent passage, and the concurrent testimony of various historians, upon whose authority Hume says that Henry, on discovering that his danger was not so great as he at first apprehended from the attack on his camp, “stopped the slaughter, and was still able to *save a great number*.” It was policy in Henry to intimidate the French by threatening to kill his prisoners, and occasioned them, in fact, to lay down their arms.

Enter MONTJOY.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they used to be.

K. Hen. How now, what means this, herald?

Know'st thou not,
That I have fined these bones of mine for ransom?
Com'st thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great king.
I come to thee for charitable license,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,
To book our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men;
For many of our princes (woe the while!)
Lie drowned and soaked in mercenary blood;
(So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes;) and their wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and, with wild rage,
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours, or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer,
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.

K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!—

What is this castle called, that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it—Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this—the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather, of famous memory, an't please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true. If your majes-

ties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps ;¹ which, your majesty knows, to this hour is an honorable padge of the service ; and, I do believe, your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon saint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honor ;
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that. Got pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too !

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Chesu, I am your majesty's countryman ; I care not who know it ; I will confess it to all the 'orld. I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be Got, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so !—Our heralds, go with him ;
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to WILLIAMS. Exeunt MONTJOY
and others.*]

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap ?

Will. An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman ?

Will. An't please your majesty, a rascal, that swaggered with me last night ; who, if 'a live, and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear ; or, if I can see my glove in his cap, (which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear, if alive,) I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, captain Fluellen ? is it fit this soldier keep his oath ?

¹ Monmouth, according to Fuller, was celebrated for its caps, which were particularly worn by soldiers. The best caps were formerly made at Monmouth, where the *capper's* chapel still remains.

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort,¹ quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath; if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as ar-rant a villain, and a Jack-sauce,² as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la.

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who servest thou under?

Will. Under captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a goot captain; and is goot knowledge and literature in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege.

[*Exit.*

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favor for me, and stick it in thy cap. When Alençon and myself were down together,³ I plucked this glove from his helm. If any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost love me.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honors as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects. I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrieved at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once; an please Got of his grace, that I might see it.

K. Hen. Knowest thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

¹ *Great sort* is high rank.

² Jack-sauce for saucy Jack.

³ Henry was felled to the ground by the duke of Alençon, but recovered, and slew two of the duke's attendants. Alençon was afterwards killed by the king's guard, contrary to Henry's intention, who wished to have saved him.

Flu. I will fetch him.

[*Exit.*

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick,—and my brother
Gloster,

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels.

The glove, which I have given him for a favor,

May, haply, purchase him a box o' the ear.

It is the soldier's ; I, by bargain, should

Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick ;

If that soldier strike him (as, I judge

By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word,)

Some sudden mischief may arise of it ;

For I do know Fluellen valiant,

And, touched with choler, hot as gunpowder,

And quickly will return an injury.

Follow, and see there be no harm between them.—

Go you with me, uncle of Exeter.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Before King Henry's Pavilion.*

Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I peseech
you now, come apace to the king. There is more goot
toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge
to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove ?

Flu. Know the glove ? I know, the glove is a
glove.

Will. I know this ; and thus I challenge it.

[*Strikes him.*

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant traitor, as any's in the uni-
versal 'orld, or in France, or in England.

Gow. How now, sir ? you villain !

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn ?

Flu. Stand away, captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him; he's a friend of the duke Alençon's.

Enter WARWICK and GLOSTER.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My lord of Warwick, here is (praised be God for it!) a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter KING HENRY and EXETER.

K. Hen. How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain, and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change, promised to wear it in his cap; I promised to strike him, if he did; I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now (saving your majesty's manhood) what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lowsy knave it is. I hope your majesty is pear me testimony, and witness, and avouchments, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove,¹ soldier; look, here is the fellow of it. 'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike; and thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the 'orld.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my liege, come from the heart;

¹ i. e. the glove that thou hast now in thy cap; it was the king's glove, which he had given to Williams.

never came any from mine, that might offend your majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself; you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,

And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow;

And wear it for an honor in thy cap,

Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns:

And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly.—Hold, there is twelve pence for you; and I pray you to serve Got, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a goot will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: Come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so goot: 'tis a goot silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald, are the dead numbered?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughtered French.

[Delivers a paper.]

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

Exe. Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to the king; John duke of Bourbon, and lord Bouciqualt: Of other lords, and barons, knights, and 'squires, Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French,

That in the field lie slain ; of princes, in this number,
 And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
 One hundred twenty-six ; added to these,
 Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
 Eight thousand and four hundred ; of the which,
 Five hundred were but yesterday dubbed knights :
 So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
 There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries ;
 The rest are—princes, barons, lords, knights, 'squires,
 And gentlemen of blood and quality.
 The names of those their nobles that lie dead,—
 Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France ;
 Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France ;
 The master of the cross-bows, lord Rambures ;
 Great-master of France, the brave sir Guischar d'Au-
 phin ;
 John duke of Alençon ; Antony duke of Brabant,
 The brother to the duke of Burgundy ;
 And Edward duke of Bar ; of lusty earls,
 Grandpre, and Roussi, Fauconberg, and Foix,
 Beaumont, and Marle, Vaudemont, and Lestrale.
 Here was a royal fellowship of death !——
 Where is the number of our English dead ?

[Herald *presents another paper.*

Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,
 Sir Richard Ketley, Davy Gam, esquire.¹
 None else of name ; and, of all other men,
 But five-and-twenty. O God, thy arm was here,
 And not to us, but to thy arm alone
 Ascribe we all.—When, without stratagem,
 But in plain shock, and even play of battle,
 Was ever known so great and little loss,

¹ "Davy Gam, esquire." This gentleman being sent out by Henry, before the battle, to reconnoitre the enemy, and to find out their strength, made this report :—" May it please you, my liege, there are enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away." He saved the king's life in the field. Had the Poet been apprized of this circumstance, the brave Welshman would probably have been more particularly noticed, and not have been merely a name in a muster-roll.—See Drayton's *Battaile of Agincourt*, 1627, p. 50 and 54 ; and Dunster's Edition of Philips's *Cyder*, a poem, p. 74.

On one part and on the other?—Take it, God,
For it is only thine!

Exe. 'Tis wonderful!

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village;
And be it death proclaimed through our host,
To boast of this, or take that praise from God
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell
how many is killed?

K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledg-
ment,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great goot.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites;¹
Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*.
The dead with charity inclosed in clay,
We'll then to Calais; and to England then;
Where ne'er from France arrived more happy men.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Vouchsafe to those that have not read the
story,
That I may prompt them; and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life

¹ "Do we all holy rites." "The king, when he saw no appearance of enemies, caused the retreat to be blown; and, gathering his army together, gave thanks to Almighty God for so happy a victorie, causing his prelates and chapeleins to sing this psalme—*In exitu Israel de Egypto*; and commauncing every man to kneele down on the ground at this verse—*Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam*; which done, he caused *Te Deum* and certain anthems to be sung, giving laud and praise to God, and not boasting of his own force or any humaine power."
—*Holinshed.*

Be here presented. Now we bear the king
 Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,¹
 Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,
 Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach
 Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys,
 Whose shouts and claps outvoice the deep-mouthed sea,
 Which, like a mighty whiffler² 'fore the king,
 Seems to prepare his way; so let him land;
 And, solemnly, see him set on to London.
 So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
 You may imagine him upon Blackheath;
 Where that his lords desire him, to have borne
 His bruised helmet, and his bended sword,
 Before him, through the city: he forbids it,
 Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;
 Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
 Quite from himself, to God. But now behold,
 In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
 How London doth pour out her citizens!
 The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,—
 Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
 With the plebeians swarming at their heels,—
 Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in;
 As, by a lower, but by loving likelihood,³
 Were now the general of our gracious empress⁴
 (As, in good tune, he may) from Ireland coming,
 Bringing rebellion broached⁵ on his sword,
 How many would the peaceful city quit,

¹ "Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen." Steevens proposes, in order to complete the metre, that we should read:—

"Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen *awhile*."

² "Which, like a mighty *whiffler* 'fore the king,
 Seems to prepare his way."

Whiffers were persons going before a great personage or procession, furnished with staves or wands to clear the way. The junior liverymen of the city companies, who walk first in processions, are still called *whiffers*, from the circumstance of their going before.

³ i. e. similitude.

⁴ i. e. the earl of Essex. Shakspeare grounded his anticipation of such a reception for Essex on his return from Ireland, upon what had already occurred at his setting forth. But how different his return was from what the Poet predicted, may be seen in the Sydney Papers, vol. ii. p. 127.

⁵ *Broached* is spitted, transfixed.

To welcome him ! Much more, and much more cause,
 Did they this Harry. Now in London place him ;
 (As yet the lamentation of the French
 Invites the king of England's stay at home ;)
 The emperor's coming¹ in behalf of France,
 To order peace between them, we omit,
 And all the occurrences, whatever chanced,
 Till Harry's back-return again to France ;
 There must we bring him ; and myself have played
 The interim, by remembering you—'tis past.
 Then brook abridgment ; and your eyes advance
 After your thoughts, straight back again to France.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE I. France. *An English Court of Guard.*

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Gow. Nay, that's right ; but why wear you your leek to-day ? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things : I will tell you, as my friend, captain Gower ; the rascally, scald, beggarly, lowsy, pragging knave, Pistol,—which you and yourself, and all the 'orld, know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits,—he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek : it was in a place where I could not breed no contentions with him ; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

¹ "The emperor's coming." The emperor Sigismund, who was married to Henry's second cousin. This passage stands in the following embarrassed and obscure manner in the folio:—

"————— Now in London place him.
 As yet the lamentation of the French
 Invites the king of England's stay at home ;
 The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
 To order peace between them : and omit
 All the occurrences," &c.

The liberty we have taken is to transpose the word *and*, and substitute *we* in its place.

Enter PISTOL.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks.—Got pless you, ancient Pistol! you scurvy, lowsy knave, Got pless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou Bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lowsy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek; because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader, and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*]
Will you be so good, scald knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when Got's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals; come, there is sauce for it. [*Strikes him again.*] You called me yesterday mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain; you have astonished¹ him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days.—Pite, I pray you; it is goot for your green wound, and your ploody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly; and out of doubt, and out of questions too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge: I eat, and eke I swear.²—

¹ Stunned.

² "I eat, and eke I swear." The folio has "eat I swear."

Flu. Eat, I pray you: Will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see, I eat.

Flu. Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, 'pray you, throw none away; the skin is goot for your proken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at them! that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is goot:—Hold you, there is a grcat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat?

Flu. Yes, verily, and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat, in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels; you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit, cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition,—begun upon an honorable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valor,—and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking¹ and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and, henceforth, let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition.² Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Pist. Doth fortune play the huswife³ with me now? News have I, that my Nell is dead i' the spital Of malady of France; And there my rendezvous is quite cut off. Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs Honor is cudgeled. Well, bawd will I turn,

¹ *Gleeking* is scoffing, sneering.

² i. e. disposition.

³ *Huswife*, for jilt, or hussy, as we have it still in vulgar speech.



And something lean to cut-purse of quick hand.
To England will I steal, and there I'll steal;
And patches will I get unto these scars,
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. [Exit.

SCENE II. *Troyes in Champagne. An Apartment,
in the French King's Palace.*

*Enter, at one door, KING HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER,
EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other
Lords; at another, the French King, QUEEN ISA-
BEL, the PRINCESS KATHARINE, Lords, Ladies, &c.,
the DUKE of BURGUNDY, and his Train.*

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are
met!¹

Unto our brother France,—and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day;—joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;
And (as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contrived,)
We do salute you, duke of Burgundy;—
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England; fairly met:—
So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks;
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality; and that this day
Shall change all griefs, and quarrels, into love.

K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

¹ "Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!" Peace, for which we are here met, be to this meeting. Here Johnson thought that the chorus should have been prefixed, and the fifth act begin.

Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.

Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great kings of France and England! That I have
 labored,

With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavors,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar¹ and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevailed,
That, face to face, and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted; let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub, or what impediment, there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not, in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas! she hath from France too long been chased;
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies; her hedges even-pleached,—
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disordered twigs; her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon; while that the colter rusts,
That should deracinate such savagery.
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,

¹ "This bar;" that is, this barrier, this place of congress. The Chronicles represent a former interview in a field near Melun, with a *barre* or barrier of separation between the pavilions of the French and English; but the treaty was then broken off. It was now renewed at Troyes, but the scene of conference was St. Peter's church in that town, a place inconvenient for Shakspeare's action; his editors have therefore laid it in a palace.

Defective in their natures,¹ grow to wildness ;
 Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,
 Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
 The sciences that should become our country ;
 But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,
 That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
 To swearing and stern looks, diffused² attire,
 And every thing that seems unnatural.
 Which to reduce into our former favor,³
 You are assembled : and my speech entreats,
 That I may know the let, why gentle peace
 Should not expel these inconveniences,
 And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Hen. If, duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
 Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
 Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
 With full accord to all our just demands ;
 Whose tenors and particular effects
 You have, enscheduled briefly, in your hands.

Bur. The king hath heard them ; to the which, as
 yet,
 There is no answer made.

K. Hen. Well, then, the peace,
 Which you before so urged, lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursorary eye
 O'erglanced the articles : pleaseth your grace
 To appoint some of your council presently
 To sit with us once more, with better heed
 To resurvey them, we will, suddenly,
 Pass our accept, and peremptory answer.⁴

K. Hen. Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter,—
 And brother Clarence,—and you, brother Gloster,

¹ "They were not defective in their *crescive* nature, for they grew to wildness ; but they were defective in their proper and favorable nature, which was to bring forth food for man."

² "*Diffused attire.*" We learn from Florio's Dictionary, that *diffused*, or *defused*, were used for *confused*. *Diffused attire* is therefore *disordered* or *dishevelled attire*.

³ *Favor* here means comeliness of appearance.

⁴ "*Pass our accept, and peremptory answer.*" To *pass* here signifies "to finish, end, or agree upon the acceptance which we shall give them, and return our peremptory answer."

Warwick—and Huntingdon,¹—go with the king;
 And take with you free power, to ratify,
 Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
 Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
 Any thing in, or out of, our demands;
 And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair sister,
 Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them;
 Haply, a woman's voice may do some good,
 When articles, too nicely urged, be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with
 us;

She is our capital demand, comprised
 Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all but HENRY, KATHARINE,
 and her Gentlewoman.*]

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair!
 Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
 Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
 And plead his lovesuit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot
 speak your England.

K. Hen. O, fair Katharine, if you will love me
 soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear
 you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do
 you like me, Kate?

Kath. *Pardonnez moy*, I cannot tell vat is—like me.

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate; and you are
 like an angel.

Kath. *Que dit il? que je suis semblable à les anges.*

Alice. *Ouy, vrayment, (sauf vostre grace,) ainsi dit il.*

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not
 blush to affirm it.

Kath. *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont
 pleines de tromperies.*

¹ "*Huntingdon.*" John Holland, earl of Huntingdon, who afterwards married the widow of Edmund Mortimer, earl of March. Neither Huntingdon nor Clarence are in the list of *Dramatis Personæ*, as neither of them speak a word.

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. *Ouy*; dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits; dat is de princess.

K. Hen. The princess is the better Englishwoman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding. I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king, that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say—I love you; then, if you urge me further than to say—Do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith, do; and so clap hands and a bargain. How say you, lady?

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur*, me understand well.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me; for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength in measure,¹ yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armor on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or, if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favors, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off; but, before God, I cannot look greenly,² nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier; if thou canst love me for this, take me: if not, to say to thee—that I shall die, is true: but—for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined³ constancy; for he perforce

¹ i. e. in dancing.

² i. e. like a young lover, awkwardly.

³ The prince evidently means to say, "Take a fellow of blunt, *unadorned* courage or purpose, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places like

must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places; for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favors,—they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall;¹ a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me. And take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine; and, Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which, I am sure, will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Quand j'ay la possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi* (let me see, what then? Saint Dennis be my speed!)—*donc vostre est France, et vous estes mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French. I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur, le François que vous parlez est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.*

K. Hen. No, 'faith, is't not, Kate; but thy speaking

these fellows of infinite tongue." Constancy is most frequently used for courage, or resolution, by Shakspeare.

¹ i. e. shrink, fall away.

of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to me much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbors tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me; and at night when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, dispraise those parts in me, that you love with your heart; but, good Kate, mock me mercifully the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate, (as I have a saving faith within me, tells me,—thou shalt,) I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder. Shall not thou and I, between saint Dennis and saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople, and take the Turk by the beard?¹ Shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise; do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavor for your French part of such a boy; and, for my English moiety, take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très chere et divine déesse*?

Kath. Your *majesté* 'ave *fausse* French enough to deceive the most *sage damoiselle* dat is *en France*.

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honor, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honor I dare not swear, thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage.² Now be-shrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a

¹ The Turks had not possession of Constantinople until the year 1453; when Henry had been dead thirty-one years.

² "The poor and untempering effect of my visage." *Untempering* is *unsoftening, unmitigating*.

stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill-layer up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face; thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better. And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say,—Harry of England, I am thine; which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud—England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English,—Wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is as it shall please de *roy mon pere*.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it shall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I will kiss your hand, and I call you—my queen.

Kath. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez: ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure; excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon très puissant seigneur.*

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. *Les dames, et damoiselles, pour estre baisées devant leur nopces, il n'est pas le coûtume de France.*

K. Hen. Madam, my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not de fashion *pour les ladies* of France,—I cannot tell what is *baiser en English*.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty *entendre* better *que moy*.

K. Hen. It is not the fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. *Ouy, vrayment.*

K. Hen. O, Kate, nice customs curt'sy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list¹ of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places, stops the mouths of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country, in denying me a kiss; therefore, patiently, and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate; there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter the French King and Queen, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WESTMORELAND, and other French and English Lords.

Bur. God save your majesty! My royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Bur. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz; and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle; if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked, and blind: can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked, blind boy in her naked, seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink, and yield; as love is blind, and enforces.

¹ i. e. slight barrier.

Bur. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent to winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning; for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral¹ ties me over to time, and a hot summer; and so I will catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so; and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness; who cannot see many a fair French city, for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid;² for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath never entered.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of, may wait on her: so the maid, that stood in the way of my wish, shall show me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is't so, my lords of England?

West. The king hath granted every article: His daughter, first; and then, in sequel, all, According to their firm, proposed natures.

Exe. Only, he hath not yet subscribed this:—where your majesty demands,—that the king of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition, in French,—*Notre très cher filz Henry roy d'Angleterre, héritier de France*; and thus in Latin,—*Præclarissi-*

¹ A *moral* is the meaning or application of a fable.

² A *perspective* meant a glass that assisted the sight in any way.

*mus*¹ *filius noster Henricus rex Angliæ, et hæres Franciæ.*

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,
But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the rest :
And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son ; and from her blood
raise up
Issue to me ; that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred ; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighborhood and Christianlike accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen !

K. Hen. Now welcome, Kate :—and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen. [*Flourish.*

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one !
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league ;
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other !—God speak this Amen !

All. Amen !

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage :—on which day,
My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.—
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me ;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be !

[*Exeunt.*

¹ *Præclarissimus* for *Præcarissimus*. Shakspeare followed Holinshed, in whose Chronicle it stands thus. Indeed, all the old historians have the same blunder. In the original treaty of 'Troyes, printed in Rymer, it is *præcarissimus*.

Enter CHORUS.

Thus far, with rough, and all unable pen,
 Our bending¹ author hath pursued the story ;
 In little room confining mighty men,
 Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.²
 Small time, but, in that small, most greatly lived
 This star of England : fortune made his sword ;
 By which the world's best garden³ he achieved,
 And of it left his son imperial lord.
 Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crowned king
 Of France and England, did this king succeed ;
 Whose state so many had the managing,
 That they lost France, and made his England bleed ;
 Which oft our stage hath shown ; and, for their sake,
 In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [*Exit.*]

¹ "Our *bending* author ;" that is, unequal to the weight of his subject, and *bending* beneath it.

² "Mangling by starts the full course of their glory ;" that is, by touching only on their select parts.

³ i. e. France. A similar distinction is bestowed on Lombardy in the *Taming of The Shrew* :—

"The pleasant garden of great Italy."

THIS play has many scenes of high dignity, and many of easy merriment. The character of the king is well supported, except in his courtship, where he has neither the vivacity of Hal, nor the grandeur of Henry. The humor of Pistol is very happily continued ; his character has, perhaps, been the model of all the bullies that have yet appeared on the English stage.

The lines given to the Chorus have many admirers ; but the truth is, that in them a little may be praised, and much must be forgiven ; nor can it be easily discovered why the intelligence given by the Chorus is more necessary in this play than in many others where it is omitted. The great defect of this play is the emptiness and narrowness of the last act, which a very little diligence might have easily avoided.

JOHNSON.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE historical transactions in this play take in the compass of above thirty years. In the three parts of King Henry VI. there is no very precise attention to the date and disposition of facts. For instance, the lord Talbot is killed at the end of the fourth act of this play, who in reality did not fall till the 13th of July, 1453; and the Second Part of King Henry VI. opens with the marriage of the king, which was solemnized eight years before Talbot's death, in the year 1445. Again, in the *second part*, dame Eleanor Cobham is introduced to insult queen Margaret; though her penance and banishment for sorcery happened three years before that princess came over to England. There are other transgressions against history, as far as the order of time is concerned.

Mr. Malone has written a dissertation to prove that the First Part of King Henry VI. was not written by Shakspeare; and that the Second and Third Parts were only *altered* by him from the old play, entitled "The Contention of the Two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster," printed in two parts, in quarto, in 1594 and 1595. The substance of his argument, as far as regards this play, is as follows:—

1. The diction, versification, and allusions in it, are all different from the diction, versification, and allusions, of Shakspeare, and corresponding with those of Greene, Peele, Lodge, Marlowe, and others who preceded him. There are more allusions to mythology, to classical authors, and to ancient and modern history, than are found in any one piece of Shakspeare's written on an English story: they are such as do not naturally rise out of the subject, but seem to be inserted merely to show the writer's learning. These allusions, and many particular expressions, seem more likely to have been used by the authors already named than by Shakspeare. He points out many of the allusions, and instances the words *proditor* and *immanity*, which are not to be found in any of the Poet's undisputed works. The versification he thinks clearly of a different color from that of Shakspeare's genuine dramas; while at the same time it resembles that of many of the plays produced before his time. The sense concludes or pauses almost uniformly at the end of every line; and the verse has scarcely ever a redundant syllable. He produces numerous instances from the works of Lodge, Peele, Greene, and others, of similar versification.

2. A passage in a pamphlet written by Thomas Nashe, an intimate friend of Greene, Peele, Marlowe, &c., shows that the *First Part* of King Henry VI. had been on the stage before 1592; and his favorable mention of the piece may induce a belief that it was written by a friend of his:—"How would it have joyed brave Talbot, the terror of the French, to thinke that, after he had lyen two hundred yeare in his tombe, he should triumph again

on the stage ; and have his bones new embalmed with the teares of ten thousand spectators at least, (at several times,) who in the tragedian that represents his person behold him fresh bleeding.”—*Pierce Penniless, his Supplication to the Devil*, 1592.

That this passage related to the old play of King Henry VI., or, as it is now called, the *First Part* of King Henry VI., can hardly be doubted. Talbot appears in the *First Part*, and not in the *Second* or *Third Part*, and is expressly spoken of in the play, as well as in Hall’s Chronicle, as “the terror of the French.” Holinshed, who was Shakspeare’s guide, omits the passage in Hall, in which Talbot is thus described ; and this is an additional proof that this play was not the production of our great Poet.

There are other *internal* proofs of this :—

1. The author does not seem to have known precisely how old Henry VI. was at the time of his father’s death. He supposed him to have passed the state of infancy before he lost his father, and even to have remembered some of his sayings. In the Fourth Act, Sc. 4, speaking of the famous Talbot, he says,—

“When *I was young*, (as yet I am not old,)
I do remember how my father said,
A stouter champion never handled sword.”

But Shakspeare knew that Henry VI. could not possibly remember any thing of his father :—

“No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a king at *nine months old*.”
King Henry VI., Part II. Act iv. Sc. 9.

“When I was crowned I was but *nine months old*.”
King Henry VI., Part III. Act i. Sc. 1.

The first of these passages is among the additions made by Shakspeare to the old play, according to Mr. Malone’s hypothesis. The other passage does occur in the True Tragedie of Richard Duke of York ; and therefore it is natural to conclude that neither Shakspeare nor the author of that piece could have written the *First Part* of King Henry VI.

2. In Act ii. Sc. 5, of this play, it is said that the earl of Cambridge *raised an army* against his sovereign. But Shakspeare, in his play of King Henry V., has represented the matter truly as it was ; the earl being, in that piece, Act ii., condemned at Southampton for conspiring to *assassinate* Henry.

3. The author of this play knew the true pronunciation of the word *Hecate*, as it is used by the Roman writers :—

“I speak not to that railing Hecatè.”

But Shakspeare, in *Macbeth*, always uses *Hecate* as a dissyllable.

The second speech in this play ascertains the author to have been very familiar with Hall’s Chronicle :—

“*What should I say?* his deeds exceed all speech.”

This phrase is introduced upon almost every occasion by Hall when he means to be eloquent. Holinshed, not Hall, was Shakspeare’s historian. Here, then, is an additional minute proof that this play was not Shakspeare’s.

This is the sum of Malone's argument, which Steevens has combated in notes appended to it. Malone conjectured that this piece, which we now call the *First Part of King Henry VI.*, was, when first performed, called *The Play of King Henry VI.*; and he afterwards found his conjecture confirmed by an entry in the accounts of Henslowe, the proprietor of the Rose Theatre on the Bank Side. It must have been very popular, having been played no less than thirteen times in one season. The first entry of its performance by the lord Strange's company, at the Rose, is dated March 3, 1591. It is worthy of remark, that Shakspeare does not appear at any time to have had the smallest connection with that theatre, or the companies playing there; which affords additional argument in favor of Malone's position, that the play could not be his. "By whom it *was* written, (says Malone,) it is now, I fear, difficult to ascertain. It was not entered on the Stationers' books, nor printed till the year 1623; when it was registered with Shakspeare's undisputed plays by the editors of the first folio, and improperly entitled the *Third** Part of King Henry VI. In one sense it might be called so; for two plays on the subject of that reign had been printed before. But, considering the history of that king, and the period of time which the piece comprehends, it ought to have been called, what in fact it is, the *First Part of King Henry VI.* At this distance of time, it is impossible to ascertain on what principle it was that Heminge and Condell admitted it into their volume; but I suspect that they gave it a place as a necessary introduction to the two other parts; and because Shakspeare had made some slight alterations, and written a few lines in it.†

Mr. Malone's arguments have made many converts to his opinion; and perhaps Mr. Morgann, in his elegant Essay on the Dramatic Character of Falstaff,‡ led the way, when he pronounced it "that-drum-and-trumpet thing,—written, doubtless, or rather exhibited, long before Shakspeare was born, though afterwards repaired and furbished up by him with here and there a little sentiment and diction."

* This applies only to the title in the Register of the Stationers' Company: in the first folio, it was called the *First Part of King Henry VI.*

† Malone's *Life of Shakspeare*, p. 310, ed. 1821.

‡ First published in 1777.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

Duke of Gloster, Uncle to the King, and Protector.

Duke of Bedford, Uncle to the King, and Regent of France.

THOMAS BEAUFORT, Duke of Exeter, great Uncle to the King.

HENRY BEAUFORT, great Uncle to the King, Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal.

JOHN BEAUFORT, Earl of Somerset; afterwards Duke.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, eldest Son of Richard, late Earl of Cambridge; afterwards Duke of York.

Earl of Warwick. Earl of Salisbury. Earl of Suffolk.

LORD TALBOT, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.

JOHN TALBOT, his Son.

EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.

Mortimer's Keeper, and a Lawyer.

SIR JOHN FASTOLFE. SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE. SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.

Mayor of London. WOODVILLE, Lieutenant of the Tower.

VERNON, of the White Rose, or York Faction.

BASSET, of the Red Rose, or Lancaster Faction.

CHARLES, Dauphin, and afterwards King of France.

REIGNIER, Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.

Duke of Burgundy. Duke of Alençon.

Governor of Paris. Bastard of Orleans.

Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.

General of the French Forces in Bordeaux.

A French Sergeant. A Porter.

An old Shepherd, Father to Joan la Pucelle.

MARGARET, Daughter to Reignier; afterwards married to King Henry.

Countess of Auvergne.

JOAN LA PUCELLE, commonly called Joan of Arc.

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle, Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants both on the English and French.

SCENE, partly in England, and partly in France.

FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Westminster Abbey. *Dead March.*
Corpse of King Henry the Fifth discovered, lying in state ; attended on by the DUKES of BEDFORD, GLOSTER, and EXETER; the EARL of WARWICK,¹ the BISHOP of WINCHESTER, Heralds, &c.

Bedford. HUNG be the heavens with black, yield day to night !

Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal ² tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad, revolting stars,
That have consented ³ unto Henry's death !
Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long !
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glo. England ne'er had a king, until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command ;
His brandished sword did blind men with his beams ;
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings ;

¹ *Richard Beauchamp*, earl of Warwick, who is a character in King Henry V. The earl of Warwick, who appears in a subsequent part of this drama, is Richard Nevill, son to the earl of Salisbury, who came to the title in right of his wife, Anne, sister of Henry Beauchamp, duke of Warwick. Richard, the father of this Henry, was appointed governor to the king on the demise of Thomas Beaufort, duke of Exeter, and died in 1439. There is no reason to think the author meant to confound the two characters.

² *Crystal* is an epithet repeatedly bestowed on comets by our ancient writers.

³ Our ancestors had but one word to express *consent*, and *concent*, which meant *accord* and *agreement*, whether of persons or things.

His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than midday sun fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? His deeds exceed all speech :
He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquered.

Exe. We mourn in black ; why mourn we not in
blood ?

Henry is dead, and never shall revive.
Upon a wooden coffin we attend ;
And death's dishonorable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What? shall we curse the planets of mishap,
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow ?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magic verses ¹ have contrived his end ?

Win. He was a king blessed of the King of kings.
Unto the French the dreadful judgment day
So dreadful will not be, as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of Hosts he fought ;
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The church ! where is it ? Had not church-
men prayed,
His thread of life had not so soon decayed.
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a schoolboy, you may overawe.

Win. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art protector ;
And lookest to command the prince, and realm.
Thy wife is proud ; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God, or religious churchmen, may.

Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh ;
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds
in peace !
Let's to the altar ;—heralds, wait on us :—

¹ There was a notion long prevalent that life might be taken away by metrical charms.

Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms ;
Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.—
Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck ;
Our isle be made a nourish¹ of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead.—
Henry the Fifth ! thy ghost I invoke ;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils !
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens !
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
Than Julius Cæsar, or bright——²

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honorable lords, health to you all !
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture.
Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.³

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's
corse ?

Speak softly ; or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

Glo. Is Paris lost ? is Rouen yielded up ?
If Henry were recalled to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the
ghost.

Exe. How were they lost ? what treachery was
used ?

Mess. No treachery ; but want of men and money.
Among the soldiers this is muttered,—
That here you maintain several factions ;
And, whilst a field should be despatched and fought,

¹ *Nurse* was anciently spelled *nouryce* and *noryshe* ; and, by Lydgate, even *nourish*.

² Pope conjectured that this blank had been supplied by the name of *Francis Drake*, which, though a glaring anachronism, might have been a popular, though not judicious, mode of attracting plaudits in the theatre. Part of the arms of Drake was two blazing stars.

³ Capel proposed to complete this defective verse by the insertion of *Rouen* among the places lost, as Gloster infers that it had been mentioned with the rest.

You are disputing of your generals.
One would have lingering wars, with little cost ;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings ;
A third man thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful, fair words peace may be obtained.
Awake, awake, English nobility !
Let not sloth dim your honors, new begot.
Cropped are the flower-de-luces in your arms ;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth her flowing tides.¹

Bed. Me they concern ; regent I am of France.—
Give me my steeled coat ; I'll fight for France.—
Away with these disgraceful, wailing robes !
Wounds I will lend the French, instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.²

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* Lords, view these letters, full of bad mis-
chance.

France is revolted from the English quite ;
Except some petty towns of no import ;
The dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims ;
The bastard of Orleans with him is joined ;
Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part ;
The duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

Exe. The dauphin crowned king ! all fly to him !
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach ?

Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats ;
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forward
ness ?

An army have I mustered in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is overrun.

¹ i. e. England's flowing tides.

² i. e. their miseries which have only a short intermission.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 Mess. My gracious lords, to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew king Henry's hearse,—
I must inform you of a dismal fight,
Betwixt the stout lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't so?

3 Mess. O, no; wherein lord Talbot was o'er-
thrown;

The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three-and-twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon.
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, plucked out of hedges,
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;
Here, there, and every where, enraged, he slew.
The French exclaimed, the devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood agazed on him:
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,
And rushed into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been sealed up,
If sir John Fastolfe¹ had not played the coward;
He, being in the vaward, (placed behind,
With purpose to relieve and follow them,)
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre;
Inclosed were they with their enemies.

¹ For an account of this sir John Fastolfe, vide *Biographia Britannica*, by Kippis, vol. v.; in which is his life, written by Mr. Gough.

A base Walloon, to win the dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back ;
Whom all France, with their chief assembled strength,
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain ? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here, in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foeman is betrayed.

3 Mess. O, no ; he lives ; but is took prisoner,
And lord Scales with him, and lord Hungerford ;
Most of the rest slaughtered, or took, likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay.
I'll hale the dauphin headlong from his throne ;
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend ;
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.—
Farewell, my masters ; to my task will I ;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great saint George's feast withal.
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3 Mess. So you had need ; for Orleans is besieged ;
The English army is grown weak and faint ;
The earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn .
Either to quell the dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it ; and here take leave,
To go about my preparation. [Exit.]

Glo. I'll to the tower, with all the haste I can,
To view the artillery and munition ;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [Exit.]

Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordained his special governor ;
And for his safety there I'll best devise. [Exit.]

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend.
I am left out ; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office ;

The king from Eltham I intend to steal,¹
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal.

[*Exit. Scene closes.*]

SCENE II. France. *Before Orleans.*

Enter CHARLES, with his Forces; ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and others.

Char. Mars his true moving,² even as in the heavens,
So in the earth, to this day is not known.
Late did he shine upon the English side;
Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment, but we have?
At pleasure here we lie, near Orleans;
Otherwhiles, the famished English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge, and their fat bull-beeves.

Either they must be dieted like mules,
And have their provender tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

Reig. Let's raise the siege; why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear.
Remaineth none but mad-brained Salisbury;
And he may well in fretting spend his gall;
Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarum; we will rush on them.
Now for the honor of the forlorn French.—
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,
When he sees me go back one foot, or fly. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ The old copy reads *send*; the present reading was proposed by Mason, who observes that the king was not at this time in the power of the cardinal, but under the care of the duke of Exeter. The second article of accusation brought against the bishop by the duke of Gloucester is, "that he purposed and disposed him to set hand on the king's person, and to have removed him from Eltham to Windsor, to the intent to put him in governance as him list."—*Holinshed*, vol. iii. p. 591.

² "You are as ignorant in the true movings of my muse as the astronomers are in the true movings of Mars, which to this day they could never attain to."—*Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, by Nash, 1596, Preface.

Alarums; Excursions; afterwards a Retreat.

Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and others.*

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I?—
Dogs! cowards! dastards!—I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alen. Froissard, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands¹ bred,
During the time Edward the Third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons and Goliasses
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean, raw-boned rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?

Char. Let's leave this town; for they are hair-
brained slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager.
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege.

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmals² or device,
Their arms are set, like clocks, still to strike on:
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.
By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bast. Where's the prince dauphin? I have news
for him.

¹ These were two of the most famous in the list of Charlemagne's twelve peers; and their exploits are the theme of the old romances. From the equally doughty and unheard-of exploits of these champions, arose the saying of *Giving a Rowland for an Oliver*, for giving a person as good as he brings.

² By *gimmals*, *gimbols*, *gimmers*, or *gimowes*, any kind of device or machinery producing motion was meant. Baret has "the *gimew* or hinge of a door."

Char. Bastard¹ of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer
appalled.

Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?

Be not dismayed, for succor is at hand.

A holy maid hither with me I bring,

Which, by a vision sent to her from Heaven,

Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,

And drive the English forth the bounds of France.

The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,

Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome;²

What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.

Speak; shall I call her in? Believe my words.

For they are certain and infallible.

Char. Go, call her in. [*Exit Bastard.*] But, first
to try her skill,

Reignier, stand thou as dauphin in my place.

Question her proudly; let thy looks be stern.—

By this mean shall we sound what skill she hath.

[*Retires.*]

Enter LA PUCELLE, Bastard of Orleans, and others.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous
feats?

Puc. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile
me?—

Where is the dauphin?—Come, come from behind;

I know thee well, though never seen before.

Be not amazed; there's nothing hid from me:

In private will I talk with thee apart.—

Stand back, you lords, and give us leave a while.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter;
My wit untrained in any kind of art.

Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleased

¹ *Bastard* was not in former times a title of reproach.

² Warburton says that "there were no *nine sibyls of Rome*; it is a mistake for the nine Sibylline Oracles brought to one of the Tarquins." But the Poet followed the popular books of his day, which say that "the ten sibyls were women that had the spirit of prophecy (enumerating them), and that they prophesied of Christ."

To shine on my contemptible estate.
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat displayed my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me ;
And, in a vision full of majesty,
Willed me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity.
Her aid she promised, and assured success :
In complete glory she revealed herself ;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infused on me,
That beauty am I blessed with, which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated ;
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this¹ thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char. Thou hast astonished me with thy high terms ;
Only this proof I'll of thy valor make.—
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me ;
And, if thou vanquishest, thy words are true ;
Otherwise, I renounce all confidence.

Puc. I am prepared ; here is my keen-edged sword,
Decked with five flower-de-luces on each side ;
The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's church-
yard,

Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

Char. Then come, o' God's name ; I fear no woman.

Puc. And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

[*They fight.*]

Char. Stay, stay thy hands ; thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too
weak.

Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help
me.

Impatiently I burn with thy desire ;

¹ i. e. be convinced of it.

My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be ;
'Tis the French dauphin sueth thus to thee.

Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession's sacred from above :
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.

Char. Mean time, look gracious on thy prostrate
thrall.

Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alen. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock ;
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no
mean ?

Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do
know :

These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reig. My lord, where are you ? what devise you
on ?

Shall we give over Orleans, or no ?

Puc. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants !
Fight till the last gasp ; I will be your guard.

Char. What she says, I'll confirm ; we'll fight it out.

Puc. Assigned am I to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise :
Expect saint Martin's summer,¹ halcyon days,
Since I have entered into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.
With Henry's death, the English circle ends :
Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud, insulting ship,
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.

Char. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove ?²

¹ i. e. expect prosperity after misfortune, like fair weather at Martlemas, after winter has begun.

² Mahomet had a dove " which he used to feed with wheat out of his ear ; which dove, when it was hungry, lighted on Mahomet's shoulder, and

Thou with an eagle art inspired then.
 Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
 Nor yet saint Philip's daughters,¹ were like thee.
 Bright star of Venus, fallen down on the earth,
 How may I reverently worship thee enough?

Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our
 honors;
 Drive them from Orleans, and be immortalized.

Char. Presently we'll try:—Come, let's away
 about it:

No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III. London. *Hill before the Tower.*

*Enter, at the gates, the Duke of GLOSTER, with his
 Serving-men in blue coats.*

Glo. I am come to survey the tower this day;
 Since Henry's death, I fear there is conveyance.²—
 Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
 Open the gates; Gloster it is that calls.

[Servants knock.]

1 *Ward.* *[Within.]* Who is there that knocks so
 imperiously?

1 *Serv.* It is the noble duke of Gloster.

2 *Ward.* *[Within.]* Whoe'er he be, you may not
 be let in.

1 *Serv.* Answer you so the lord protector, villains?

1 *Ward.* *[Within.]* The Lord protect him! so we
 answer him:

We do no otherwise than we are willed.

Glo. Who willed you? or whose will stands, but
 mine?

thrust its bill in to find its breakfast, Mahomet persuading the rude and
 simple Arabians that it was the Holy Ghost."—*Raleigh's Hist. of the
 World*, part i. c. vi.

¹ Meaning the four daughters of Philip mentioned in Acts xxi. 9.

² *Conveyance* anciently signified any kind of furtive knavery, or privy
 stealing.

There's none protector of the realm, but I.—
Break up the gates; I'll be your warrantize:
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

Servants *rush at the tower gates. Enter, to the gates,*
WOODVILLE, the Lieutenant.

Wood. [*Within.*] What noise is this? what traitors
have we here?

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you, whose voice I hear?
Open the gates; here's Gloster, that would enter.

Wood. [*Within.*] Have patience, noble duke; I
may not open:

The cardinal of Winchester forbids;
From him I have express commandment,
That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.

Glo. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant Winchester? that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the king:
Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

1 Serv. Open the gates unto the lord protector;
Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter WINCHESTER, attended by a train of Servants
in tawny coats.

Win. How now, ambitious Humphry? what means
this?

Glo. Pieled priest,¹ dost thou command me to be
shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector of the king or realm.

Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator:
Thou, that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord;
Thou, that giv'st whores indulgences to sin;²

¹ i. e. *bald*; alluding to his shaven crown.

² The public *stews* in Southwark were under the jurisdiction of the
bishop of Winchester.

I'll canvas¹ thee in thy broad cardinal's bat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back ; I will not budge a foot :
This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

Glo. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back :
Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing-cloth
I'll use, to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do what thou dar'st : I beard thee to thy face.

Glo. What ? am I dared, and bearded to my face ?—
Draw, men, for all this privileged place ;
Blue-coats to tawny-coats. Priest, beware your beard ;

[*GLOSTER and his men attack the Bishop.*
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly :
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat ;
In spite of pope or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloster, thou'lt answer this before the pope.

Glo. Winchester goose,² I cry—a rope ! a rope !
Now beat them hence : why do you let them stay ?
Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.
Out, tawny coats !—out, scarlet hypocrite !

*Here a great tumult. In the midst of it, enter the
Mayor of London, and Officers.*

May. Fie, lords ! that you, being supreme magis-
trates,
Thus contumeliously should break the peace !

Glo. Peace, mayor : thou know'st little of my
wrongs :
Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here distrained the tower to his use.

Win. Here's Gloster too, a foe to citizens ;
One that still motions war, and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines ;

¹ To *canvas* was "to toss in a sieve ; a punishment (says Cotgrave) inflicted on such as commit gross absurdities."

² A *Winchester goose* was a particular stage of the disease contracted in the stews.

That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is protector of the realm;
And would have armor here out of the tower,
To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.

Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.
[*Here they skirmish again.*

May. Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open proclamation:—
Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canst.

Off. *All manner of men, assembled here in arms this day against God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use, any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.*

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law;
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

Win. Gloster, we'll meet; to thy dear cost, be sure.
Thy heart-blood I will have, for this day's work.

May. I'll call for clubs,¹ if you will not away:
This cardinal is more haughty than the devil.

Glo. Mayor, farewell; thou dost but what thou mayst.

Win. Abominable Gloster! guard thy head;
For I intend to have it ere long. [Exeunt.

May. See the coast cleared, and then we will depart.—

Good God! that nobles should such stomachs bear!
I myself fight not once in forty year. [Exeunt.

¹ The practice of calling out *Clubs! clubs!* to call out the London apprentices upon the occasion of any affray in the streets, has been before explained.

SCENE IV. France. *Before Orleans.*

Enter, on the walls, the Master Gunner and his Son.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieged ;
And how the English have the suburbs won.

Son. Father, I know ; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er, unfortunate, I missed my aim.

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou ruled
by me :

Chief master-gunner am I of this town ;
Something I must do, to procure me grace :
The prince's espials have informed me,
How the English, in the suburbs close intrenched,
Wont,¹ through a secret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower, to overpeer the city ;
And thence discover how, with most advantage,
They may vex us, with shot, or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have placed ;
And fully even these three days have I watched,
If I could see them. Now, boy, do thou watch,
For I can stay no longer.
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word ;
And thou shalt find me at the governor's. *[Exit.*

Son. Father, I warrant you ; take you no care :
I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

*Enter, in an upper chamber of a tower, the LORDS
SALISBURY and TALBOT, SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE,
SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE, and others.*

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again returned !
How wert thou handled, being prisoner ?
Or by what means gott'st thou to be released ?
Discourse, I pr'ythee, on this turret's top.

¹ The old copy reads *went* ; the emendation is Mr. Tyrwhitt's.

Tal. The duke of Bedford had a prisoner,
Called—the brave lord Ponton de Santrailles;
For him I was exchanged and ransomed.
But with a baser man of arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have bartered me;
Which I, disdaining, scorned; and craved death
Rather than I would be so vile esteemed.¹
In fine, redeemed I was as I desired.
But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart!
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert entertained.

Tal. With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious
taunts.

In open market-place produced they me,
To be a public spectacle to all:
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,²
The scare-crow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me;
And with my nails digged stones out of the ground
To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others fly;
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deemed me not secure;
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread,
That they supposed I could rend bars of steel,
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
That walked about me every minute-while;
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endured;
But we will be revenged sufficiently.
Now it is supper-time in Orleans;

¹ The old copy reads "*piled* esteemed."

² "This man [Talbot] was to the French people a very scourge and a daily terror, insomuch that as his person was fearful and terrible to his adversaries present, so his name and fame was spiteful and dreadful to the common people absent; insomuch that women in France, to feare their yong children, would crye the *Talbot* cometh."—*Hall's Chronicle*.

Here, through this grate, I can count every one,
 And view the Frenchmen how they fortify ;
 Let us look in ; the sight will much delight thee.—
 Sir Thomas Gargrave, and sir William Glansdale,
 Let me have your express opinions,
 Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gar. I think, at the north gate, for there stand lords

Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famished,
 Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[*Shot from the town.* SALISBURY and SIR
 THO. GARGRAVE *fall.*

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners .

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man !

Tal. What chance is this, that suddenly hath
 crossed us ?—

Speak, Salisbury ; at least, if thou canst speak ;
 How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men ?
 One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's side struck off !¹—
 Accursed tower ! accursed, fatal hand,
 That hath contrived this woful tragedy !
 In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame ;
 Henry the Fifth he first trained to the wars ;
 Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
 His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.—
 Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury ? though thy speech doth fail,
 One eye thou hast to look to Heaven for grace ;
 The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.—
 Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
 If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands !—
 Bear hence his body ; I will help to bury it.—
 Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life ?
 Speak unto Talbot ; nay, look up to him.
 Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort ;
 Thou shalt not die, whiles——

¹ Camden says, in his *Remaines*, that the French scarce knew the use of great ordnance till the siege of Mans in 1455, when a breach was made in the walls of that town by the English, under the conduct of this earl of Salisbury ; and that he was the first English gentleman that was slain by a cannon ball.

He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me ;
 As who should say, *When I am dead and gone,*
Remember to avenge me on the French.—
 Plantagenet, I will ; and like thee, Nero,¹
 Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn.
 Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[*Thunder heard ; afterwards an alarum.*

What stir is this ? what tumult's in the heavens ?
 Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise ?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, my lord, the French have gathered
 head.

The dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle joined,—
 A holy prophetess, new risen up,—
 Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[*SALISBURY groans.*

Tal. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan !
 It irks his heart, he cannot be revenged.—
 Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you.—
 Pucelle or puzzel,² dolphin or dogfish,
 Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
 And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.—
 Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
 And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.
 [*Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.*

SCENE V. *The same. Before one of the gates.*

Alarum. Skirmishings. TALBOT pursueth the
Dauphin, and driveth him in. Then

Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE, driving Englishmen before
her. Then enter TALBOT.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valor, and my force ?
 Our English troops retire ; I cannot stay them ;
 A woman, clad in armor, chaseth them.

¹ In the old copy, the word *Nero* is wanting.

² *Puzzel* means a *dirty wench* or a *drab* ; “from *puzza*, i. e. *malus fœtor*,” says Minsheu.

Enter LA PUCELLE.

Hère, here she comes.—I'll have a bout with thee ;
 Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee ;
 Blood will I draw on thee,¹ thou art a witch,
 And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

Puc. Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace
 thee. *[They fight.]*

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail ?
 My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
 And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
 But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

Puc. Talbot, farewell ; thy hour is not yet come ;
 I must go victual Orleans forthwith.
 O'ertake me, if thou canst ; I scorn thy strength.
 Go, go, cheer up thy hungry, starved men ;
 Help Salisbury to make his testament.
 This day is ours, as many more shall be.

[PUCELLE enters the town, with Soldiers.]

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel ;
 I know not where I am, nor what I do.
 A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,²
 Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists ;
 So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,
 Are from their hives, and houses, driven away.
 They called us, for our fierceness, English dogs ;
 Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.

[A short alarum.]

Hark, countrymen ! either renew the fight,
 Or tear the lions out of England's coat ;
 Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead :
 Sheep run not half so timorous³ from the wolf,
 Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard,
 As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

[Alarum. Another skirmish.]

¹ The superstition of those times taught that he who could draw a witch's blood was free from her power.

² Alluding to Hannibal's stratagem to escape, by fixing bundles of lighted twigs on the horns of oxen, recorded by Livy, lib. xxij. c. xvj.

³ Old copy, *treacherous*. Corrected by Pope.

It will not be.—Retire into your trenches.
 You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
 For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.—
 Pucelle is entered into Orleans,
 In spite of us, or aught that we could do.
 O, would I were to die with Salisbury!
 The shame hereof will make me hide my head.

[*Alarum. Retreat. Exeunt TALBOT and
 his Forces, &c.*]

SCENE VI. *The same.*

*Enter, on the walls, PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER,
 ALENÇON, and Soldiers.*

Puc. Advance our waving colors on the walls;
 Rescued is Orleans from the English wolves.¹—
 Thus Joan la Pucelle hath performed her word.

Char. Divinest creature, bright Astrea's daughter,
 How shall I honor thee for this success?
 Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
 That one day bloomed, and fruitful were the next.²—
 France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!—
 Recovered is the town of Orleans;
 More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

Reig. Why ring not out the bells throughout the
 town?

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
 And feast and banquet in the open streets,
 To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
 When they shall hear how we have played the men.

Char. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;
 For which, I will divide my crown with her;
 And all the priests and friars in my realm

¹ *Wolves.* Thus the second folio; the first omits that word, and the epithet *bright*, prefixed to Astrea, in the next line but one.

² The *Adonis horti* were nothing but portable earthen pots, with some lettuce or fennel growing in them.

Shall, in procession, sing her endless praise.
 A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear,
 Than Rhodope's, of Memphis, ever was.¹
 In memory of her, when she is dead,
 Her ashes, in an urn more precious
 Than the rich-jeweled coffer of Darius,²
 Transported shall be at high festivals
 Before the kings and queens of France.
 No longer on saint Dennis will we cry,
 But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
 Come in ; and let us banquet royally,
 After this golden day of victory. [*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter, to the gates, a French Sergeant, and two Sentinels.

Serg. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant.
 If any noise or soldier you perceive,
 Near to the walls, by some apparent sign,
 Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

1 *Sent.* Sergeant, you shall. [*Exit Sergeant.*]

Thus are poor servitors
 (When others sleep upon their quiet beds)
 Constrained to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

¹ The old copy reads:—

“Than Rhodophe's or Memphis ever was.”

Rhodope, or *Rhodopis*, a celebrated courtesan, who was a slave in the same service with *Æsop*, at *Samos*.

² “In what price the noble poems of Homer were holden by Alexander the Great, insomuch that everie night they were layd under his pillow, and by day were carried in the rich jewel coffer of *Darius*, lately before vanquished by him.”—*Puttenham's Arte of Englishe Poesie*, 1589.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, and Forces, with scaling-ladders; their drums beating a dead march.

Tal. Lord regent,—and redoubted Burgundy,—
By whose approach, the regions of Artois,
Walloon and Picardy, are friends to us,—
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day caroused and banqueted.
Embrace we then this opportunity;
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contrived by art, and baleful sorcery.

Bed. Coward of France!—how much he wrongs
his fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches, and the help of hell.

Bur. Traitors have never other company.—
But what's that Pucelle, whom they term so pure?

Tal. A maid, they say.

Bed. A maid! and be so martial!

Bur. Pray God, she prove not masculine ere long;
If underneath the standard of the French,
She carry armor as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits.
God is our fortress; in whose conquering name,
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.

Tal. Not all together; better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways;
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed; I'll to yon corner.

Bur. And I to this.

Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his
grave.—

Now, Salisbury! for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[*The English scale the Walls, crying St. George!*
A Talbot! and all enter by the town.

Sent. [*Within.*] Arm, arm! the enemy doth make
assault!

[*The French leap over the walls in
their shirts.*]

*Enter, several ways, BASTARD, ALENÇON, REIGNIER
half ready and half unready.*

Alen. How now, my lords? what, all unready¹ so!

Bast. Unready? ay, and glad we 'scaped so well.

Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our
beds,

Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.

Alen. Of all exploits, since first I followed arms,
Never heard I of a warlike enterprise
More venturous, or desperate than this.

Bast. I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

Reig. If not of hell, the Heavens, sure, favor him.

Alen. Here cometh Charles; I marvel how he sped.

Enter CHARLES and LA PUCELLE.

Bast. Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his
friend?

At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping, or waking, must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?—
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fallen.

Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default;
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surprised.

¹ *Unready is undressed.*

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my lord.

Char. And for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,
I was employed in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinels.

Then how, or which way, should they first break in?

Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How, or which way; 'tis sure, they found some place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made;
And now there rests no other shift but this,—
To gather our soldiers, scattered and dispersed,
And lay new platforms¹ to endamage them.

Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, crying A Talbot!
A Talbot! *They fly, leaving their clothes behind.*

Sold. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. Orleans. *Within the Town.*

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, a Captain, and
others.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veiled the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

[*Retreat sounded.*

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury;
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.—
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.

¹ Plans, schemes.

And, that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happened in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interred ;
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engraved the sack of Orleans ;
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse, we met not with the dauphin's grace ;
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc ;
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, lord Talbot, when the fight
began,
Roused on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did amongst the troops of armed men,
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself (as far as I could well discern,
For smoke and dusky vapors of the night)
Am sure I scared the dauphin, and his trull ;
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords ! Which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France ?

Tal. Here is the Talbot ; who would speak with
him ?

Mess. The virtuous lady, countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, good lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies ;¹
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

¹ i. e. where she dwells.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful, comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encountered with.—
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for, when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness overruled.—
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks;
And in submission will attend on her.—
Will not your honors bear me company?

Bed. No, truly; it is more than manners will;
And I have heard it said,—unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal. Well, then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*—You perceive my
mind.

Capt. I do, my lord; and mean accordingly.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Auvergne. Court of the Castle.

Enter the Countess and her Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And, when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Count. The plot is laid; if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian Thomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumor of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account.
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure¹ of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and TALBOT.

Mess. Madam,
According as your ladyship desired,
By message craved, so is lord Talbot come.

¹ i. e. judgment, opinion.

Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much feared abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false;
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf.
It cannot be, this weak and writhled¹ shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you;
But, since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now?—Go ask him, whither
he goes.

Mess. Stay, my lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her, Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter, with keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner

Tal. Prisoner! to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
And for that cause I trained thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs;
But now the substance shall endure the like;
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny, these many years,
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!

Count. Laughest thou, wretch? Thy mirth shall
turn to moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond,

¹ *Writhled for wrinkled.*

To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow,
Whereon to practise your severity.

Count. Why, art not thou the man?

Tal. I am indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself.
You are deceived; my substance is not here;
For what you see, is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity.
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious, lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

Count. This is a riddling merchant¹ for the nonce;
He will be here, and yet he is not here.
How can these contrarieties agree?

Tal. That will I show you presently.

*He winds a horn. Drums heard; then a peal of ord-
nance. The gates being forced, enter Soldiers.*

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded,
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks;
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse;
I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gathered by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry, that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismayed, fair lady; nor misconstrue
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done hath not offended me;
No other satisfaction do I crave,
But only (with your patience) that we may

¹ The term *merchant* seems anciently to have been used on these familiar occasions in contradistinction to *gentleman*.

Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have ;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart ; and think me honored
To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. London. *The Temple Garden.*

*Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and WARWICK ;
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, and another
Lawyer.*¹

Plan. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means this
silence ?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth ?

Suff. Within the Temple hall we were too loud.
The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once, if I maintained the truth ;
Or, else, was wrangling Somerset in the error ?

Suff. 'Faith, I have been a truant in the law ;
And never yet could frame my will to it ;
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then be-
tween us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher
pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment ;
But in these nice, sharp quilllets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance.
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparelled,

¹ We should read *a lawyer*. This lawyer was probably Roger Nevyle, who was afterwards hanged. See W. Wyrcester, p. 478.

So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-tied, and so loath to
speak,

In dumb significants¹ proclaim your thoughts :

Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honor of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colors ;² and, without all color
Of base, insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

Suff. I pluck this red rose, with young Somerset ;
And say withal, I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen ; and pluck no more,
Till you conclude—that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropped from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good master Vernon, it is well objected ;
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plan. And I.

Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off ;
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so against your will.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on. Who else ?

Law. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held, was wrong in you ;

[*To SOMERSET.*

In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.

¹ *Signs or tokens.*

² *Colors* is here used ambiguously for *tints* and *deceits*.

Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

Som. Here, in my scabbard; meditating that,
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.

Plan. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our
roses;

For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet,

'Tis not for fear; but anger,—that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our roses;
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his
truth;

Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding
roses,

That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy faction,¹ peevish boy.

Suff. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

Plan. Proud Poole, I will; and scorn both him and
thee.

Suff. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good William De-la-Poole!
We grace the yeoman, by conversing with him.

War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Som-
erset!

His grandfather was Lionel, duke of Clarence,²
Third son to the third Edward, king of England;
Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?

¹ Theobald altered *fashion*, which is the reading of the old copy, to *faction*. Warburton contends that "by *fashion* is meant the badge of the red rose."

² The Poet mistakes. Plantagenet's paternal grandfather was Edmund of Langley, duke of York. His maternal grandfather was Roger Mortimer, earl of March, who was the son of Philippa, the daughter of Lionel, duke of Clarence. The duke, therefore, was his maternal great great grandfather.

Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,¹
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom.

Was not thy father, Richard, earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king's day?

And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt² from ancient gentry?

His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;

And, till thou be restored, thou art a yeoman.

Plan. My father was attached, not attainted;

Condemned to die for treason, but no traitor;

And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,

Were growing time once ripened to my will.

For your partaker³ Poole, and you yourself,

I'll note you in my book of memory,

To scourge you for this apprehension.

Look to it well; and say you are well warned.

Som. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still;

And know us, by these colors, for thy foes;

For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.

Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,

As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,

Will I forever, and my faction, wear;

Until it wither with me to my grave,

Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suff. Go forward, and be choked with thy ambition!

And so farewell, until I meet thee next. [Exit.

Som. Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambitious

Richard. [Exit.

Plan. How I am braved, and must perforce endure it!

War. This blot, that they object against your house,

¹ It does not appear that the *Temple* had any privilege of sanctuary at this time, being then, as now, the residence of law students. The author might imagine it to have derived some such privilege from the knights templars, or knights hospitallers, both religious orders, its former inhabitants.

² *Exempt* for *excluded*.

³ *Partaker*, in ancient language, signifies one who *takes part* with another; an *accomplice*, a *confederate*.

Shall be wiped out in the next parliament,
 Called for the truce of Winchester and Gloster;
 And, if thou be not then created York,
 I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
 Mean time, in signal of my love to thee,
 Against proud Somerset, and William Poole,
 Will I upon thy party wear this rose.
 And here I prophesy,—This brawl to-day,
 Grown to this faction, in the Temple garden,
 Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
 A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plan. Good master Vernon, I am bound to you,
 That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.

Law. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.
 Come, let us four to dinner. I dare say,
 This quarrel will drink blood another day. [Exeunt

SCENE V. *The same. A Room in the Tower.*

Enter MORTIMER,¹ brought in a chair by two Keepers.

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak, decaying age,
 Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.—
 Even like a man new haled from the rack,
 So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;
 And these gray locks, the pursuivants of death,
 Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,
 Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
 These eyes—like lamps whose wasting oil is spent—
 Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent;²
 Weak shoulders, overborne with burdening grief,
 And pithless arms, like to a withered vine

¹ This is at variance with the strict truth of history. Edmund Mortimer, who was trusted and employed by Henry V. throughout his reign, died of the plague in his own castle at Trim, in Ireland, in 1424–5; being then only thirty-two years old.

² *Exigent* is here used for *end*.

That droops his sapless branches to the ground ;—
Yet are these feet—whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay—
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.—
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come ?

1 *Keep.* Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come :
We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber ;
And answer was returned that he will come.

Mor. Enough ; my soul shall then be satisfied.—
Poor gentleman ! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
(Before whose glory I was great in arms,)
This loathsome sequestration have I had ;
And even since then hath Richard been obscured,
Deprived of honor and inheritance :
But now, the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence :
I would his troubles likewise were expired,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

1 *Keep.* My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend ? Is he come ?

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly used,
Your nephew, late-despised Richard, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp.
O, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.—
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why didst thou say—of late thou wert despised ?

Plan. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm ;
And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease.¹
This day, in argument upon a case,

¹ *Disease* for *uneasiness, trouble, or grief*. It is used in this sense by other ancient writers.

Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me ;
Among which terms he used his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death ;
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him :
Therefore, good uncle,—for my father's sake,
In honor of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance' sake,—declare the cause
My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprisoned me
And hath detained me, all my flowering youth,
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his decease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.

Mor. I will ; if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,
Deposed his nephew¹ Richard ; Edward's son,
The first-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent ;
During whose reign, the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavored my advancement to the throne :
The reason moved these warlike lords to this,
Was—for that (young king Richard thus removed,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body)
I was the next by birth and parentage ;
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son
To king Edward the Third, whereas he
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.
But mark ; as, in this haughty, great attempt,
They labored to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth—

¹ *Nephew* has sometimes the power of the Latin *nepos*, signifying grandchild, and is used with great laxity among our ancient English writers. It is here used instead of *cousin*.

Succeeding his father Bolingbroke—did reign,
 Thy father, earl of Cambridge,—then derived
 From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York,—
 Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,
 Again, in pity of my hard distress,
 Levied an army; weening¹ to redeem,
 And have installed me in the diadem;
 But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
 And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
 In whom the title rested, were suppressed.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honor is the last.

Mor. True; and thou seest that I no issue have;
 And that my fainting words do warrant death:
 Thou art my heir; the rest, I wish thee gather:²
 But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me;
 But yet, methinks, my father's execution
 Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic;
 Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
 And, like a mountain, not to be removed.
 But now thy uncle is removing hence;
 As princes do their courts, when they are cloyed
 With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O, uncle, 'would some part of my young
 years
 Might but redeem the passage of your age!

Mor. Thou dost then wrong me; as the slaughterer
 doth,
 Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill.
 Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
 Only, give order for my funeral;
 And so farewell; and fair be all thy hopes!
 And prosperous be thy life, in peace and war! [*Dies.*]

Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!

¹ i. e. *thinking*. This is another falsification of history. Cambridge levied no army; but was apprehended at Southampton, the night before Henry sailed from that town for France, on the information of this very earl of March.

² i. e. I acknowledge thee to be my heir; the consequences which may be collected from thence, I recommend it thee to draw.

In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
 And like a hermit overpassed thy days.—
 Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
 And what I do imagine, let that rest.—
 Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself
 Will see his burial better than his life.—

[*Exeunt* Keepers, *bearing out* MORTIMER.]

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
 Choked with ambition of the meaner sort:¹
 And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
 Which Somerset hath offered to my house,
 I doubt not, but with honor to redress:
 And therefore haste I to the parliament;
 Either to be restored to my blood,
 Or make my ill the advantage of my good. [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. The Parliament House.²*
Flourish.

Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, GLOSTER, WARWICK,
 SOMERSET, and SUFFOLK; *the* Bishop of Winches-
 ter, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, and *others*. GLOSTER
*offers to put up a bill:*³ Winchester *snatches it and*
tears it.

Win. Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,
 With written pamphlets studiously devised,

¹ i. e. oppressed by those whose right to the crown was not so good as his own; or, according to Warburton, becoming the instrument of others in their rebellious intrigues, rather than asserting his own claims.

² This parliament was held in 1426 at Leicester, though here represented to have been held in London. King Henry was now in the fifth year of his age. In the first parliament, which was held at London shortly after his father's death, his mother, queen Katharine, brought the young king from Windsor to the metropolis, and sat on the throne with the infant in her lap.

³ i. e. articles of accusation.

Humphrey of Gloster? If thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glo. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my
patience,
Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonored me.
Think not, although in writing I preferred
The manner of thy vile, outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forged, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissensious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer;
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession and degree;
And for thy treachery, what's more manifest?
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at London bridge, as at the tower?
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloster, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
As he will have me, how am I so poor?
Or how haps it, I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And for dissension, who preferreth peace
More than I do,—except I be provoked?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that, that hath incensed the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he;
No one, but he, should be about the king;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know, I am as good——

Glo. As good?

Thou bastard of my grandfather! —¹

Win. Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?

Glo. Am I not the protector, saucy priest?

Win. And am I not a prelate of the church?

Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unreverent Gloster!

Glo. Thou art reverent
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

Win. This Rome shall remedy.

War. Roam thither then

Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

War. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

Som. Methinks my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.

War. Methinks his lordship should be humbler;
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy state is touched so near.

War. State holy, or unhallowed, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king?

Plan. Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue;
Lest it be said, *Speak, sirrah, when you should;*

Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?

Else would I have a fling at Winchester. [Aside

K. Hen. Uncles of Gloster, and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal,
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.

O, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye, should jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil dissension is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.—

[A noise within; Down with the tawny coats
What tumult's this?

¹ The bishop of Winchester was an illegitimate son of John of Gaunt duke of Lancaster, by Katharine Swynford, whom the duke afterward married.

War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.
[*A noise again*; Stones! stones!

Enter the Mayor of London, attended.

May. O, my good lords,—and virtuous Henry,—
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The bishop and the duke of Gloster's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have filled their pockets full of pebble-stones;
And, banding themselves in contrary parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,
That many have their giddy brains knocked out:
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we, for fear, compelled to shut our shops.

*Enter, skirmishing, the Retainers of GLOSTER and
WINCHESTER, with bloody pates.*

K. Hen. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
To hold your slaughtering hands, and keep the peace
Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.

1 Serv. Nay, if we be
Forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.

2 Serv. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.

[*Skirmish again.*

Glo. You of my household, leave this peevish broil,
And set this unaccustomed fight aside.

3 Serv. My lord, we know your grace to be a man
Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none but his majesty;
And ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,¹
We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughtered by thy foes.

1 Serv. Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field, when we are dead.

[*Skirmish again.*

¹ i. e. a bookish person, a pedant, applied in contempt to a scholar.

Glo. Stay, stay, I
And, if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear a while.

K. Hen. O, how this discord doth afflict my sou
Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. My lord protector, yield ;—yield, Winche
Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,
To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief, and what murder too,
Hath been enacted through your enmity ;
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glo. Compassion on the king commands me st
Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath banished moody, discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear.
Why look you still so stern and tragical?

Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

K. Hen. Fie, uncle Beaufort ! I have heard
preach,
That malice was a great and grievous sin ;
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same ?

War. Sweet king !—the bishop hath a kindly g
For shame, my lord of Winchester ! relent.
What, shall a child instruct you what to do ?

Win. Well, duke of Gloster, I will yield to the
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

Glo. Ay ; but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.-
See here, my friends, and loving countrymen ;
This token serveth for a flag of truce,

¹ A kindly *gird* is a kind or gentle *reproof*. Others suppose the
to mean "some yearnings of kindness."

Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers.

So help me God, as I dissemble not!

Win. So help me God, as I intend it not! [*Aside.*

K. Hen. O, loving uncle, kind duke of Gloster,
How joyful am I made by this contract!—

Away, my masters! trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

1 *Serv.* Content; I'll to the surgeon's.

2 *Serv.* And so will I.

3 *Serv.* And I will see what physic the tavern
affords. [*Exeunt Servants, Mayor, &c.*

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign;
Which, in the right of Richard Plantagenet,
We do exhibit to your majesty.

Glo. Well urged, my lord of Warwick;—for, sweet
prince,

And if your grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right;
Especially, for those occasions
At Eltham-place I told your majesty.

K. Hen. And those occasions, uncle, were of force;
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,
That Richard be restored to his blood.

War. Let Richard be restored to his blood;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompensed.

Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

K. Hen. If Richard will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience,
And humble service, till the point of death.

K. Hen. Stoop then, and set your knee against my
foot;

And, in reguerdon of that duty done,
I girt thee with the valiant sword of York.

Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet;
And rise created princely duke of York.

Plan. And so thrive Richard, as thy foes may fall!

And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty!

All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of
York!

Som. Perish, base prince, ignoble duke of York!

[*Aside.*

Glo. Now will it best avail your majesty,
To cross the seas, and to be crowned in France.
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends;
As it disanimates his enemies.

K. Hen. When Gloster says the word, king Henry
goes;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.

[*Exeunt all but EXETER.*

Exe. Ay, we may march in England, or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue.

This late dissension, grown betwixt the peers,
Burns under feigned ashes of forged love,
And will at last break out into a flame;
As festered members rot but by degrees,
Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.

And now I fear that fatal prophecy,
Which in the time of Henry, named the Fifth,
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—

That Henry, born at Monmouth, should win all;
And Henry, born at Windsor, should lose all:

Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish

His days may finish ere that hapless time.

[*Exit.*¹

¹ The duke of Exeter died shortly after the meeting of this parliament, and the earl of Warwick was appointed governor or tutor to the king in his room.

SCENE II. France. *Before Rouen.*

Enter LA PUCELLE disguised, and Soldiers dressed like Countrymen, with sacks upon their backs.

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,
Through which our policy must make a breach.
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men,
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance, (as, I hope, we shall,)
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the dauphin may encounter them.

1 Sold. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,
And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;
Therefore we'll knock. *[Knocks.*

Guard. *[Within.] Qui est la?*

Puc. *Paisans, pauvres gens de France.*
Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.

Guard. Enter, go in; the market-bell is rung.

[Opens the gate.

Puc. Now, Rouen,¹ I'll shake thy bulwarks to the
ground. *[PUCELLE, &c. enter the city.*

Enter CHARLES, Bastard of Orleans, ALENÇON and Forces.

Char. Saint Dennis bless this happy stratagem!
And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.

Bast. Here entered Pucelle, and her practisants;²
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in?

Alen. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;
Which, once discerned, shows, that her meaning is,—
No way to that,³ for weakness, which she entered.

¹ *Rouen* was anciently written and pronounced *Roan*.

² *Practice*, in the language of the time, was treachery, or insidious stratagem. *Practisants* are therefore confederates in treachery.

³ i. e. no way like or compared to that.

Enter LA PUCELLE on a battlement; holding out a torch, burning.

Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch,
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen,
But burning fatal to the Talbotites.

Bast. See, noble Charles! the beacon of our friend,
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

Alen. Defer no time; delays have dangerous ends;
Enter, and cry—*The dauphin!*—presently,
And then do execution on the watch. [*They enter.*

Alarums. Enter TALBOT, and certain English.

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy
tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.—
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escaped the pride¹ of France.
[*Exeunt to the town.*

Alarum: Excursions. Enter, from the town, BEDFORD, brought in sick in a chair, with TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and the English Forces. Then enter, on the walls, LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, Bastard, ALENÇON, and others.

Puc. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for
bread?
I think the duke of Burgundy will fast,
Before he'll buy again at such a rate.
'Twas full of darnel.² Do you like the taste?

¹ *Pride* signifies *haughty power*.

² "*Darnel* (says Gerarde, in his Herbal) *hurteth the eyes, and maketh them dim*, if it happen either in corne for breade, or drinke." La Pucelle means to intimate that the corn she carried with her had produced the same effect on the guards of Rouen.

Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless courtesan !
I trust, ere long, to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

Char. Your grace may starve, perhaps, before that
time.

Bed. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this
treason !

Puc. What will you do, good gray-beard ? Break a
lance,
And run a tilt at death within a chair ?

Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,
Encompassed with thy lustful paramours !
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead ?
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Puc. Are you so hot, sir ?—Yet, Pucelle, hold thy
peace ;
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.—

[*TALBOT and the rest consult together.*
God speed the parliament ! Who shall be the speaker ?

Tal. Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field ?

Puc. Belike your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours, or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest.
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out ?

Alen. Seignior, no.

Tal. Seignior, hang !—Base muleteers of France !
Like peasant footboys do they keep the walls ;
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Puc. Captains, away : let's get us from the walls ;
For Talbot means no goodness, by his looks.—
God be wi' you, my lord ! we came, sir, but to tell you
That we are here.

[*Exeunt LA PUCELLE, &c. from the walls.*

Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame !—
Vow, Burgundy, by honor of thy house,
(Pricked on by public wrongs, sustained in France,)

Either to get the town again, or die.
 And I,—as sure as English Henry lives,
 And as his father here was conqueror ;
 As sure as in this late-betrayed town
 Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried ;
 So sure I swear, to get the town, or die.

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
 The valiant duke of Bedford.—Come, my lord,
 We will bestow you in some better place,
 Fitter for sickness, and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonor me.
 Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen,
 And will be partner of your weal, or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence ; for once I read,
 That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick,¹
 Came to the field, and vanquished his foes.
 Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
 Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast !—
 Then be it so ;—Heavens keep old Bedford safe !—
 And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
 But gather we our forces out of hand,
 And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt* BURGUNDY, TALBOT, and Forces,
 leaving BEDFORD, and others.]

Alarums : Excursions. Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE
and a Captain.

Cap. Whither away, sir John Fastolfe, in such haste !

Fast. Whither away ? to save myself by flight ;
 We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What ! will you fly, and leave lord Talbot ?

Fast. Ay,
 All the Talbots in the world to save my life. [Exit

¹ This is from Harding's Chronicle, who gives a like account of Uther Pendragon.

Cap. Cowardly knight ! Ill fortune follow thee.

[*Exit.*

Retreat : Excursions. Enter, from the town, LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON, CHARLES, &c., and exeunt, flying.

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when Heaven please ;
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.

What is the trust or strength of foolish man ?

They, that of late were daring with their scoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[*Dies, and is carried off in his chair.*¹

Alarum : Enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and others.

Tal. Lost, and recovered in a day again !

This is a double honor, Burgundy.

Yet, Heavens have glory for this victory !

Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart ; and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as valor's monument.

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle
now ?

I think her old familiar is asleep.

Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his
gleeks ?²

What, all amort ?³ Rouen hangs her head for grief,
That such a valiant company are fled.

Now will we take some order in the town,

Placing therein some expert officers ;

And then depart to Paris, to the king ;

For there young Harry, with his nobles, lies.

Bur. What wills lord Talbot, pleaseth Burgundy.

Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble duke of Bedford, late deceased,
But see his exequies fulfilled in Rouen.

¹ The duke of Bedford died at *Rouen* in September, 1435, but not in any action before that town.

² Scoffs.

³ i. e. cast down, or dispirited.

A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court :
But kings and mightiest potentates must die ;
For that's the end of human misery. [Exeunt

SCENE III. *The same. The Plains near the City*

*Enter CHARLES, the Bastard, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE
and Forces.*

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered ;
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a peacock sweep along his tail ;
We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,
If dauphin, and the rest, will be but ruled.

Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence ;
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee revered like a blessed saint ;
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Puc. Then thus it must be ; this doth Joan devise :
By fair persuasions, mixed with sugared words,
We will entice the duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.

Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors ;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.

Alen. Forever should they be expelled from France,
And not have title to an earldom here.

Puc. Your honors shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end.

[Drums heard]

Hark! by the sound of drum, you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

An English March. Enter, and pass over at a distance, TALBOT and his Forces.

There goes the Talbot with his colors spread;
And all the troops of English after him.

A French March. Enter the DUKE of BURGUNDY and Forces.

Now, in the rearward, comes the duke, and his;
Fortune, in favor, makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley; we will talk with him.

[*A parley sounded.*

Char. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.

Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

Bur. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.

Char. Speak, Pucelle; and enchant him with thy words.

Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Bur. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defaced
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!
As looks the mother on her lowly babe,
When death doth close his tender, dying eyes,
See, see, the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast!
O, turn thy edged sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help!
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore:
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots!

Bur. Either she hath bewitched me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaims on
thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny
Who join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation,
That will not trust thee, but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashioned thee that instrument of ill,
Who then but English Henry will be lord,
And thou be thrust out, like a fugitive?
Call we to mind,—and mark but this, for proof;—
Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was he not in England prisoner?
But, when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free,¹ without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy, and all his friends.
See then! thou fight'st against thy countrymen,
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, return; return, thou wandering lord;
Charles, and the rest, will take thee in their arms.

Bur. I am vanquished: these haughty words of hers
Have battered me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.—
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!
And, lords, accept this hearty, kind embrace:
My forces and my power of men are yours,
So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

Puc. Done like a Frenchman, turn, and turn again!

Char. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes
us fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely played her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers;
And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ Another mistake. The duke was not liberated till after Burgundy's decline to the French interest; which did not happen, by the way, till some years after the execution of La Pucelle; nor was that during the regency of York, but of Bedford.

SCENE IV. Paris. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, *and other* Lords, VERNON, BASSET, &c. *To them* TALBOT, *and some of his* Officers.

Tal. My gracious prince,—and honorable peers,—
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have a while given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign ;
In sign whereof, this arm—that hath reclaimed
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem—
Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet ;
And, with submissive loyalty of heart,
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your grace.

K. Hen. Is this the lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,¹
That hath so long been resident in France ?

Glo. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

K. Hen. Welcome, brave captain, and victorious lord !
When I was young, (as yet I am not old,)
I do remember how my father said,²
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithful service, and your toil in war ;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdoned with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face.
Therefore, stand up ; and, for these good deserts,
We here create you earl of Shrewsbury ;
And in our coronation take your place.

[*Exeunt* KING HENRY, GLOSTER, TALBOT,
and Nobles.

¹ Hammer supplied the apparent deficiency in this line, by reading:—

“Is this the *famed* lord Talbot,” &c.

² Malone remarks that “Henry was but nine months old when his father died.”

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colors¹ that I wear
In honor of my noble lord of York,—
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord the duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honor as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that.

[*Strikes him*

Bas. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such
That whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death;²
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
When thou shalt see, I'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you;
And, after, meet you sooner than you would. [*Exeunt*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same. A Room of State.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, EXETER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, WARWICK, TALBOT
the Governor of Paris, and others.

Glo. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Win. God save king Henry, of that name the
Sixth!

Glo. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,
[*Governor kneels*

¹ i. e. the badge of a rose.

² By the ancient law, before the conquest, *fighting in the king's palace*
or before the king's judges, was *punished with death*.

That you elect no other king but him ;
Esteem none friends, but such as are his friends ;
And none your foes, but such as shall pretend¹
Malicious practices against his state :
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God !
[*Exeunt Gov. and his Train.*

Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was delivered to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and thee !
I vowed, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg,
[*Plucking it off*

(Which I have done,) because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree.—
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest :
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,²
When but in all I was six thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,—
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire, did run away ;
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men ;
Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,
Were there surprised and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss ;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no.

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,

¹ To *pretend* is to *intend*, to *design*.

² The old copy has *Poictiers* instead of *Patay*. The battle of Poictiers was fought in 1357, the 31st of king Edward III., and the scene now lies in the 7th of king Henry VI. viz. 1428. The action happened (according to Holinshed) "neere unto a village in Beausse, called *Pataie*.—From this battel departed, without any stroke stricken, sir John Fastolfe, the same yeere by his valiantnese elected into the order of the garter. But for doubt of misdealing at this brunt, the duke of Bedford tooke from him the image of St. George and his garter," &c.

And ill beseeming any common man ;
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordained, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth ;
Valiant, and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars ;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.
He then, that is not furnished in this sort,
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honorable order ;
And should (if I were worthy to be judge)
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. Hen. Stain to thy countrymen ! thou hear'st thy
doom.

Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight ;
Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.—

[*Exit FASTOLFE*]

And now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his grace, that he hath changed
his style ? [Viewing the superscription]

No more but, plain and bluntly,—*To the King ?*

Hath he forgot he is his sovereign ?

Or doth this churlish superscription

Pretend some alteration in good will ?

What's here ?—*I have upon especial cause,—* [Reads]

Moved with compassion of my country's wreck,

Together with the pitiful complaints

Of such as your oppression feeds upon,—

Forsaken your pernicious faction,

And joined with Charles, the rightful king of France

O monstrous treachery ! Can this be so ?

That in alliance, amity, and oaths,

There should be found such false, dissembling guile ?

K. Hen. What ! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt ?

Glo. He doth, my lord ; and is become your foe.

K. Hen. Is that the worst this letter doth contain ?

Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

K. Hen. Why, then, lord Talbot there shall talk
with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse :—
My lord, how say you? are you not content?

Tal. Content, my liege? Yes; but that I am
prevented,¹
I should have begged I might have been employed.

K. Hen. Then gather strength, and march unto
him straight :
Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason ;
And what offence it is to flout his friends.

Tal. I go, my lord ; in heart desiring still,
You may behold confusion of your foes. [Exit.

Enter VERNON and BASSET.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign !

Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too !

York. This is my servant ; hear him, noble prince !

Som. And this is mine ; sweet Henry, favor him !

K. Hen. Be patient, lords ; and give them leave to
speak.—

Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim ?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

Ver. With him, my lord ; for he hath done me wrong.

Bas. And I with him ; for he hath done me wrong.

K. Hen. What is that wrong whereof you both com-
plain ?

First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

Bas. Crossing the sea, from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious, carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear ;
Saying—the sanguine color of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn² the truth,
About a certain question in the law,
Argued betwixt the duke of York and him ;

¹ *Prevented* is anticipated.

² To *repugn* is to resist ; from the Latin *repugno*.

With other vile and ignominious terms ;
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord ;
For though he seem, with forged, quaint conceit,
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provoked by him ;
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing—that the paleness of this flower
Bewrayed the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left ?

Som. Your private grudge, my lord of York, wil
out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

K. Hen. Good Lord ! what madness rules in brain
sick men ;

When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,
Such factious emulations shall arise !—
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissension first be tried by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone ;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge ; accept it, Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bas. Confirm it so, mine honorable lord.

Glo. Confirm it so ? Confounded be your strife !
And perish ye, with your audacious prate !
Presumptuous vassals ! are you not ashamed,
With this immodest, clamorous outrage,
To trouble and disturb the king and us ?
And you, my lords,—methinks you do not well,
To bear with their perverse objections ;
Much less to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves.
Let me persuade you take a better course.

Exe. It grieves his highness ;—Good my lords, b
friends.

K. Hen. Come hither, you that would be combatants.

Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favor,
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.—
And you, my lords,—remember where we are ;
In France, amongst a fickle, wavering nation.
If they perceive dissension in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provoked
To wilful disobedience, and rebel !
Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified,
That, for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers, and chief nobility,
Destroyed themselves, and lost the realm of France !
O, think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years ; and let us not forego
That, for a trifle, that was bought with blood !
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
I see no reason, if I wear this rose,

[Putting on a red rose.

That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset than York.
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both ;
As well may they upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crowned.
But your discretions better can persuade,
Than I am able to instruct or teach ;
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.—
Cousin of York, we institute your grace
To be our regent in these parts of France ;
And good my lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot ;—
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together, and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest,
After some respite, will return to Calais ;

From thence to England ; where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.

[*Flourish. Exeunt* K. HEN., GLO., SOM.,
WIN., SUF., *and* BASSET.

War. My lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did ; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush ! that was but his fancy ; blame him not :
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

York. And if I wist he did,¹—But let it rest ;
Other affairs must now be managed.

[*Exeunt* YORK, WARWICK, *and* VERNON.

Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice :
For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear we should have seen deciphered there
More rancorous spite, more furious, raging broils,
Than yet can be imagined or supposed.
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This shouldering of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favorites,
But that it doth presage some ill event.
Tis much, when sceptres are in children's hands ;
But more, when envy² breeds unkind³ divisions.
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion. [*Exit*

SCENE II. France. Before Bordeaux.

Enter TALBOT, *with his Forces.*

Tal. Go to the gates of Bordeaux, trumpeter,
Summon their general unto the wall.

¹ The old copy reads, "And if I *wish* he did ;" an evident typographical error. Some modern editions read, "And, if I *wist*, he did."

² *Envy*, in old English writers, frequently means *malice*, *enmity*.

³ *Unkind* is unnatural.

Trumpet sounds a parley. Enter, on the walls, the General of the French Forces, and others.

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry king of England.
And thus he would,—Open your city gates;
Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects,
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power;
But, if you frown upon this proffered peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of our love.¹

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter, but by death;
For, I protest, we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight.
If thou retire, the dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee.
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitched,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing, valiant man,
Of an invincible, unconquered spirit.
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I, thy enemy, due² thee withal;
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,

¹ The old editions read "*their* love." Sir Thomas Hanmer altered it to "*our* love."

² *Due* for *endue*, or giving due and merited praise.

Finish the process of his sandy hour,
 These eyes, that see thee now well colored,
 Shall see thee withered, bloody, pale, and dead.

● [*Drum afar off.*

Hark! hark! the dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
 Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;
 And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[*Exeunt General, &c. from the walls.*

Tal He fables not; I hear the enemy;—
 Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.—
 O, negligent and heedless discipline!
 How are we parked, and bounded in a pale;
 A little herd of England's timorous deer,
 Mazed with a yelping kennel of French curs!
 If we be English deer, be then in blood;¹
 Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch;
 But rather moody-mad, and desperate stags,
 Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
 And make the cowards stand aloof at bay.
 Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
 And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.—
 God, and saint George! Talbot, and England's right!
 Prosper our colors in this dangerous fight! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Plains in Gascony.*

Enter YORK, with Forces; to him a Messenger.

York. Are not the speedy scouts returned again,
 That dogged the mighty army of the dauphin?

Mess. They are returned, my lord; and give it out,
 That he is marched to Bordeaux with his power,
 To fight with Talbot. As he marched along,
 By your espials were discovered,
 Two mightier troops than that the dauphin led;

¹ In *blood* is a term of the forest; a deer was said to be *in blood* when in vigor or in good condition, and full of courage; here put in opposition to *rascal*, which was the term for the same animal when lean and out of condition.

Which joined with him, and made their march for Bordeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset;
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid;
And I am louted¹ by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier.
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot;
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemmed about with grim destruction.
To Bordeaux, warlike duke! to Bordeaux, York!
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honor.

York. O God! that Somerset—who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets—were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succor to the distressed lord!

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word;
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's
soul!

And on his son, young John; whom, two hours since,
I met in travel toward his warlike father!
This seven years did not Talbot see his son;
And now they meet where both their lives are done.

¹ The meaning of this word here is evidently *loitered, retarded*; and the following quotation from Cotgrave will show that this was sometimes the sense of *to lout*:—"Loricarder, to luske, *lout*, or lubber it; *to loyter about like a master-less man.*"

York. Alas! what joys shall noble Talbot have,
 To bid his young son welcome to his grave!
 Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
 That sundered friends greet in the hour of death.—
 Lucy, farewell! no more my fortune can,
 But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.—
 Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours, are won away,
 'Long all of Somerset, and his delay. [Exit.

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition
 Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
 Sleeping neglect doth betray to loss
 The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,
 That ever-living man of memory,
 Henry the Fifth.—Whiles they each other cross,
 Lives, honors, lands, and all, hurry to loss. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *Other Plains of Gascony.*

Enter SOMERSET, with his Forces; an Officer of TALBOT'S with him.

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now:
 This expedition was by York, and Talbot,
 Too rashly plotted; all our general force
 Might with a sally of the very town
 Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot
 Hath sullied all his gloss of former honor,
 By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:
 York set him on to fight, and die in shame,
 That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Off. Here is sir William Lucy, who with me
 Set from our o'ermatched forces forth for aid.

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

Som. How now, sir William? whither were you sent?

Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold lord
 Talbot;¹

¹ This expression seems to have been proverbial; intimating that foul play had been used.

Who, ringed about¹ with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions.
And whiles the honorable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage lingering,² looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honor,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succors that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned, noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds.
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, and Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on; York should have sent
him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;
Swearing that you withhold his levied host,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies; he might have sent and had the
horse.

I owe him little duty, and less love;
And take foul scorn, to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of
France,

Hath now entrapped the noble-minded Talbot.
Never to England shall he bear his life;
But dies, betrayed to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will despatch the horsemen
straight;

Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue; he is ta'en, or slain;
For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in
you. [Exeunt.

¹ Encircled, environed.

² Protracting his resistance by the advantage of a strong post.

SCENE V. *The English Camp near Bordeaux*

Enter TALBOT and JOHN his Son

Tal. O young John Talbot ! I did send for thee
To tutor thee in stratagems of war ;
That Talbot's name might be in thee revived,
When sapless age, and weak, unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But,—O malignant and ill-boding stars !—
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoi^d¹ danger :
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse ;
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight : come, dally not ; begone.

John. Is my name Talbot ? and am I your son !
And shall I fly ? O, if you love my mother,
Dishonor not her honorable name,
To make a bastard, and a slave of me ;
The world will say—He is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He that flies so, will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then let me stay ; and, father, do you fly ;
Your loss is great ; so your regard² should be ;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast ;
In yours they will ; in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honor you have won ;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done :
You fled for vantage every one will swear ;
But, if I bow, they'll say—it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If, the first hour, I shrink, and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserved with infamy.

¹ *Unavoided* for unavoidable.

² Your care of your own safety.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing, I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be saved in thee.

John. No part of him, but will be shame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned name: shall flight abuse it?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.

If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here, to fight, and die? My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame? No more can I be severed from your side, Than can yourself yourself in twain divide; Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I; For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son, Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon. Come, side by side together live and die; And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *A Field of Battle.*

Alarum: Excursions, wherein TALBOT'S Son is hemmed about, and TALBOT rescues him.

Tal. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight:

The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his sword.

Where is John Talbot?—Pause, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life, and rescued thee from death.

John. O, twice my father ! twice am I thy son :
The life thou gav'st me first, was lost and done ;
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determined¹ time thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the dauphin's crest thy sword
struck fire,
It warmed thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-faced victory. Then leaden age,
Quickened with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans—that drew blood
From thee, my boy ; and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight—I soon encountered ;
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood ; and, in disgrace,
Bespoke him thus : *Contaminated, base,*
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor ; for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy :—
Here, purposing the bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care ;
Art thou not weary, John ? How dost thou fare ?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art sealed the son of chivalry ?
Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead ;
The help of one stands me in little stead.
O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age ;
By me they nothing gain, an if I stay ;
'Tis but the shortening of my life one day :
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame :
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay ;
All these are saved if thou wilt fly away.

¹ *Determined* here must signify *prescribed, limited, appointed.*

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart;
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart :
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
(To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,)
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse, that bears me, fall and die :
And like¹ me to the peasant boys of France ;
To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance !
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son :
Then talk no more of flight ; it is no boot ;
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
Thou Icarus ; thy life to me is sweet :
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side ;
And, commendable proved, let's die in pride. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Another part of the same.*

Alarum : Excursions. Enter TALBOT, wounded, supported by a Servant.

Tal. Where is my other life ?—mine own is gone ;—
O, where's young Talbot ?—where is valiant John ?—
Triumphant death, smeared with captivity !—
Young Talbot's valor makes me smile at thee :—
When he perceived me shrink, and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandished over me,
And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience ;
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tendering my ruin,² and assailed of none,
Dizzy-eyed fury, and great rage of heart,
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clustering battle of the French ;
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench

¹ i. e. compare me, reduce me to a level by comparison.

² "Watching me with tenderness in my fall."

His overmounting spirit; and there died
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of JOHN TALBOT.

Serv. O, my dear lord! lo, where your son is
borne!

Tal. Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to
scorn,

Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots, winged through the lither¹ sky,
In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.—
O thou, whose wounds become hard-favored death,
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath:
Brave death by speaking, whether he will, or no;
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.—
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks as who should say—
Had death been French, then death had died to-day.
Come come, and lay him in his father's arms;
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.

[*Dies*

*Alarums. Exeunt Soldiers and Servant, leaving the
two bodies.*

*Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, Bastard, L.
PUCELLE, and Forces.*

Char. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's raging
wood,²

Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!

Puc. Once I encountered him, and thus I said,
Thou maiden youth, be vanquished by a maid.

¹ *Lither* is flexible, pliant, yielding.

² *Wood* signified *furious* as well as mad; *raging-wood* is certainly here
furiously raging.

But—with a proud, majestic, high scorn—
 He answered thus ; *Young Talbot was not born
 To be the pillage of a giglot*¹ *wench* :
 So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
 He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless, he would have made a noble knight.

See, where he lies inhearsed in the arms
 Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

Bas. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder ;
 Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. O, no ; forbear ; for that which we have fled
 During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

*Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY, attended, a French Herald
 preceding.*

Lucy. Herald,
 Conduct me to the dauphin's tent ; to know²
 Who hath obtained the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art thou sent ?

Lucy. Submission, dauphin ? 'tis a mere French word ;

We English warriors wot not what it means.
 I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
 And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou ? hell our prison is.
 But tell me whom thou seek'st ?

Lucy. Where is the great Alcides of the field,
 Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury ?
 Created, for his rare success in arms,
 Great earl of Washford,³ Waterford, and Valence ;

¹ A *giglot* is a wanton wench. "A minx, gicle (or *giglet*), flirt, *callet*, or *gixie*," says Cotgrave.

² Lucy's message implied that he knew who had obtained the victory : therefore Hanmer reads :—

"Herald, conduct me to the dauphin's tent."

³ *Wexford*, in Ireland, was anciently called *Weysford*. In Crompton's *Mansion of Magnanimitie*, 1599, it is written, as here, *Washford*. This long list of titles is from the epitaph formerly existent on lord Talbot's tomb at Rouen. It is to be found in the work above cited, with one other, "lord Lovetoft of Worsop," which would not easily fall into the verse. It concludes as here, and adds, "who died in the battle of Burdeaux, 1453."

Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
 Lord Strange of Blackmere, lord Verdun of Alton
 Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord Furnival of Shel
 The thrice victorious lord of Falconbridge ;
 Knight of the noble order of Saint George,
 Worthy Saint Michael, and the Golden Fleece ;
 Great mareschal to Henry the Sixth,
 Of all his wars within the realm of France ?

Puc. Here is a silly, stately style indeed !
 The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
 Writes not so tedious a style as this.—
 Him, that thou magnifiest with all these titles,
 Stinking and flyblown, lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot slain ; the Frenchman's only sco
 Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis ?
 O were mine eyeballs into bullets turned,
 That I, in rage, might shoot them at your faces !
 O that I could but call these dead to life !
 It were enough to fright the realm of France.
 Were but his picture left among you here,
 It would amaze¹ the proudest of you all.
 Give me their bodies ; that I may bear them h
 And give them burial as beseems their worth.

Puc. I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
 He speaks with such a proud, commanding spirit.
 For God's sake, let him have 'em ; to keep them
 They would but stink, and putrefy the air.

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them he
 But from their ashes shall be reared²
 A phoenix that shall make all France afeard.

Char. So we be rid of them, do with 'em
 thou wilt.
 And now to Paris, in this conquering vein ;
 All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain. [*Ex*

¹ To *amaze* is to dismay, to throw into consternation.

² A word is wanting to complete the metre, which Hammer thus supplied:—

“But from their ashes, *dauphin*, shall be reared.”

ACT V.

SCENE I. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, *and* EXETER.

K. Hen. Have you perused the letters from the
pope,

The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac?

Glo. I have, my lord; and their intent is this,—
They humbly sue unto your excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Between the realms of England and of France.

K. Hen. How doth your grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And 'stablish quietness on every side.

K. Hen. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought,
It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glo. Beside, my lord,—the sooner to effect,
And surer bind, this knot of amity,—
The earl of Armagnac—near knit to Charles,
A man of great authority in France—
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

K. Hen. Marriage, uncle! alas! my years are
young;¹
And fitter is my study and my books,
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet, call the ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one;
I shall be well content with any choice,
Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

¹ The king was, however, twenty-four years old.

Enter a Legate, and Two Ambassadors, with WINCHESTER, in a cardinal's habit.

Exe. What! is my lord of Winchester installed,
And called unto a cardinal's degree!¹
Then, I perceive, that will be verified,
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,—
If once he come to be a cardinal,
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.

K. Hen. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
Have been considered and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable;
And, therefore, are we certainly resolved
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which, by my lord of Winchester, we mean
Shall be transported presently to France.

Glo. And for the proffer of my lord your master,—
I have informed his highness so at large,
As—liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty, and the value of her dower,—
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

K. Hen. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, [*To the Amb.*] pledge of my affection.
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to Dover; where, inshipped,
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt KING HENRY and Train; GLOSTER, EXETER, and Ambassadors.*]

Win. Stay, my lord legate; you shall first receive
The sum of money which I promised
Should be delivered to his holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

Win. Now, Winchester will not submit, I trow,

¹ The Poet has here forgot himself. In the first act Gloster says:—

“I'll canvas thee in thy broad cardinal's hat.”

And it is strange that Exeter should not know of his advancement. It appears that he would imply that Winchester obtained his hat only just before his present entry. He in fact obtained it in the fifth year of Henry's reign.

Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,
That, neither in birth, or for authority,
The bishop will be overborne by thee ;
I'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. France. *Plains in Anjou.*

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE,
and Forces, marching.

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits ;
'Tis said, the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike French.

Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us ;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces !

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices !

Char. What tidings send our scouts ? I pr'ythee speak.

Mess. The English army, that divided was
Into two parts, is now conjoined in one ;
And means to give you battle presently.

Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is ;
But we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there ;
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most accursed ;
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine ;
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

Char. Then on, my lords ; and France be fortunate !
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Before Angiers.**Alarums: Excursions. Enter LA PUCELLE.**Puc.* The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.—

Now help, ye charming spells, and periapts;¹
 And ye choice spirits that admonish me,
 And give me signs of future accidents!¹ [*Thunder.*
 You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
 Under the lordly monarch of the north,²
 Appear, and aid me in this enterprise!

Enter Fiends.

This speedy, quick appearance argues proof
 Of your accustomed diligence to me.
 Now, ye familiar spirits, that are culled
 Out of the powerful regions³ under earth,
 Help me this once, that France may get the field.
 [*They walk about, and speak not.*

O, hold me not with silence over-long!
 Where⁴ I was wont to feed you with my blood,
 I'll lop a member off, and give it you,
 In earnest of a further benefit;
 So you do condescend to help me now.—

[*They hang their heads.*
 No hope to have redress?—My body shall
 Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.

[*They shake their heads.*
 Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
 Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?

¹ *Periapts* were certain written charms worn about the person as preservatives from disease and danger.

² The monarch of the north was Zimmar, one of the four principal devils invoked by witches. The north was supposed to be the particular habitation of bad spirits. Milton assembles the rebel angels in the north.

³ Warburton thought that we should read *legions* here, the same mistake having occurred before in this play.

⁴ *Where* for *whereas*, a common substitution in old writers; *whereas* is also sometimes used for *where*.

Then take my soul ; my body, soul, and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.

[*They depart.*

See ! they forsake me. Now the time is come,
That France must vail ¹ her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with ;
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [*Exit.*

*Alarums. Enter French and English, fighting. LA
PUCELLE and YORK fight hand to hand. LA PU-
CELLE is taken. The French fly.*

York. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast ;
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.—
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace !
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.

Puc. Changed to a worser shape thou canst not be.

York. O, Charles the dauphin is a proper man ;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles, and
thee !

And may ye both be suddenly surprised
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds !

York. Fell, banning hag ! enchantress, hold thy
tongue.

Puc. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse a while.

York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the
stake. [*Exeunt.*

*Alarums. Enter SUFFOLK, leading in LADY MAR-
GARET.*

Suff. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
[*Gazes on her.*
fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly ;

¹ To *vail* is to lower.

For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
I kiss these fingers [*Kisses her hand.*] for eterna
peace :

Who art thou? say, that I may honor thee.

Mar. Margaret my name; and daughter to a king,
The king of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.

Suff. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I called.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me;
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go, and be free again as Suffolk's friend.

[*She turns away as going.*]

O, stay!—I have no power to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says—no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak;
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind:
Fie, De la Poole! disable not thyself;¹
Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.²

Mar. Say, earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be so,—
What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner.

Suff. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love? [*Aside.*]

Mar. Why speak'st thou not? What ransom must
I pay?

Suff. She's beautiful; and therefore to be wooed:
She is a woman; therefore to be won. [*Aside.*]

¹ "Do not represent thyself so weak." To *disable* was to dispraise, or *impeach*.

² The meaning of *rough* here is not very evident. Sir Thomas Hamner reads *crouch*.

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea, or no?

Suff. Fond man! remember, that thou hast a wife:
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour? [*Aside.*

Mar. I were best leave him, for he will not hear.

Suff. There all is marred; there lies a cooling card.¹

Mar. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.

Suff. And yet a dispensation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me

Suff. I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my king: Tush! that's a wooden thing.²

Mar. He talks of wood. It is some carpenter.

Suff. Yet so my fancy³ may be satisfied,
And peace established between these realms.

But there remains a scruple in that too;
For though her father be the king of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match. [*Aside.*

Mar. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure?

Suff. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.—
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

Mar. What though I be enthralled? He seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonor me. [*Aside.*

Suff. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescued by the French;
And then I need not crave his courtesy. [*Aside.*

Suff. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—

Mar. Tush; women have been captivate ere now.
[*Aside.*

Suff. Lady, wherefore talk you so?

Mar. I cry you mercy; 'tis but *quid* for *quo*.

Suff. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

Mar. To be a queen in bondage, is more vile,
Than is a slave in base servility;
For princes should be free.

¹ A *cooling card* was most probably a card so decisive as to cool the courage of the adversary. Metaphorically, something to damp or overwhelm the hopes of an expectant.

² i. e. an awkward business, an undertaking not likely to succeed.

³ i. e. love.

Suff. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.

Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

Suff. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen;
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my—

Mar. What?

Suff. His love.

Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

Suff. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam; are you so content?

Mar. An if my father please, I am content.

Suff. Then call our captains, and our colors, forth;
And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We'll crave a parley to confer with him.

[Troops come forward.]

A parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER, on the walls.

Suff. See, Reignier, see thy daughter prisoner.

Reig. To whom?

Suff. To me.

Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?

I am a soldier, and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

Suff. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord.
Consent (and for thy honor, give consent)
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;
Whom I with pain have wooed and won thereto.
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gained thy daughter princely liberty.

Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

Suff. Fair Margaret knows,
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face,¹ or feign.

¹ To *face* is to carry a false appearance, to play the hypocrite.

Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend,
To give thee answer of thy just demand.

[Exit from the walls.

Suff. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sounded. Enter REIGNIER, below.

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories.
Command in Anjou what your honor pleases.

Suff. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king.

What answer makes your grace unto my suit?

Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth,
To be the princely bride of such a lord,
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the county Maine, and Anjou,
Free from oppression, or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

Suff. That is her ransom, I deliver her;
And those two counties, I will undertake,
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I again,—in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

Suff. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffic of a king;
And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case. *[Aside.*

I'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemnized.
So, farewell, Reignier! Set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, king Henry, were he here.

Mar. Farewell, my lord! Good wishes, praise, and
prayers,
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. *[Going.*

Suff. Farewell, sweet madam! But hark you,
Margaret;
No princely commendation to my king?

Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin, and his servant, say to him.

Suff. Words sweetly placed and modestly directed.
But, madam, I must trouble you again—
No loving token to his majesty?

Mar. Yes, my good lord; a pure, unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suff. And this withal. [*Kisses her.*]

Mar. That for thyself.—I will not so presume,
To send such peevish¹ tokens to a king.

[*Exeunt* REIGNIER and MARGARET.]

Suff. O, wert thou for myself!—But, Suffolk, stay;
Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs, and ugly treasons, lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise;
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount;
Mad,² natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou mayst bereave him of his wits with wonder.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Camp of the Duke of York, in Anjou.*

Enter YORK, WARWICK, and others.

York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemned to
burn.

Enter LA PUCELLE, guarded, and a Shepherd.

Shep. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart out-
right!

Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless,³ cruel death?
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!

¹ i. e. *silly, foolish.*

² *Mad* has been shown by Steevens to have been occasionally used for *wild*, in which sense we must take it here.

³ *Timeless* is *untimely.*



Puc. Decrepit miser!¹ base, ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood;
Thou art no father, nor no friend of mine.

Shep. Out, out!—My lords, an please you, it is
not so;

I did beget her, all the parish knows.
Her mother liveth yet, can testify,
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath been;
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fie, Joan! that thou wilt be so obstacle!²
God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh;
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear.
Deny me not, I pr'ythee, gentle Joan.

Puc. Peasant, avaunt!—You have suborned this
man,

Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would the milk
Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?
O, burn her, burn her; hanging is too good. [*Exit.*]

York. Take her away, for she hath lived too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have con-
demned.

Not one begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issued from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,

¹ *Miser*, in this passage, simply means a miserable creature.

² This vulgar corruption of *obstinate* has oddly lasted till now, says Johnson.

To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits ;
But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,
Stained with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
No, misconceived !¹ Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought ;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effused,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay ;—away with her to execution.

War. And hark ye, sirs ; because she is a maid,
Spare for no fagots ; let there be enough.
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts ?—
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity ;
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.—
I am with child, ye bloody homicides ;
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York. Now Heaven forefend ! the holy maid with
child !

War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought.
Is all your strict preciseness come to this ?

York. She and the dauphin have been juggling ;
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to ; we will have no bastards live ;
Especially, since Charles must father it.

Puc. You are deceived ; my child is none of his.
It was Alençon, that enjoyed my love.

York. Alençon ! that notorious Machiavel !²
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

¹ No, ye misconceivers, ye who mistake me and my qualities.

² The character of Machiavel seems to have made so very deep an impression on the dramatic writers of this age, that he is many times introduced without regard to anachronism.

Puc. O, give me leave, I have deluded you.
'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the duke I named,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevailed.

War. A married man! that's most intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl! I think she knows not
well,

There were so many, whom she may accuse.

War. It's a sign, she hath been liberal and free.

York. And, yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee;
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Puc. Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my
curse:

May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode!
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you; till mischief, and despair,
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves!
[*Exit, guarded.*

York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
Thou foul, accursed minister of hell!

Enter CARDINAL BEAUFORT, *attended.*

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Moved with remorse¹ of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implored a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;
And here at hand the dauphin, and his train,
Approacheth, to confer about some matter.

York. Is all our travail turned to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?

¹ Compassion, pity.

Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered?—
O Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York; if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants,
As little shall the Frenchman gain thereby.

Enter CHARLES, attended; ALENÇON, Bastard, REIGNIER, and others.

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful truce shall be proclaimed in France,
We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my poisoned voice,
By sight of these our baleful enemies.

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That—in regard king Henry gives consent,
Of mere compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,—
You shall become true liegemen to his crown.
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be placed as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet;
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known, already, that I am possessed
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein revered for their lawful king.
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquished,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be called but viceroy of the whole?

No, lord ambassador ; I'll rather keep
That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles ! hast thou by secret means
Used intercession to obtain a league ;
And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison ?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit¹ proceeding from our king,
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contráct.
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy,
To save your subjects from such massacre,
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility.
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

[*Aside to CHARLES.*

War. How say'st thou, Charles ? shall our condition
stand ?

Char. It shall :
Only reserved, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty ;
As thou art knight, never to disobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—

[*CHARLES, and the rest, give tokens of fealty.*
So, now dismiss your army when ye please ;
Hang up your ensigns ; let your drums be still ;
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [Exeunt.

¹ "Be content to live as the *beneficiary* of our king." *Benefit* is here a term of law.

SCENE V. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, *in conference with* SUFFOLK
GLOSTER *and* EXETER *following.*

K. Hen. Your wondrous rare description, noble earl
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonished me.
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart;
And, like as rigor in tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide;
So am I driven, by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suff. Tush! my good lord! this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise.
The chief perfections of that lovely dame
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them)
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But, with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous, chaste intents,
To love and honor Henry as her lord.

K. Hen. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent,
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betrothed
Unto another lady of esteem;
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honor with reproach?

Suff. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one, that, at a triumph¹ having vowed

¹ A *triumph* then signified a public exhibition; such as a tournament mask, or revel.

To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds.
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds ;
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that ?

Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suff. Yes, my good lord, her father is a king,
The king of Naples, and Jerusalem ;
And of such great authority in France,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glo. And so the earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant liberal
dower ;

While Reignier sooner will receive than give.

Suff. A dower, my lords ! Disgrace not so your
king.

That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.

Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich ;
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.

Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship :¹

Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed :

And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferred.

For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife ?

Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.

Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,

¹ By the intervention of another man's choice.

But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a king;
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,
(More than in women commonly is seen,)
Will answer our hope in issue of a king;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve,
As is fair Margaret, he be linked in love.
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me,
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

K. Hen. Whether it be through force of your
report,
My noble lord of Suffolk, or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assured,
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
Such fierce alarms both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;
Agree to any covenants; and procure
That lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England, and be crowned
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen.
For your expenses and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.—
And you, good uncle, banish all offence;
If you do censure¹ me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so conduct me, where from company,
I may revolve and ruminatè my grief.²

[*Exit.*]

¹ To *censure* is here simply to *judge*.

² *Grief*, in this line, stands for *pain, uneasiness*; in the next following, especially for *sorrow*.

No. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and EXETER.*

Suff. Thus Suffolk hath prevailed ; and thus he goes,
did the youthful Paris once to Greece ;

h hope to find the like event in love,

prosper better than the Trojan did.

garet shall now be queen, and rule the king ;

I will rule both her, the king, and realm. [*Exit.*

Or this play there is no copy earlier than that of the folio in 1623, though the two succeeding parts are extant in two editions in quarto. That the second and third parts were published without the first, may be admitted as no weak proof that the copies were surreptitiously obtained, and that the printers of that time gave the public those plays, not such as the author designed, but such as they could get them. That this play was written before the two others is indubitably collected from the series of events; that it was written and played before Henry the Fifth is apparent, because in the epilogue there is mention made of this play, and not of the other parts:—

“Henry the Sixth in swaddling bands crowned king;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed;
Which oft our stage hath shown.”

France is lost in this play. The two following contain, as the old title imports, the contention of the houses of York and Lancaster.

The Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. were printed in 1600. When Henry V. was written, we know not; but it was printed likewise in 1600, and therefore before the publication of the first and second parts. The First Part of Henry VI. had been often shown on the stage, and would certainly have appeared in its place, had the author been the publisher.

JOHNSON.

THAT the *second* and *third* parts, as they are now called, were printed without the *first*, is a proof, in my apprehension, that they were not written by the same author; and the title of The Contention of the Houses of York and Lancaster, being affixed to the two pieces which were printed in quarto, is a proof that they were a distinct work, commencing where the other ended, but not written at the same time; and that this play was never known by the title of The First Part of King Henry VI. till Heminge and Condell gave it that name in their volume, to distinguish it from the two subsequent plays; which, being *altered* by Shakspeare, assumed the new titles of the *Second* and *Third* Parts of King Henry VI. that they might not be confounded with the original pieces on which they were formed. The first part was originally called The Historical Play of King Henry VI.

MALONE.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THIS and the Third Part of King Henry VI. contain that troublesome period of this prince's reign, which took in the whole contention between the houses of York and Lancaster; and under that title were these two plays first acted and published. The present play opens with king Henry's marriage, which was in the twenty-third year of his reign [A. D. 1445], and closes with the first battle fought at St. Albans, and won by the York faction, in the thirty-third year of his reign [A. D. 1455]; so that it comprises the history and transactions of ten years.

The Contention of the Two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster was published in quarto; the first part in 1594; the second, or True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, in 1595; and both were reprinted in 1600. In a dissertation annexed to these plays, Mr. Malone has endeavored to establish the fact, that these two dramas were not originally written by Shakspeare, but by some preceding author or authors before the year 1590; and that upon them Shakspeare formed this and the following drama, altering, retrenching, or amplifying, as he thought proper. We will endeavor to give a brief abstract of the principal arguments:—The entry on the Stationers' books, in 1594, does not mention the name of Shakspeare; nor are the plays printed with his name in the early editions; but, after the Poet's death, an edition was printed by one Pavier without date, but really in 1619, with the name of Shakspeare on the title-page. This is shown to be a common fraudulent practice of the booksellers of that period. When Pavier republished *The Contention of the Two Houses, &c.* in 1619, he omitted the words "as it was acted by the earl of Pembroke his servantes," which appeared on the original title-page,—just as, on the republication of the old play of King John, in two parts, in 1611, the words "as it was acted in the honorable city of London" were omitted; because the omitted words in both cases marked the respective pieces not to be the production of Shakspeare. And as, in King John, the letters W. Sh. were added, in 1611, to deceive the purchaser; so, in the republication of *The whole Contention, &c.*, Pavier, having dismissed the words above-mentioned, inserted these—"Newly corrected and enlarged by William Shakspeare;" knowing that these pieces had been made the groundwork of two other plays; that they had in fact been *corrected* and *enlarged* (though not in his copy, which was a mere reprint from the edition of 1600), and exhibited under the titles of the Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI.; and hoping that this new edition of the original plays would pass for those *altered* and *augmented* by Shakspeare, which were then unpublished.

A passage from Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*, adduced by Mr. Tyrwhitt, first suggested, and strongly supports, Malone's hypothesis. The writer, Robert Greene, is supposed to address himself to his poetical friend, George Peele, in these words:—"Yes, trust them not [alluding to the players], for there is an upstart crowe *beautified with our feathers*, that, with his *tygre's heart wrapt in a player's hide*, supposes hee is well able to bombaste out a blank verse as the best of you; and, being an absolute *Joannes factotum*, is, in his own conceit, the only Shakescene in a country."—"O tyger's heart wrapped in a woman's hide!" is a line in the old quarto play entitled *The First Part of the Contention*, &c. There seems to be no doubt that the allusion is to Shakspeare; that the old plays may have been the production of Greene, Peele, and Marlowe, or some of them; and that Greene could not conceal his mortification, at the fame of himself and his associates, old and established playwrights, being eclipsed by a new, *upstart* writer (for so he calls the Poet), who had then perhaps first attracted the notice of the public by exhibiting two plays formed upon old dramas written by them, considerably enlarged and improved. The very term that Greene uses, "to bombaste out a blank verse," exactly corresponds with what has been now suggested. This new poet, says he, knows as well as any man how to amplify and swell out a blank verse.

Shakspeare did for the old plays, what Berni had before done to the Orlando Innamorato of Boiardo. He wrote new beginnings to the acts; he new versified, he new modeled, he transposed many of the parts; and greatly amplified and improved the whole. Many lines, however, and whole speeches, which he thought sufficiently polished, he accepted, and introduced, without any, or very slight, alterations.

Malone adopted the following expedient to mark these alterations and adoptions, which has been followed in the present edition:—All those lines which the Poet adopted without any alteration, are printed in the usual manner; those speeches which he altered or expanded, are distinguished by inverted commas; and to all lines entirely composed by himself asterisks are prefixed.

The internal evidences upon which Malone relies, to establish his position are,—The *variations* between the old plays in quarto, and the corresponding pieces in the folio edition of Shakspeare's dramatic works, which are of so peculiar a nature as to mark two distinct hands. Some circumstances are mentioned in the old quarto plays, of which there is not the least trace in the folio; and many minute variations occur, that prove the pieces in the quarto to have been original and distinct compositions. No copyist or short-hand writer would invent circumstances *totally different* from those which appear in Shakspeare's new-modeled draughts, as exhibited in the first folio; or insert *whole speeches*, of which scarcely a trace is found in that edition. In some places, a speech in one, of these quartos consists of ten or twelve lines; in Shakspeare's folio, the same speech consists perhaps of only half the number. A copyist by the ear, or an unskilful short-hand writer, might mutilate and exhibit a poet's thoughts or expressions imperfectly; but he would not dilate and amplify them, or introduce totally new matter.

Malone then exhibits a sufficient number of instances to prove, beyond the possibility of doubt, his position: so that (as he observes) we are compelled to admit, either that Shakspeare wrote *two* sets of plays on the story which forms his Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI., hasty sketches, and entirely distinct and more finished performances; or else we must acknowledge that he formed his pieces on a foundation laid by another writer or writers, that is, upon the two parts of *The Contention of the Two Houses of York*, &c. It is a striking circumstance, that almost all the passages in the Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI. which

resemble others in Shakspeare's undisputed plays, are not found in the original pieces in quarto, but in his *rifaccimento* in folio. As these *resemblances* to his other plays, and a peculiar Shakspearian phraseology, ascertain a considerable portion of these disputed dramas to be the production of that Poet; so, on the other hand, other passages, *discordant*, in matters of fact, from his other plays, are proved by this *discordancy* not to have been composed by him; and these discordant passages, being found in the original quarto plays, prove that those pieces were composed by another writer.

It is observable, that several portions of English history had been dramatized *before* the time of Shakspeare. Thus we have King John, in two parts, by an anonymous writer; Edward I., by George Peele; Edward II., by Christopher Marlowe; Edward III., anonymous; Henry IV., containing the deposition of Richard II., and the accession of Henry to the crown, anonymous; Henry V. and Richard III., both by anonymous authors. It is therefore highly probable, that the *whole* of the story of Henry VI. had been brought on the scene; and that the first of the plays here printed, formerly called The Historical Play of King Henry VI., and now named *The First Part* of King Henry VI., as well as the Two Parts of the Contention of the Houses of York and Lancaster, were the compositions of some of the authors who had produced the historical dramas above enumerated.

Mr. Boswell, speaking of the originals of the second and third of these plays, says, "That Marlowe may have had some share in these compositions, I am not disposed to deny; but I cannot persuade myself that they entirely proceeded from his pen. Some passages are possessed of so much merit, that they can scarcely be ascribed to any one except the most distinguished of Shakspeare's predecessors; but the tameness of the general style is very different from the peculiar characteristics of that Poet's *mighty line*, which are great energy both of thought and language, degenerating too frequently into tumor and extravagance. The versification appears to me to be of a different color.—That Marlowe, Peele, and Greene, may all of them have had a share in these dramas, is consonant to the frequent practice of the age; of which ample proofs may be found in the extracts from Henslowe's MS. printed by Mr. Malone."

From the passage alluding to these plays in Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*, it seems probable that they were produced previous to 1592, but were not printed until they appeared in the folio of 1623.

To Johnson's high panegyric of that impressive scene in this play, the death of Cardinal Beaufort, we may add that Schlegel says, "It is sublime beyond all praise. Can any other poet be named who has drawn aside the curtain of eternity at the close of this life in such an overpowering and awful manner? And yet it is not mere horror with which we are filled, but solemn emotion; we have an exemplification of a blessing and a curse in close proximity; the pious king is an image of the heavenly mercy, which, even in his last moments, labors to enter into the soul of the sinner."

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH :

HUMPHREY, *Duke of Gloster, his Uncle.*

CARDINAL BEAUFORT, *Bishop of Winchester, great Uncle to the King.*

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York :*

EDWARD and RICHARD, *his Sons.*

Duke of Somerset,

Duke of Suffolk,

Duke of Buckingham,

LORD CLIFFORD,

Young CLIFFORD, his Son,

Earl of Salisbury,

Earl of Warwick,

} of the King's Party.

LORD SCALES, *Governor of the Tower.* LORD SAY.

SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, *and his Brother.*

SIR JOHN STANLEY.

A Sea Captain, Master, *and Master's Mate, and* WALTER WHITMORE.

Two Gentlemen, *Prisoners with* Suffolk.

A Herald. VAUX.

HUME and SOUTHWELL, *two Priests.*

BOLINGBROKE, *a Conjuror.* A Spirit raised by him.

THOMAS HORNER, *an Armorer :* PETER, *his Man.*

Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of St. Albans.

SIMPCOX, *an Impostor.* Two Murderers.

JACK CADE, *a Rebel :*

GEORGE, JOHN, DICK, SMITH *the Weaver,* MICHAEL, &c., *his Followers.*

ALEXANDER IDEN, *a Kentish Gentleman.*

MARGARET, *Queen to* King Henry.

ELEANOR, *Duchess of* Gloster.

MARGERY JOURDAIN, *a Witch.* Wife to Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, *and* Attendants ; Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, *and* Officers ; Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

SCENE, *dispersedly in various parts of* England.

SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

Sound of trumpets; then hautboys. Enter, on one side, KING HENRY, DUKE of GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and CARDINAL BEAUFORT; on the other, QUEEN MARGARET, led in by SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, and others, following.

Suffolk. As by your high, imperial majesty,
I in charge at my depart for France,
Procurator¹ to your excellence,
I marry princess Margaret for your grace;
In the famous ancient city, Tours,—
In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,
The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, twenty reverend bishops,—
Have performed my task, and was espoused;
I humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Give up my title in the queen

The marquesse of Suffolk, as procurator to king Henry, espoused the lady in the church of St. Martins. At the which marriage were present, the father and mother of the bride; the French king himself, that uncle to the husband; and the French queen also, that was aunt to the king. There were also the dukes of Orleans, of Calabre, of Alanson, of Britaine; seven earles, twelve barons, twenty bishops."—*Hall and Heywood.*

To your most gracious hands, that are the substance¹
 Of that great shadow I did represent ;
 The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
 The fairest queen that ever king received.

K. Hen. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, queen Margaret ;

I can express no kinder sign of love,
 Than this kind kiss.—O Lord, that lends me life,
 Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness !
 For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
 ‘ A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
 * If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

‘ *Q. Mar.* Great king of England, and my gracious lord ;

‘ The mutual conference that my mind hath had²—
 ‘ By day, by night ; waking, and in my dreams ;
 ‘ In courtly company, or at my beads,—
 ‘ With you mine alder-lieft³ sovereign,
 ‘ Makes me the bolder to salute my king
 ‘ With ruder terms ; such as my wit affords,
 ‘ And over-joy of heart doth minister.

‘ *K. Hen.* Her sight did ravish ; but her grace in speech,

‘ Her words y-clad with wisdom’s majesty,
 ‘ Makes me, from wondering, fall to weeping joys ;
 ‘ Such is the fulness of my heart’s content.—
 ‘ Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All. Long live queen Margaret, England’s happiness !

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*

Suff. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
 Here are the articles of contracted peace,

¹ i. e. to the gracious hands of you, my sovereign, who are, &c. In the old play the line stands:—

“Unto your gracious *excellence*, that are.”

² I am the bolder to address you, having already familiarized you to my imagination.

³ i. e. *most beloved of all* ; from *alder*, of all ; formerly used in composition with adjectives of the superlative degree ; and *lieft*, *dearest*, or *most loved*.

Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo. [*Reads.*] Imprimis, *It is agreed between the French king Charles, and William de la Poole, marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of England,—that the said Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier king of Naples, Sicilia, and Icrusalem; and crown her queen of England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.—Item,—That the duchy of Anjou, and the county of Maine, shall be released and delivered to the king her father—*

K. Hen. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimmed mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Win. Item,—*It is further agreed between them—that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father; and she sent over of the king of England's own proper cost and charges, without having dowry.*

K. Hen. They please us well.—Lord marquess,
kneel down;

We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
And girt thee with the sword.—

Cousin of York, we here discharge your grace
From being regent in the parts of France,
Till term of eighteen months be full expired.—

Thanks, uncle Winchester, Gloster, York, and Buckingham,

Somerset, Salisbury, and Warwick;

We thank you all for this great favor done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.

Come, let us in; and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be performed.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and SUFFOLK.*

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
' To you duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
' Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
' What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,

' His valor, coin, and people, in the wars?
 ' Did he so often lodge in open field,
 ' In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
 ' To conquer France, his true inheritance?
 ' And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
 ' To keep by policy what Henry got?
 ' Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
 ' Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
 ' Received deep scars in France and Normandy?
 ' Or hath my uncle Beaufort, and myself,
 ' With all the learned council of the realm,
 ' Studied so long, sat in the council-house,
 ' Early and late, debating to and fro
 ' How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe
 ' And hath his highness in his infancy
 ' Been crowned in Paris, in despite of foes?
 ' And shall these labors, and these honors, die?
 ' Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
 ' Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?
 ' O peers of England, shameful is this league!
 ' Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame;
 ' Blotting your names from books of memory;
 ' Razing the characters of your renown;
 ' Defacing monuments of conquered France;
 ' Undoing all, as all had never been!

* *Car.* Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?

* This peroration with such circumstance?¹

* For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

* *Glo.* Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;

* But now it is impossible we should:

Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,

' Hath given the duchies of Anjou and Maine

* Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large style

* Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

* *Sal.* Now, by the death of Him that died for all,

* These counties were the keys of Normandy:—

But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

¹ This speech crowded with so many circumstances of aggravation.

' *War.* For grief, that they are past recovery ;
 ' For, were there hope to conquer them again,
 ' My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
 ' Anjou and Maine ! myself did win them both ;
 ' Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer :
 ' And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
 ' Delivered up again with peaceful words ?
 ' Mort Dieu !

* *York.* For Suffolk's duke—may he be suffocate,
 * That dims the honor of this warlike isle !
 * France should have torn and rent my very heart,
 * Before I would have yielded to this league.
 ' I never read but England's kings have had
 ' Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives ;
 ' And our king Henry gives away his own,
 ' To match with her that brings no vantages.

* *Glo.* A proper jest, and never heard before
 * That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,
 * For costs and charges in transporting her !
 * She should have staid in France, and starved in
 France,

* Before——

* *Car.* My lord of Gloster, now you grow too hot ;
 * It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

* *Glo.* My lord of Winchester, I know your mind ;
 ' 'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
 ' But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you.
 ' Rancor will out. Proud prelate, in thy face
 ' I see thy fury ; if I longer stay,
 ' We shall begin our ancient bickerings.

Lordings, farewell ; and say, when I am gone,
 I prophesied—France will be lost ere long. [Exit.

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
 'Tis known to you he is mine enemy :

* Nay, more, an enemy unto you all ;
 * And no great friend, I fear me, to the king :
 * Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
 * And heir apparent to the English crown :
 * Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
 * And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,

- * There's reason he should be displeased at it.
* Look to it, lords ; let not his smoothing word
* Bewitch your hearts ; be wise, and circumspect.
' What though the common people favor him,
' Calling him—*Humphrey, the good duke of Gloster ;*
' Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice—
' *Jesu maintain your royal excellence !*
' With—*God preserve the good duke Humphrey !*
' I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
' He will be found a dangerous protector.
* *Buck.* Why should he then protect our sovereign
* He being of age to govern of himself?
' Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
' And all together—with the duke of Suffolk,—
' We'll quickly hoise duke Humphrey from his seat.
* *Car.* This weighty business will not brook delay
* I'll to the duke of Suffolk presently. [*Exit*
' *Som.* Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's
pride,
' And greatness of his place, be grief to us,
' Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal :
' His insolence is more intolerable
' Than all the princes in the land beside ;
' If Gloster be displaced, he'll be protector.
* *Buck.* Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be protector,
* Despite duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.
[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM and SOMERSET.
* *Sal.* Pride went before, ambition follows him.
' While these do labor for their own preferment,
' Behooves it us to labor for the realm,
' I never saw but Humphrey duke of Gloster
' Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
' Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal—
' More like a soldier, than a man o' the church,
' As stout, and proud, as he were lord of all,—
' Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
' Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.—
' Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age !
' Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,
' Hath won the greatest favor of the commons,

' Excepting none but good duke Humphrey.—
 ' And, brother York,¹ thy acts in Ireland,
 ' In bringing them to civil discipline;²
 ' Thy late exploits, done in the heart of France,
 ' When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
 ' Have made thee feared and honored of the people:—
 ' Join we together, for the public good;
 ' In what we can to bridle and suppress
 ' The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal,
 ' With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
 ' And, as we may, cherish duke Humphrey's deeds,
 ' While they do tend the profit of the land.

* *War.* So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
 * And common profit of his country!

* *York.* And so says York, for he hath greatest
 cause.

Sal. Then let's make haste away, and look unto
 the main.

War. Unto the main! O, father, Maine is lost;
 That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,
 * And would have kept, so long as breath did last.
 Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine;
 Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt WARWICK and SALISBURY.*

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
 * Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
 * Stands on a tickle³ point, now they are gone;
 * Suffolk concluded on the articles;
 * The peers agreed; and Henry was well pleased
 * To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.

¹ Richard Plantagenet, duke of York, married Cicely, the daughter of Ralf Neville, earl of Westmoreland, by Joan, daughter to John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, by his third wife, dame Catherine Swinford. Richard Neville, earl of Salisbury, was son to the earl of Westmoreland by a second wife. He married Alice, only daughter of Thomas Montacute, earl of Salisbury, who was killed at the siege of Orleans (see Part I. of this play, Act i. Sc. 3.), and in consequence of that alliance obtained the title of Salisbury in 1428. His eldest son, Richard, having married the sister and heir of Henry Beauchamp, earl of Warwick, was created earl of Warwick, 1449.

² This is an anachronism. The present scene is in 1445; but Richard, duke of York, was not viceroy of Ireland till 1449.

³ *Tickle* is frequently used for *ticklish*, by ancient writers.

* I cannot blame them all ; what is't to them ?
* 'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
* Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage
* And purchase friends, and give to courtesans,
* Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone ;
* While as the silly owner of the goods
* Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
* And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
* While all is shared, and all is borne away ;
* Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own ;
* So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
* While his own lands are bargained for, and sold.
* Methinks the realms of England, France, and
 Ireland,
* Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
* As did the fatal brand Althea burned,
* Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.¹
Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French !
Cold news for me ; for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come, when York shall claim his own ;
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
And make a show of love to proud duke Humphrey.
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit.
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold his sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humors fit not for a crown.
Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve ;
Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state ;
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride, and England's dear-bought
 queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fallen at jars ;
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,

¹ *Meleager* ; whose life was to continue only so long as a certain fir brand should last. His mother, Althea, having thrown it into the fire, expired in torment.

With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed ;
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster ;
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pulled fair England down.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in the Duke of Gloster's House.*

Enter GLOSTER and the Duchess.

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-ripened corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load ?

* Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his brows,

* As frowning at the favors of the world ?

* Why are thine eyes fixed to the sullen earth,

* Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight !

‘ What seest thou there ? King Henry's diadem,

* Enchased with all the honors of the world ?

* If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,

* Until thy head be circled with the same.

‘ Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold ;—

‘ What, is't too short ? I'll lengthen it with mine ;

* And having both together heaved it up,

* We'll both together lift our heads to heaven ;

* And never more abase our sight so low,

* As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

‘ *Glo.* O, Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy
lord,

‘ Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts ;

* And may that thought, when I imagine ill

* Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,

* Be my last breathing in this mortal world !

‘ My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

‘ *Duch.* What dreamed my lord ? Tell me, and I'll
requite it

‘ With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

‘ *Glo.* Methought this staff, mine office-badge in
court,

‘ Was broke in twain ; by whom, I have forgot,
‘ But, as I think, it was by the cardinal ;
‘ And on the pieces of the broken wand
‘ Were placed the heads of Edmond duke of Somerset,
‘ And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk.
‘ This was my dream ; what it doth bode, God knows.

‘ *Duch.* Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breaks a stick of Gloster’s grove,
‘ Shall lose his head for his presumption.
‘ But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke.
‘ Methought I sat in seat of majesty,
‘ In the cathedral church of Westminster,
‘ And in that chair where kings and queens are
 crowned ;
‘ Where Henry, and dame Margaret, kneeled to me,
‘ And on my head did set the diadem.

‘ *Glo.* Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright :
* Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtured Eleanor !
Art thou not second woman in the realm ;
And the protector’s wife, beloved of him ?
* Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
* Above the reach or compass of thy thought ?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
* To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,
* From top of honor to disgrace’s feet ?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.

‘ *Duch.* What, what, my lord ! are you so choleric,
‘ With Eleanor, for telling but her dream ?
‘ Next time I’ll keep my dreams unto myself,
‘ And not be checked.

‘ *Glo.* Nay, be not angry ; I am pleased again.

Enter a Messenger.

‘ *Mess.* My lord protector, ’tis his highness’ pleasure
‘ You do prepare to ride unto Saint Albans,
‘ Whereas¹ the king and queen do mean to hawk.

Glo. I go.—Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us ?

¹ *Whereas* for *where*.

‘ *Duch.* Yes, good my lord, I’ll follow presently.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and Messenger.*

‘ Follow I must, I cannot go before,

* While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.

* Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,

* I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,

* And smooth my way upon their headless necks ;

* And, being a woman, I will not be slack

* To play my part in fortune’s pageant.

‘ Where are you there ? sir John !¹ Nay, fear not, man,

‘ We are alone ; here’s none but thee, and I.

Enter HUME.

Hume. Jesu preserve your royal majesty !

‘ *Duch.* What say’st thou, majesty ! I am but grace.

‘ *Hume.* But, by the grace of God, and Hume’s advice,
‘ Your grace’s title shall be multiplied.

‘ *Duch.* What say’st thou, man ? Hast thou as yet
conferred

‘ With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch ;²

‘ And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer ?

‘ And will they undertake to do me good ?

‘ *Hume.* This they have promised,—to show your
highness

‘ A spirit raised from depth of under ground,

‘ That shall make answer to such questions,

‘ As by your grace shall be propounded him.

‘ *Duch.* It is enough ; I’ll think upon the questions.

‘ When from Saint Albans we do make return,

‘ We’ll see these things effected to the full.

¹ A title frequently bestowed on the clergy. See the first note on the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

² It appears from Rymer’s *Fœdera*, vol. x. p. 505, that in the tenth year of Henry VI., *Margery Jourdemayn*, John Virley clerk, and friar John Ashwell, were, on the ninth of May, brought from Windsor by the constable of the castle, to which they had been committed for sorcery, before the council at Westminster, and afterwards committed to the custody of the lord chancellor. It was ordered that whenever the said Virley and Ashwell should find security for their good behavior, they should be set at liberty, and in like manner that Jourdemayn should be discharged on her husband’s finding security. This woman was afterwards burned in Smithfield, as stated in the play, and also in the *Chronicles*.

‘ Here, Hume, take this reward ; make merry, man,
 ‘ With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

[*Exit* Duchess.]

* *Hume.* Hume must make merry with the duchess’
 gold ;

‘ Marry, and shall. But how now, sir John Hume ?

‘ Seal up your lips, and give no words but—mum !

‘ The business asketh silent secrecy.

* Dame Eleanor gives gold, to bring the witch ;

* Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.

‘ Yet have I gold, flies from another coast :

‘ I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,

‘ And from the great and new-made duke of Suffolk ;

‘ Yet I do find it so ; for, to be plain,

‘ They, knowing dame Eleanor’s aspiring humor,

‘ Have hired me to undermine the duchess,

‘ And buzz these conjurations in her brain.

* They say, A crafty knave does need no broker ;

* Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal’s broker.

* Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near

* To call them both—a pair of crafty knaves.

* Well, so it stands ; and thus, I fear, at last,

* Hume’s knavery will be the duchess’ wreck ;

* And her attainture will be Humphrey’s fall.

* Sort how it will,¹ I shall have gold for all. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter PETER, and others, with petitions.

‘ 1 *Pet.* My masters, let’s stand close ; my lord
 ‘ protector will come this way by and by, and then we
 ‘ may deliver our supplications in the quill.²

‘ 2 *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he’s a
 ‘ good man ! Jesu bless him !

¹ Let the *issue* be what it will.

² There have been some strange conjectures in explanation of this phrase, *in the quill*. It appears to be nothing more than an intention to mark the vulgar pronunciation of “in the coil,” i. e. in the *bustle*. This word is spelled in the old dictionaries *quoil*, and was no doubt often pronounced by ignorant persons *quile*, or *quill*.

Enter SUFFOLK and QUEEN MARGARET.

* 1 *Pet.* Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen
* with him. I'll be the first, sure.

' 2 *Pet.* Come back, fool; this is the duke of Suf-
' folk, and not my lord protector.

' *Suff.* How now, fellow? wouldst any thing with
' me?

' 1 *Pet.* I pray, my lord, pardon me! I took ye for
' my lord protector.

' *Q. Mar.* [Reading the superscription.] *To my*
' *lord protector!* Are your supplications to his lordship?
' Let me see them. What is thine?

' 1 *Pet.* Mine is, an't please your grace, against
' John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping
' my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

Suff. Thy wife too? That is some wrong indeed.
—What's yours?—What's here? [*Reads.*] *Against the*
duke of Suffolk, for inclosing the commons of Melford.
—How now, sir knave?

2 *Pet.* Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our
whole township.

Peter. [*Presenting his petition.*] Against my master,
Thomas Horner, for saying, that the duke of York
was rightful heir to the crown.

' *Q. Mar.* What say'st thou? Did the duke of York
' say, he was rightful heir to the crown?

' *Peter.* That my master was? No, forsooth: my
' master said, that he was; and that the king was an
' usurper.¹

Suff. Who is there? [*Enter Servants.*]—Take this
fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant
presently.—We'll hear more of your matter before the
king.

[*Exeunt Servants, with Peter.*

' *Q. Mar.* And as for you, that love to be protected
' Under the wings of our protector's grace,

¹ The quarto reads, "an usurer."

"*Queen.* An usurper thou wouldst say.
Ay—an usurper."

‘ Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[*Tears the petition*

‘ Away, base cullions!—Suffolk, let them go.

* *All.* Come, let’s be gone. [*Exeunt Petitioners*

* *Q. Mar.* My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,

* Is this the fashion in the court of England?

* Is this the government of Britain’s isle,

* And this the royalty of Albion’s king?

* What, shall king Henry be a pupil still,

* Under the surly Gloster’s governance?

* Am I a queen in title and in style,

* And must be made a subject to a duke?

‘ I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours

‘ Thou rann’st a tilt in honor of my love,

‘ And stol’st away the ladies’ hearts of France,

‘ I thought king Henry had resembled thee,

‘ In courage, courtship, and proportion:

‘ But all his mind is bent to holiness,

* To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads;

* His champions are—the prophets and apostles,

* His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;

* His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves

* Are brazen images of canonized saints.

* I would the college of cardinals

* Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,

* And set the triple crown upon his head;

* That were a state fit for his holiness.

‘ *Suff.* Madam, be patient; as I was cause

‘ Your highness came to England, so will I

‘ In England work your grace’s full content.

* *Q. Mar.* Beside the haught protector, have we
Beaufort,

* The imperious churchman; Somerset, Buckingham,

* And grumbling York; and not the least of these,

* But can do more in England than the king.

* *Suff.* And he of these, that can do most of all,

* Cannot do more in England than the Nevils.

* Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

‘ *Q. Mar.* Not all these lords do vex me half so
much,

' As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
 ' She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
 ' More like an empress than duke Humphrey's wife.
 Strangers in court do take her for the queen;
 * She bears a duke's revénues on her back.
 * And in her heart she scorns her poverty.
 * Shall I not live to be avenged on her?
 * Contemptuous, base-born callat as she is,
 ' She vaunted 'mongst her minions t' other day,
 The very train of her worst wearing-gown
 Was better worth than all my father's lands,
 * Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.
 ' *Suff.* Madam, myself have limed a bush for her;¹
 * And placed a quire of such enticing birds,
 * That she will light to listen to the lays,
 * And never mount to trouble you again.
 * So, let her rest; and, madam, list to me;
 * For I am bold to counsel you in this.
 * Although we fancy not the cardinal,
 * Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,
 * Till we have brought duke Humphrey in disgrace.
 * As for the duke of York, this late complaint
 * Will make but little for his benefit.
 * So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
 * And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Enter KING HENRY, YORK, and SOMERSET, conversing
 with him; DUKE and DUCHESS of GLOSTER, CAR-
 DINAL BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, and
 WARWICK.

K. Hen. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;
 Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me.

York. If York have ill demeaned himself in France,
 Then let him be denayed² the regentship.

Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
 Let York be regent; I will yield to him.

¹ In the original play:—

“I have set *limetwigs* that will entangle them.”

² *Denay* is frequently used instead of *deny* among the old writers.

War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea, or no,
Dispute not that ; York is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

War. The cardinal's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.

* *Sal.* Peace, son ;—and show some reason, Buckingham,

* Why Somerset should be preferred in this.

* *Q. Mar.* Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.

‘ *Glo.* Madam, the king is old enough himself

‘ To give his censure ;¹ these are no women's matters.

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your grace

‘ To be protector of his excellence ?

‘ *Glo.* Madam, I am protector of the realm ;

‘ And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

Suff. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.

‘ Since thou wert king (as who is king, but thou ?)

‘ The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck ;

* The dauphin hath prevailed beyond the seas,

* And all the peers and nobles of the realm

* Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

* *Car.* The commons hast thou racked ; the clergy's
bags

* Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

* *Som.* Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's
attire,

* Have cost a mass of public treasury.

* *Buck.* Thy cruelty in execution,

* Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,

* And left thee to the mercy of the law.

* *Q. Mar.* Thy sale of offices, and towns in France,—

* If they were known, as the suspect is great,—

* Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[*Exit GLOSTER. The Queen drops her fan.*

Give me my fan. What, minion ! can you not ?

[*Gives the Duchess a box on the ear*

‘ I cry you mercy, madam ; was it you ?

¹ *Censure* here means simply *judgment* or *opinion* ; the sense in which it was used by all the writers of the time.

‘ *Duch.* Was’t I? Yea, I it was, proud French-woman.

‘ Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I’d set my ten commandments in your face.

K. Hen. Sweet aunt, be quiet; ’twas against her will.

‘ *Duch.* Against her will! Good king, look to’t in time;
‘ She’ll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby.

* Though in this place most master wear no breeches,
She shall not strike dame Eleanor unrevenged.

[*Exit Duchess.*

* *Buck.* Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,

* And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds.

* She’s tickled now; her fume needs no spurs;

* She’ll gallop fast enough to her destruction.

[*Exit BUCKINGHAM.*

Re-enter GLOSTER.

* *Glo.* Now, lords, my choler being overblown,

* With walking once about the quadrangle,

* I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.

* As for your spiteful, false objections,

* Prove them, and I lie open to the law;

* But God in mercy so deal with my soul,

* As I in duty love my king and country!

* But, to the matter that we have in hand.

* I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man

* To be your regent in the realm of France.

* *Suff.* Before we make election, give me leave

‘ To show some reason, of no little force,

‘ That York is most unmeet of any man.

‘ *York.* I’ll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.

‘ First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;

* Next, if I be appointed for the place,

* My lord of Somerset will keep me here,

* Without discharge, money, or furniture,

* Till France be won into the dauphin’s hands.

* Last time I danced attendance on his will,

* Till Paris was besieged, famished, and lost.

* *War.* That I can witness; and a fouler fact

* Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suff. Peace, headstrong Warwick !

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace ?

Enter Servants of SUFFOLK, bringing in HORNER and PETER.

Suff. Because here is a man accused of treason :
Pray God, the duke of York excuse himself !

* *York.* Doth any one accuse York for a traitor ?

* *K. Hen.* What mean'st thou, Suffolk ? tell me ;
what are these ?

‘ *Suff.* Please it your majesty, this is the man
‘ That doth accuse his master of high treason.
‘ His words were these ;—that Richard duke of York
‘ Was rightful heir unto the English crown ;
‘ And that your majesty was an usurper.

‘ *K. Hen.* Say, man, were these thy words ?

Hor. An't shall please your majesty, I never said
nor thought any such matter. God is my witness, I
am falsely accused by the villain.

‘ *Pet.* By these ten bones, my lords, [*Holding up*
‘ *his hands.*] he did speak them to me in the garret
‘ one night, as we were scouring my lord of York's
‘ armor.

‘ *York.* Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,
* I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.
‘ I do beseech your royal majesty,
‘ Let him have all the rigor of the law.

Hor. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the
words. My accuser is my prentice ; and when I did
correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon
his knees he would be even with me. I have good
witness of this ; therefore, I beseech your majesty, do
not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. Hen. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law ?

‘ *Glo.* This doom, my lord, if I may judge.
‘ Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
‘ Because in York this breeds suspicion ;
‘ And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat in convenient place ;

‘ For he hath witness of his servant’s malice.

‘ This is the law, and this duke Humphrey’s doom.

K. Hen. Then be it so. My lord of Somerset,
We make your grace lord regent o’er the French.¹

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet Alas, my lord, I cannot fight ; * for God’s sake,
* pity my case ! the spite of man prevaileth against me.
* O Lord, have mercy upon me ! I shall never be able
* to fight a blow. O Lord, my heart !

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hanged.

‘ *K. Hen.* Away with them to prison ; and the day
‘ Of combat shall be the last of the next month.—

* Come, Somerset, we’ll see thee sent away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. The Duke of Gloster’s Garden.*

Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, and
BOLINGBROKE.

* *Hume.* Come, my masters ; the duchess, I tell you,
* expects performance of your promises.

* *Boling.* Master Hume, we are therefore provided.
* Will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms ?²

* *Hume.* Ay ; what else ? fear you not her courage.

* *Boling.* I have heard her reported to be a woman
* of an invincible spirit. But it shall be convenient,
* master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be
* busy below ; and so, I pray you, go in God’s name,
* and leave us. [*Exit HUME.*] ‘ Mother Jourdain, be
‘ you prostrate, and grovel on the earth ;—* John
* Southwell, read you ; and let us to our work.

¹ Theobald inserted these two lines from the old play, because without them the king has not declared his assent to Gloster’s opinion ; and the duke of Somerset is made to thank him for his regency before the king has deputed him to it. Malone supposes that Shakspeare thought Henry’s consent to Humphrey’s *doom* might be expressed by a nod ; and therefore omits the lines.

² By *exorcise* Shakspeare invariably means to raise spirits, and not to lay them.

Enter Duchess, above.

Duch. Well said, my masters ; and welcome all
To this geer ; the sooner the better.

* *Boling.* Patience, good lady ; wizards know their
times ;

Deep night, dark night, the silent¹ of the night,
' The time of night when Troy was set on fire ;
' The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,
' And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
' Madam, sit you, and fear not ; whom we raise,
' We will make fast within a hallowed verge.

*[Here they perform the ceremonies appertaining,
and make the circle ; BOLINGBROKE, or
SOUTHWELL, reads, Conjuro te, &c. It
thunders and lightens terribly ; then the
Spirit riseth.]*

* *Spir.* Adsum.

* *M. Jourd.* Asmath,

* By the eternal God, whose name and power

* Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask ;

* For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

* *Spir.* Ask what thou wilt.—That I had said and
done !

Boling. First, of the king. What shall of him be-
come ? *[Reading out of a paper.]*

Spir. The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose ;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

*[As the Spirit speaks, SOUTHWELL writes the
answer.]*

¹ The old quarto reads, "the *silence* of the night." The variation of the copies is worth notice :—

"Dark night, dread night, the *silence* of the night,
Whercin the furies mask in hellish troops,
Send up, I charge you, from Cocytus' lake
The spirit of Ascalon to come to me,
To pierce the bowels of this centric earth,
And hither come in twinkling of an eye !
Ascalon, ascend, ascend !—"

Warburton, in a learned but erroneous note, wished to prove that an *interlunar* night was meant. Steevens has justly observed that *silent* is here used by the Poet as a substantive.

Boling. *What fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?*

Spir. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. *What shall befall the duke of Somerset?*

Spir. Let him shun castles;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.

‘ Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness, and the burning lake;

‘ False fiend, avoid!

[Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.

*Enter YORK and BUCKINGHAM, hastily, with their
Guards, and others.*

‘ *York.* Lay hands upon these traitors, and their
trash.

‘ Beldame, I think we watched you at an inch.—

‘ What, madam, are you there? The king and com-
monweal

‘ Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains;

‘ My lord protector will, I doubt it not,

‘ See you well guerdoned for these good deserts.

* *Duch.* Not half so bad as thine to England’s king,

* Injurious duke; that threat’st where is no cause.

* *Buck.* True, madam, none at all. What call you
this? *[Showing her the papers.*

‘ Away with them; let them be clapped up close,

‘ And kept asunder.—You, madam, shall with us:

‘ Stafford, take her to thee.—

[Exit Duchess, from above.

‘ We’ll see your trinkets here all forth-coming;

‘ All.—Away!

[Exeunt Guards, with SOUTH., BOLING., &c.

* *York.* Lord Buckingham, methinks you watched
her well.

* A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!

Now, pray, my lord, let’s see the devil’s writ.

What have we here?

[Reads.

The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;

But him outlive, and die a violent death.

* Why, this is just,

* *Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.*

Well, to the rest :

Tell me, what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk ?

By water shall he die, and take his end.—

What shall betide the duke of Somerset ?

Let him shun castles ;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,

Than where castles mounted stand.

* Come, come, my lords ;

* These oracles are hardily attained,

* And hardly understood.

‘ The king is now in progress toward Saint Albans,

‘ With him the husband of this lovely lady.

‘ Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them ;

‘ A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

‘ *Buck.* Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of
York,

‘ To be the post, in hope of his reward.

‘ *York.* At your pleasure, my good lord.—Who’s
‘ within there, ho !

Enter a Servant.

‘ Invite my lords of Salisbury, and Warwick,

‘ To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away !

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. Saint Albans.

Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, GLOSTER,
Cardinal, *and* SUFFOLK, *with* Falconers *hollaing.*

‘ *Q. Mar.* Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,¹
‘ I saw not better sport these seven years’ day.

¹ The falconer’s term for hawking at water-fowl.

‘ Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high ;
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.¹

‘ *K. Hen.* But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
‘ And what a pitch she flew above the rest !—
‘ To see how God in all his creatures works !
* Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

Suff. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector’s hawks to tower so well ;
They know their master loves to be aloft,
* And bears his thoughts above his falcon’s pitch.

‘ *Glo.* My lord, ’tis but a base, ignoble mind
‘ That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.
‘ *Car.* I thought as much ; he’d be above the clouds.
‘ *Glo.* Ay, my lord cardinal ; how think you by
that ?

Were it not good, your grace could fly to heaven ?

* *K. Hen.* The treasury of everlasting joy !

‘ *Car.* Thy heaven is on earth ; thine eyes and
thoughts

‘ Beat on a crown,² the treasure of thy heart ;
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth’st it so with king and commonweal !

‘ *Glo.* What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown
peremptory ?

* *Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ ?*

‘ Churchmen so hot ? Good uncle, hide such malice ;
‘ With such holiness can you do it ?

‘ *Suff.* No malice, sir ; no more than well becomes
‘ So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.

¹ Johnson was informed that the meaning here is, “ the wind being high, it was ten to one that the old hawk had flown quite away ; a trick which hawks often play their masters in windy weather.” But surely *not going out* cannot signify *not coming home*. Dr. Percy’s interpretation is entirely opposed to this : he explains it,—“ The wind was so high it was ten to one that old Joan *would not have taken her flight at the game*.” Latham’s *Falconry* confirms Dr. Percy’s explanation. “ When you shall come afterward to fly her she must be altogether guided and governed by her stomacke ; yea, she will be kept and also lost by the same ; for let her faile of that never so little, and every puff of wind will blow her away from you ; nay, *if there be no wind stirring, yet she will wheele and sinke away from him and from his voice*, that all the time before had lured and trained her up.” Booke i. p. 60, Ed. 1633.

² i. e. thy mind is *working* on a crown.

Glo. As who, my lord?

Suff. Why, as you, my lord;
An't like your lordly lord protectorship.

Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloster.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee, peace,
Good queen; and whet not on these furious peers,
For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud protector, with my sword!

Glo. 'Faith, holy uncle, 'would 'twere come to that!

[*Aside to the Cardinal.*

' *Car.* Marry, when thou dar'st. [*Aside.*

' *Glo.* Make up no factious numbers for the matter,
' In thine own person answer thy abuse. [*Aside.*

' *Car.* Ay, where thou dar'st not peep; an if thou
dar'st,

' This evening, on the east side of the grove. [*Aside.*

' *K. Hen.* How now, my lords?

' *Car.* Believe me, cousin Gloster,
' Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
' We had had more sport.—Come with thy two-hand-
sword.¹ [*Aside to GLO.*

Glo. True, uncle.

Car. Are you advised?—the east side of the grove?

Glo. Cardinal, I am with you. [*Aside.*

K. Hen. Why, how now, uncle Gloster?

' *Glo.* Talking of hawking; nothing else, my
lord.—

Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown
for this,

* Or all my fence shall fail. [*Aside.*

* *Car.* *Medice teipsum;* } [*Aside.*
' Protector, see to't well, protect yourself. }

K. Hen. The winds grow high; so do your
stomachs, lords.

* How irksome is this music to my heart!

¹ The "two-hand-sword" was sometimes called the *long-sword*, and in common use before the introduction of the rapier. In the original play, the cardinal desires Gloster to bring his *sword and buckler*.

* When such strings jar, what hope of harmony ?

* I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

*Enter an Inhabitant of Saint Albans, crying A
Miracle !¹*

Glo. What means this noise ?

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim ?

Inhab. A miracle ! a miracle !

Suff. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

Inhab. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,
Within this half hour, hath received his sight ;
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

* *K. Hen.* Now, God be praised ! that to believing
souls

Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair !

*Enter the Mayor of Saint Albans, and his Brethren ;
and SIMPCOX, borne between two Persons in a chair ;
his Wife, and a great Multitude, following.*

* *Car.* Here come the townsmen on procession,

* To present your highness with the man.

* *K. Hen.* Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,

* Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.

* *Glo.* Stand by, my masters ; bring him near the
king ;

* His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

* *K. Hen.* Good fellow, tell us here the circum-
stance,

* That we for thee may glorify the Lord.

What, hast thou been long blind, and now restored ?

Simp. Born blind, an't please your grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suff. What woman is this ?

¹ This scene is founded on a story which sir Thomas More has related, and which he says was communicated to him by his father. The impostor's name is not mentioned ; but he was detected by Humphrey duke of Gloster, and in the manner here represented. See More's Works, p. 134, Edit. 1557.

Wife. His wife, an't like your worship.

Glo. Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst have better told.

K. Hen. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your grace.

K. Hen. Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great to thee.

‘ Let never day nor night unhallowed pass,

‘ But still remember what the Lord hath done.

* *Q. Mar.* Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,

* Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

‘ *Simp.* God knows, of pure devotion; being called A hundred times, and oftener, in my sleep

‘ By good saint Alban; who said,—*Simpcox, come;*

‘ *Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.*

* *Wife.* Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft

* Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What, art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suff. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall of a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O, born so, master.

Glo. What, and wouldst climb a tree?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

* *Wife.* Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.

* *Glo.* 'Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that wouldst venture so.

‘ *Simp.* Alas, good master, my wife desired some damsons,

‘ And made me climb, with danger of my life.

* *Glo.* A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.—

‘ Let me see thine eyes.—wink now;—now open them.—

‘ In my opinion yet thou see'st not well.

‘ *Simp.* Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God and saint Alban.

Glo. Say'st thou me so? What color is this cloak of?

Simp. Red, master; red as blood.

Glo. Why, that's well said. What color is my gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black, as jet.

K. Hen. Why, then, thou know'st what color jet is of?

Suff. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Glo. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day, a many.

Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.

Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas, master, I know not.

Glo. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glo. What's thine own name?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

Glo. Then, Saunder, sit thou there, the lyingest knave

In Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind,
Thou mightst as well have known our names, as thus
To name the several colors we do wear.

Sight may distinguish of colors; but suddenly
To nominate them all, 's impossible.—

My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle;
And would ye not think that cunning to be great,
That could restore this cripple to his legs again?

Simp. O, master, that you could!

Glo. My masters of Saint Albans, have you not
Beadles in your town, and things called whips?

May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[*Exit an Attendant*

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by.

[*A stool brought out.*] Now, sirrah, if you mean to
save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool,
and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone
You go about to torture me in vain.

Re-enter Attendant with the Beadle.

Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs.
Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Bead. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool, and runs away; and the people follow, and cry, A miracle!]

* *K. Hen.* O God, seest thou this, and bear'st so long!

* *Q. Mar.* It made me laugh to see the villain run.

* *Glo.* Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

* *Wife.* Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipped through every market town,

Till they come to Berwick, whence they came.

[Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c.]

‘ *Car.* Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

‘ *Suff.* True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.

‘ *Glo.* But you have done more miracles than I;

‘ You made, in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

‘ *K. Hen.* What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

‘ *Buck.* Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.

‘ A sort¹ of naughty persons, lewdly² bent,—

‘ Under the countenance and confederacy,

‘ Of lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,

‘ The ringleader and head of all this rout,—

‘ Have practised dangerously against your state,

¹ A sort is a company.

² i. e. wickedly, knavishly.

' Dealing with witches, and with conjurers ;
 ' Whom we have apprehended in the fact ;
 ' Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
 ' Demanding of king Henry's life and death,
 ' And other of your highness' privy council,
 ' As more at large your grace shall understand.

' *Car.* And so, my lord protector, by this means
 ' Your lady is forthcoming ¹ yet at London.
 ' This news, I think, hath turned your weapon's edge.
 ' 'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

[*Aside to GLOSTER.*

' *Glo.* Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart !
 * Sorrow and grief have vanquished all my powers ;
 * And, vanquished as I am, I yield to thee,
 * Or to the meanest groom.

* *K. Hen.* O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones ;

* Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby !

* *Q. Mar.* Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest ;
 * And, look thyself be faultless ; thou wert best.

' *Glo.* Madam, for myself, to Heaven I do appeal,
 ' How I have loved my king, and common-weal :
 ' And, for my wife, I know not how it stands ;
 ' Sorry I am to hear what I have heard :
 ' Noble she is ; but if she have forgot
 ' Honor and virtue, and conversed with such
 ' As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
 ' I banish her my bed and company ;
 ' And give her, as a prey, to law and shame,
 ' That hath dishonored Gloster's honest name.

' *K. Hen.* Well, for this night, we will repose us here.

' To-morrow, toward London, back again,
 ' To look into this business thoroughly,
 ' And call these foul offenders to their answers ;
 ' And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
 ' Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause pre-
 vails.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

¹ i. e. your lady is in custody.

SCENE II. London. *The Duke of York's Garden*

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.

York. Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,

‘ Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
‘ In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
‘ In craving your opinion of my title,
‘ Which is infallible to England’s crown.

* *Sal.* My lord, I long to hear it at full.

War. Sweet York, begin ; and if thy claim be good
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus :—

‘ Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons :
‘ The first, Edward, the Black Prince, prince of Wales
‘ The second, William of Hatfield ; and the third,
‘ Lionel, duke of Clarence ; next to whom,
‘ Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster ;
‘ The fifth was Edmond Langley, duke of York ;
‘ The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of
Gloster ;

‘ William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.
‘ Edward, the Black Prince, died before his father ;
‘ And left behind him Richard, his only son,
‘ Who, after Edward the Third’s death, reigned as king
‘ Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,
‘ The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
‘ Crowned by the name of Henry the Fourth,
‘ Seized on the realm ; deposed the rightful king ;
‘ Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,
‘ And him to Pomfret ; where, as you all know,
‘ Harmless Richard was murdered traitorously.

* *War.* Father, the duke hath told the truth ;

* Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

* *York.* Which now they hold by force, and not by
right ;

* For Richard, the first son’s heir being dead,

* The issue of the next son should have reigned.

* *Sal.* But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

* *York.* The third son, duke of Clarence (from whose line

* I claim the crown) had issue—Philippe, a daughter,

* Who married Edmund Mortimer, earl of March ;

* Edmund had issue—Roger, earl of March ;

* Roger had issue—Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

‘ *Sal.* This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
‘ As I have read, laid claim unto the crown ;
‘ And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
‘ Who kept him in captivity, till he died.¹

* But, to the rest.

‘ *York.* His eldest sister, Anne,
‘ My mother, being heir unto the crown,
‘ Married Richard, earl of Cambridge ; who was son
‘ To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third’s fifth son.
‘ By her I claim the kingdom : she was heir
‘ To Roger, earl of March ; who was the son

¹ Some of the mistakes of the historians and the drama concerning Edmund Mortimer, earl of March, are noticed in a note to the former play ; where he is introduced as an aged and gray-haired prisoner in the Tower, and represented as having been confined “since Harry Monmouth first began to reign.” Yet here we are told he was kept in captivity by Owen Glendower till he died. The fact is, that Hall having said Owen Glendower kept his *son-in-law*, lord Grey of Ruthvin, *in captivity till he died*, and this lord March having been said by some historians to have married Owen’s daughter, the author of this play has confounded them with each other. This Edmund being only six years of age at the death of his father, in 1398, he was delivered by king Henry IV. in ward to his son Henry prince of Wales, and during the whole of that reign, being a minor, and related to the family on the throne, he was under the particular care of the king. At the age of ten years, in 1402, he headed a body of Herefordshire men against Owen Glendower, and was taken prisoner by him. The Percies, in the manifesto they published before the battle of Shrewsbury, speak of him as rightful heir to the crown, whom Owen had confined, and whom, finding for political reasons that the king would not ransom him, they at their own charges had ransomed. If he was at the battle of Shrewsbury, he was probably brought there against his will, to grace their cause, and was under the care of the king soon after. Great trust was reposed in this earl of March during the whole reign of king Henry V. In the sixth year of that king he was at the siege of Fresnes, with the earl of Salisbury ; and soon afterwards with the king himself at the siege of Melun. In the same year he was made lieutenant of Normandy ; was at Melun with Henry to treat of his marriage with Catharine ; and accompanied that queen when she returned from France with the corpse of her husband, in 1422, and died two years afterwards at his castle of Trim, in Ireland.

‘ Of Edmund Mortimer ; who married Philippe,
‘ Sole daughter unto Lionel, duke of Clarence :
‘ So, if the issue of the elder son
‘ Succeed before the younger, I am king.

‘ *War.* What plain proceedings are more plain than
this ?

‘ Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
‘ The fourth son ; York claims it from the third.
‘ Till Lionel’s issue fails, his should not reign ;
‘ It fails not yet ; but flourishes in thee,
‘ And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.—
‘ Then, father Salisbury, kneel we both together ;
‘ And, in this private plot,¹ be we the first
‘ That shall salute our rightful sovereign
‘ With honor of his birthright to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England’s
king !

‘ *York.* We thank you, lords. But I am not your
king

‘ Till I be crowned ; and that my sword be stained
‘ With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster.
* And that’s not suddenly to be performed ;
* But with advice and silent secrecy.
* Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,
* Wink at the duke of Suffolk’s insolence,
* At Beaufort’s pride, at Somerset’s ambition,
* At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
* Till they have snared the shepherd of the flock,
* That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphrey.
* ’Tis that they seek : and they, in seeking that,
* Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

* *Sal.* My lord, break we off ; we know your mind
at full.

‘ *War.* My heart assures me, that the earl of War-
wick

‘ Shall one day make the duke of York a king.

‘ *York.* And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,—

¹ Sequestered spot.

‘ Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwick
‘ The greatest man in England, but the king.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A Hall of Justice.*

Trumpets sounded. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, *and* SALISBURY; *the* DUCHESS of GLOSTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, *and* BOLINGBROKE, *under guard.*

‘ *K. Hen.* Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham,
Gloster’s wife :

‘ In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great ;
‘ Receive the sentence of the law, for sins
‘ Such as by God’s book are adjudged to death.—

* You four, from hence to prison back again ;
[*To JOURD., &c.*

* From thence unto the place of execution ;
* The witch in Smithfield shall be burned to ashes,
* And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.—
‘ You, madam,—for you are more nobly born,—
‘ Despoiled of your honor in your life,
‘ Shall after three days’ open penance done,
‘ Live in your country here, in banishment,
‘ With sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

‘ *Duch.* Welcome is banishment ; welcome were my death.

* *Glo.* Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged thee ;
* I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—

[*Exeunt the Duchess, and the other Prisoners, guarded.*

‘ Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
‘ Ah, Humphrey, this dishonor in thine age
‘ Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground !
‘ I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go ;
‘ Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.

‘ *K. Hen.* Stay, Humphrey duke of Gloster : ere thou go,

' Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself
 ' Protector be; and God shall be my hope,
 ' My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet;
 ' And go in peace, Humphrey; no less beloved,
 ' Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

* *Q. Mar.* I see no reason why a king of years
 * Should be to be protected like a child.—

' God and king Henry govern England's helm;
 ' Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

' *Glo.* My staff?—Here, noble Henry, is my staff;
 ' As willingly do I the same resign,
 ' As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
 And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
 As others would ambitiously receive it.
 ' Farewell, good king. When I am dead and gone,
 May honorable peace attend thy throne! [*Exit.*

* *Q. Mar.* Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret
 queen;

* And Humphrey, duke of Gloster, scarce himself,
 * That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once,—
 * His lady banished, and a limb lopped off.
 * This staff of honor raught,¹ there let it stand,
 ' Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

* *Suff.* Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his
 sprays;

* Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.²

' *York.* Lords, let him go.³—Please it your majesty,
 ' This is the day appointed for the combat;
 ' And ready are the appellant and defendant,
 ' The armorer and his man, to enter the lists,
 ' So please your highness to behold the fight.

* *Q. Mar.* Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore
 * Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

' *K. Hen.* O God's name, see the lists and all
 things fit;
 ' Here let them end it, and God defend the right!

¹ *Raught* is the ancient preterit of the verb *reach*.

² *Her* in this line relates to *pride*, and not to *Eleanor*. "The pride of Eleanor dies before it has reached maturity."

³ i. e. let him pass out of your thoughts.

* *York*. I never saw a fellow worse bested,¹
* Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
* The servant of this armorer, my lords.

Enter, on one side, HORNER, and his neighbors, drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it;² a drum before him; at the other side, PETER, with a drum and a similar staff; accompanied by Prentices drinking to him.

1 *Neigh*. Here, neighbor Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack; and fear not, neighbor, you shall do well enough.

2 *Neigh*. And here, neighbor, here's a cup of charneco.³

3 *Neigh*. And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbor: drink, and fear not your man.

Hor. Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter!

1 *Pren*. Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.

2 *Pren*. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master; fight for credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank you all: *drink, and pray for me, *I pray you; for, I think, I have taken my last *draught in this world.*—Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer;—and here, Tom, take all the money that I have.—O Lord, bless me, I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.—Sirrah, what's thy name?

¹ In a worse plight.

² As, according to the old law of duels, knights were to fight with the lance and the sword, so those of inferior rank fought with an ebon staff, or baton, to the further end of which was fixed a bag crammed hard with sand.

³ *Charneco* appears to have been a kind of sweet wine. Steevens says *Charneco* is the name of a village in Portugal where this wine was made.

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man; *touching the duke of York, *—will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen. *And, therefore, Peter, *have at thee with a downright blow, as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.¹

* *York.* Despatch;—this knave's tongue begins to double.²

* Sound trumpets, alarum to the combatants.

[*Alarum.* *They fight, and Peter strikes down his Master.*

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason.
[*Dies.*

* *York.* Take away his weapon.—Fellow,

* Thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

‘ *Peter.* O God! have I overcome mine enemies
‘ in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in
‘ right!

K. Hen. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;
For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt.³
And God, in justice, hath revealed to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murdered wrongfully.—
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [*Exeunt.*

¹ Warburton added this allusion to *Bevis* and *Ascapart* from the old quarto. The story of this knight and giant was familiar to our ancestors; their effigies are still preserved on the gates of Southampton.

² This is from Holinshed, whose narrative Shakspeare has deserted in making the armorer confess treason:—“His neighbors gave him wine and strong drinke in such excessive sort, that he was therewith distempered, and reeled as he went, and so was slaine *without guilt*. As for the false servant, he lived not long unpunished; for being convict of felonie in court of assise, he was judged to be hanged, and so was at Tiburne.” Fo. 626.

³ The real name of the combatants were John Daveys and William Catour. The death of the vanquished person was always regarded as certain evidence of his guilt.

SCENE IV. *The same. A Street.*

Enter GLOSTER and Servants, in mourning cloaks.

* *Glo.* Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud ;

* And, after summer, evermore succeeds

* Barren winter, with his wrathful, nipping cold.

* So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.

Sirs, what's o'clock ?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

‘ *Glo.* Ten is the hour that was appointed me,

‘ To watch the coming of my punished duchess.

‘ Uneath¹ may she endure the flinty streets,

‘ To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.

Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook

The abject people, gazing on thy face,

With envious looks, still laughing at thy shame ;

That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,

When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.

* But, soft ! I think she comes ; and I'll prepare

* My tear-stained eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the DUCHESS of GLOSTER, in a white sheet, with papers pinned upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand ; SIR JOHN STANLEY, a Sheriff, and Officers.

Serv. So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

‘ *Glo.* No, stir not, for your lives ; let her pass by.

Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame ?
Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze !

‘ See how the giddy multitude do point,

‘ And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee !

‘ Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks ;

‘ And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,

And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.

¹ Not easily.

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Duch. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself;
For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
'Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Mailed up in shame,¹ with papers on my back;
* And followed with a rabble, that rejoice
* To see my tears, and hear my deep-fet² groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;
And, when I start, the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.
' Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
* 'Trow'st thou, that e'er I'll look upon the world;
* Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?
* No; dark shall be my light, and night my day;
* To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.
Sometime I'll say, I am duke Humphrey's wife;
And he a prince, and ruler of the land:
Yet so he ruled, and such a prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
' Was made a wonder, and a pointing-stock,
To every idle, rascal follower.
But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame;
Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will.
For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all
' With her, that hateth thee and hates us all,—
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all limed bushes to betray thy wings;
And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee.
* But fear not thou, until thy foot be snared,
* Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.
* *Glo.* Ah, Nell, forbear; thou aimest all awry;
* I must offend before I be attainted.
* And had I twenty times so many foes,
* And each of them had twenty times their power,
* All these could not procure me any scathe,

¹ *Wrapped* or bundled up in disgrace; alluding to the sheet of penance *Mailed*, from a *mail* or *male*, a little budget.

² Deep-fetched.

- * So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
 ‘ Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?
 ‘ Why, yet thy scandal were not wiped away,
 ‘ But I in danger for the breach of law.
 ‘ Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell.
 ‘ I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;
 ‘ These few days’ wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty’s parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.

Glo. And my consent ne’er asked herein before!
 This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there.

[*Exit Herald.*

My Nell, I take my leave ;—and, master sheriff,
 Let not her penance exceed the king’s commission.

‘ *Sher.* An’t please your grace, here my commission
 stays ;

‘ And sir John Stanley is appointed now

‘ To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

‘ *Glo.* Must you, sir John, protect my lady here?

‘ *Stan.* So am I given in charge, may’t please your
 grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
 You use her well. The world may laugh again ;¹
 And I may live to do you kindness, if
 You do it her. And so, sir John, farewell.

Duch. What, gone, my lord ; and bid me not fare-
 well ?

‘ *Glo.* Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and Servants.*

‘ *Duch.* Art thou gone too? * All comfort go with
 thee !

* For none abides with me. My joy is—death ;

* Death, at whose name I oft have been afeared,

* Because I wished this world’s eternity.

‘ Stanley, I pr’ythee, go, and take me hence ;

¹ i. e. the world may again look favorably on me.

- ‘ I care not whither, for I beg no favor,
‘ Only convey me where thou art commanded.
* *Stan.* Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man ;
* There to be used according to your state.
* *Duch.* That’s bad enough, for I am but reproach ;
* And shall I then be used reproachfully ?
* *Stan.* Like to a duchess, and duke Humphrey’s
lady,
* According to that state you shall be used.
‘ *Duch.* Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare ;
‘ Although thou hast been conduct¹ of my shame !
‘ *Sher.* It is my office ; and, madam, pardon me.
‘ *Duch.* Ay, ay, farewell ; thy office is discharged.—
‘ Come, Stanley, shall we go ?
‘ *Stan.* Madam, your penance done, throw off this
sheet,
‘ And go we to attire you for our journey.
‘ *Duch.* My shame will not be shifted with my
sheet ;
* No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
* And show itself, attire me how I can.
* Go, lead the way ; I long to see my prison.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Abbey at Bury.*

Enter, to the parliament, KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, and others.

- ‘ *K. Hen.* I muse my lord of Gloster is not come.
‘ ’Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
‘ Whate’er occasion keeps him from us now.

¹ For conductor.

‘ *Q. Mar.* Can you not see? or will you not observe

‘ The strangeness of his altered countenance?
‘ With what a majesty he bears himself!
‘ How insolent of late he is become,
‘ How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?
‘ We know the time, since he was mild and affable ;
‘ And, if we did but glance a far-off look,
‘ Immediately he was upon his knee,
‘ That all the court admired him for submission ;
‘ But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
‘ When every one will give the time of day,
‘ He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,
‘ And passeth by with stiff, unbowed knee,
‘ Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
‘ Small curs are not regarded when they grin ;
‘ But great men tremble when the lion roars ;
‘ And Humphrey is no little man in England.
‘ First, note, that he is near you in descent ;
‘ And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
‘ Me seemeth, then, it is no policy,—
‘ Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
‘ And his advantage following your decease,—
‘ That he should come about your royal person,
‘ Or be admitted to your highness’ council.
‘ By flattery hath he won the commons’ hearts ;
‘ And, when he please to make commotion,
‘ ’Tis to be feared, they all will follow him.
‘ Now ’tis the spring, and weeds are shallow rooted ;
‘ Suffer them now, and they’ll o’ergrow the garden,
‘ And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
‘ The reverent care, I bear unto my lord,
‘ Made me collect ¹ these dangers in the duke.
‘ If it be fond, call it a woman’s fear ;
‘ Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
‘ I will subscribe and say—I wronged the duke.
‘ My lord of Suffolk,—Buckingham,—and York,—
‘ Reprove my allegation, if you can ;
‘ Or else conclude my words effectual.

¹ i. e. assemble by observation.

* *Suff.* Well hath your highness seen into this duke ;

* And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think I should have told your grace's¹ tale.

* The duchess, by his subornation,
* Upon my life, began her devilish practices ;
* Or if he were not privy to those faults,
* Yet, by reputed of his high descent,²
* (As next the king he was successive heir,)
* And such high vaunts of his nobility,
* Did instigate the bedlam, brain-sick duchess,
* By wicked means, to frame our sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep ;
* And in his simple show he harbors treason.

The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.
No, no, my sovereign ; Gloster is a man
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

* *Car.* Did he not, contrary to form of law,
* Devise strange deaths for small offences done ?

York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
* Levy great sums of money through the realm,
* For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it ?
* By means whereof, the towns each day revolted.

* *Buck.* Tut ! these are petty faults to faults unknown,
* Which time will bring to light in smooth duke Humphrey.

* *K. Hen.* My lords, at once : The care you have of us,
* To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
* Is worthy praise ; but shall I speak my conscience ?
* Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
* From meaning treason to our royal person,

¹ Suffolk uses *highness* and *grace* promiscuously to the queen. Camden says that *majesty* came into use in the reign of king Henry the Eighth, as *sacred majesty* lately, in our memory. Selden says that this must be understood so far as it relates to the title being "commonly in use, and properly to the king applied," because he adduces an instance of the use of *majesty*, so early as the reign of Henry the Second. The reader will see more on the subject in Mr. Douce's *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, vol. ii. p. 11.

² i. e. valuing himself on his high descent.

- * As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove.
- * The duke is virtuous, mild ; and too well given,
- * To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.
- * *Q. Mar.* Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond affiance !
- * Seems he a dove ? his feathers are but borrowed,
- * For he's disposed as the hateful raven.
- * Is he a lamb ? his skin is surely lent him,
- * For he's inclined as are the ravenous wolves.
- * Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit ?
- * Take heed, my lord ; the welfare of us all
- * Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter SOMERSET.

* *Som.* All health unto my gracious sovereign !

K. Hen. Welcome, lord Somerset. What news from France ?

* *Som.* That all your interest in those territories Is utterly bereft you ; all is lost.

K. Hen. Cold news, lord Somerset ; but God's will be done !

York. Cold news for me ; for I had hope of France, As firmly as I hope for fertile England.

- * Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
- * And caterpillars eat my leaves away ;
- * But I will remedy this gear ere long,
- * Or sell my title for a glorious grave. [*Exit.*

Enter GLOSTER.

* *Glo.* All happiness unto my lord the king ! Pardon, my liege, that I have staid so long.

Suff. Nay, Gloster, know, that thou art come too soon,

* Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art. I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glo. Well, Suffolk, yet ¹ thou shalt not see me blush, Nor change my countenance for this arrest ;

¹ This is the reading of the second folio. The first folio reads, "Well, Suffolk, thou," &c. Mr. Malone reads, "Well, Suffolk's duke," &c., from the old play.

* A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

* The purest spring is not so free from mud,

* As I am clear from treason to my sovereign :

Who can accuse me ? wherein am I guilty ?

York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,

And, being protector, stayed the soldiers' pay ;

By means whereof, his highness hath lost France.

Glo. Is it but thought so ? What are they that think it ?

‘ I never robbed the soldiers of their pay,

‘ Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.

‘ So help me God, as I have watched the night,—

‘ Ay, night by night,—in studying good for England !

‘ That do it that e'er I wrested from the king,

‘ Or any groat I hoarded to my use,

‘ Be brought against me at my trial day !

‘ No ! many a pound of mine own proper store,

‘ Because I would not tax the needy commons,

‘ Have I dispursed to the garrisons,

‘ And never asked for restitution.

* *Car.* It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

* *Glo.* I say no more than truth, so help me God !

York. In your protectorship, you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defamed by tyranny.

Glo. Why, 'tis well known, that whiles I was protector,

Pity was all the fault that was in me ;

* For I should melt at an offender's tears,

* And lowly words were ransom for their fault.

‘ Unless it were a bloody murderer,

‘ Or foul, felonious thief that fleeced poor passengers,

‘ I never gave them cōdign punishment :

‘ Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortured

‘ Above the felon, or what trespass else.

‘ *Suff.* My lord, these faults are easy,¹ quickly answered :

¹ i. e. *slight*.

‘ But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
‘ Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
‘ I do arrest you in his highness’ name ;
‘ And here commit you to my lord cardinal
‘ To keep, until your further time of trial.

‘ *K. Hen.* My lord of Gloster, ’tis my special hope,
‘ That you will clear yourself from all suspects ;
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glo. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous !

* Virtue is choked with foul ambition,
* And charity chased hence by rancor’s hand ;
* Foul subornation is predominant,
* And equity exiled your highness’ land.
* I know their complot is to have my life ;
‘ And, if my death might make this island happy,
‘ And prove the period of their tyranny,
‘ I would expend it with all willingness ;
‘ But mine is made the prologue to their play ;
‘ For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
‘ Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
‘ Beaufort’s red, sparkling eyes blab his heart’s malice,
‘ And Suffolk’s cloudy brow his stormy hate ;
‘ Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
‘ The envious load that lies upon his heart ;
‘ And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
‘ Whose overweening arm I have plucked back,
‘ By false accuse doth level at my life ;—
‘ And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
‘ Causeless have laid disgraces on my head ;
* And, with your best endeavor, have stirred up
* My liefest¹ liege to be mine enemy :—
* Ay, all of you have laid your heads together ;
* Myself had notice of your conventicles ;
‘ I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
‘ Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt :
‘ The ancient proverb will be well affected,—
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

* *Car.* My liege, his railing is intolerable :

¹ *Liefest* is dearest.

- * If those that care to keep your royal person
- * From treason's secret knife, and traitors' rage,
- * Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
- * And the offender granted scope of speech,
- * 'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

Suff. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here,
 ' With ignominious words, though clerkly couched,
 ' As if she had suborned some to swear
 ' False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

' *Q. Mar.* But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glo. Far truer spoke than meant: I lose indeed;—
 ' Beshrew the winners, for they played me false!
 * And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day.—

' Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

' *Car.* Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

Glo. Ah, thus king Henry throws away his crutch,
 Before his legs be firm to bear his body;
 ' Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
 ' And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
 ' Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
 ' For, good king Henry, thy decay I fear.

[*Exeunt Attendants, with GLOSTER.*]

K. Hen. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,
 Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.

Q. Mar. What, will your highness leave the parliament?

K. Hen. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drowned with grief,

- * Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
- * My body round engirt with misery;
- * For what's more miserable than discontent?—
- * Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
- * The map of honor, truth, and loyalty!
- * And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,
- * That e'er I proved thee false, or feared thy faith.
- * What lowering star now envies thy estate,

* That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
* Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
* Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong,
* And as the butcher takes away the calf,
* And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
* Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house,
* Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence.
* And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
* Looking the way her harmless young one went,
* And can do nought but wail her darling's loss,
* Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case,
* With sad, unhelpful tears; and with dimmed eyes
* Look after him, and cannot do him good;
* So mighty are his vowed enemies.
' His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan,
' Say—*Who's a traitor, Gloster he is none.* [Exit.

Q. Mar. Free lords;¹ cold snow melts with the
sun's hot beams.

* Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
* Too full of foolish pity; and Gloster's show
* Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
* With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
* Or as the snake, rolled in a flowering bank,
* With shining, checkered slough, doth sting a child,
* That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent.
* Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,
* (And yet, herein, I judge mine own wit good,)
' This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
' To rid us from the fear we have of him.

* Car. That he should die, is worthy policy;
* But yet we want a color for his death:
* 'Tis meet he be condemned by course of law.

* Suff. But, in my mind, that were no policy;
* The king will labor still to save his life;
* The commons haply rise to save his life;

¹ Warburton thinks that by "*free lords*" Margaret means "you who are not bound up to such precise regards of religion as is the king; but are men of the world, and know how to live." It has been shown that *free* meant *pure, chaste*, and consequently *virtuous*. This may be the meaning here; unless the reader would rather believe that it means *free-born, noble*, which was the sense of its Saxon original.

- * And yet we have but trivial argument,
- * More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.
- * *York.* So that, by this, you would not have him
- * *Suff.* Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I.
- * *York.* 'Tis York that hath more reason for death.¹—
- * But, my lord cardinal, and you, my lord of Suffol
- * Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,—
- * Wer't not all one, an empty eagle were set
- * To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
- * As place duke Humphrey for the king's protector
- Q. Mar.* So the poor chicken should be sure death.
- * *Suff.* Madam, 'tis true; and wer't not made then,
- * To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
- * Who being accused a crafty murderer,
- * His guilt should be but idly posted over,
- * Because his purpose is not executed.
- * No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
- * By nature proved an enemy to the flock,
- * Before his chaps be stained with crimson blood;
- * As Humphrey, proved by reasons, to my liege.
- * And do not stand on quilllets, how to slay him:
- * Be it by gins, by snares, by subtlety,
- * Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
- * So he be dead; for that is good deceit
- * Which mates² him first, that first intends deceit.
- * *Q. Mar.* Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely sp
- * *Suff.* Not resolute, except so much were done
- * For things are often spoke, and seldom meant:
- * But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—
- * Seeing the deed is meritorious,
- * And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—
- * Say but the word, and I will be his priest.³

¹ York had more reason for desiring Humphrey's death, because he stood between him and the crown, which he had proposed to him for his ambitious views.

² i. e. confounds, overcomes.

³ That is, "I will be the attendant on his last scene; I will be the man whom he shall see."

- * *Car.* But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,
 * Ere you can take due orders for a priest :
 * Say you consent, and censure¹ well the deed,
 * And I'll provide his executioner,
 * I tender so the safety of my liege.
 * *Suff.* Here is my hand ; the deed is worthy doing.
 * *Q. Mar.* And so say I.
 * *York.* And I ; and now we three have spoke it ;
 * It skills not greatly² who impugns our doom.

Enter a Messenger.

- ‘ *Mess.* Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,
 ‘ To signify—that rebels there are up,
 ‘ And put the Englishmen unto the sword :
 * Send succors, lords, and stop the rage betime,
 * Before the wound do grow incurable ;
 * For, being green, there is great hope of help.
 * *Car.* A breach, that craves a quick, expedient³
 stop !
 ‘ What counsel give you in this weighty cause ?
 ‘ *York.* That Somerset be sent as regent thither :
 ‘ ’Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employed ;
 ‘ Witness the fortune he hath had in France.
 ‘ *Som.* If York, with all his far-fet⁴ policy,
 ‘ Had been the regent there instead of me,
 ‘ He never would have staid in France so long.
 ‘ *York.* No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done.
 ‘ I rather would have lost my life betimes,
 * Than bring a burden of dishonor home,
 * By staying there so long, till all were lost.
 * Show me one scar charáctered on thy skin ;
 * Men’s flesh preserved so whole, do seldom win.
 * *Q. Mar.* Nay, then, this spark will prove a raging
 fire,
 * If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with :—

¹ i. e. judge or think well of it.

³ Expeditious.

² “ It matters not greatly.”

⁴ Far-fetched.

* No more, good York:—sweet Somerset, be still:—

* Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,

* Might happily have proved far worse than his.

York. What, worse than naught? nay, then a shame
take all!

‘ *Som.* And in the number, thee, that wishest shame

‘ *Car.* My lord of York, try what your fortune is.

‘ The uncivil kernes of Ireland are in arms,

‘ And temper clay with blood of Englishmen;

‘ To Ireland will you lead a band of men,

‘ Collected choicely, from each county some,

‘ And try your hap against the Irishmen?

* *York.* I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

* *Suff.* Why, our authority is his consent;

* And what we do establish, he confirms:

* Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

‘ *York.* I am content. Provide me soldiers, lords,
‘ Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

‘ *Suff.* A charge, lord York, that I will see performed
‘ But now return we to the false duke Humphrey.

‘ *Car.* No more of him; for I will deal with him,
‘ That, henceforth, he shall trouble us no more.

‘ And so break off; the day is almost spent:

‘ Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

‘ *York.* My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,
‘ At Bristol I expect my soldiers;

‘ For there I’ll ship them all for Ireland.

Suff. I’ll see it truly done, my lord of York.

[*Exeunt all but YORK*

‘ *York.* Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful
thoughts,

‘ And change misdoubt to resolution.

* Be that thou hop’st to be; or what thou art

* Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying.

* Let pale-faced fear keep with the mean-born man,

* And find no harbor in a royal heart.

* Faster than spring-time showers, comes thought or
thought;

* And not a thought, but thinks on dignity.

* My brain, more busy than the laboring spider,

* Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
* Well, nobles, well, 'tis politicly done,
* To send me packing with a host of men ;
* I fear me, you but warm the starved snake,
* Who, cherished in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lacked, and you will give them me ;
' I take it kindly ; yet, be well assured
' You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
' Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
* I will stir up in England some black storm,
* Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or hell ;
* And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
* Until the golden circuit on my head,
* Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
* Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.
' And, for a minister of my intent,
' I have seduced a headstrong Kentishman,
' John Cade of Ashford,
' To make commotion, as full well he can,
' Under the title of John Mortimer.
* In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
* Oppose himself against a troop of kernes ;¹
* And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
* Were almost like a sharp-quilled porcupine ;
* And, in the end being rescued, I have seen him
* Caper upright like a wild Morisco,²
* Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
* Full often, like a shag-haired crafty kerne,
* Hath he conversed with the enemy ;
* And undiscovered come to me again,
* And given me notice of their villanies.
* This devil here shall be my substitute ;
* For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
* In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble ;
' By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,

¹ *Kernes* were Irish peasantry, who served as light-armed foot-soldiers.

² A dancer in a morris-dance ; originally, perhaps, meant to imitate a Moorish dance, and thence named. The bells sufficiently indicate that the English morris-dancer is intended. It appears from Blount's Glossography, and some of our old writers, that the dance itself was called a *morisco*.

‘ How they affect the house and claim of York.
 ‘ Say, he be taken, racked, and tortured ;
 ‘ I know no pain they can inflict upon him,
 ‘ Will make him say—I moved him to those arms.
 ‘ Say, that he thrive, (as ’tis great like he will,)
 ‘ Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
 ‘ And reap the harvest which that rascal sowed ;
 ‘ For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
 ‘ And Henry put apart, the next for me. [Exit.

SCENE II.¹ Bury. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter certain Murderers, hastily.

1 *Mur.* Run to my lord of Suffolk ; let him know,
 * We have despatched the duke, as he commanded.

* 2 *Mur.* O, that it were to do !—What have we
 done ?

* Didst ever hear a man so penitent ?

Enter SUFFOLK.

‘ 1 *Mur.* Here comes my lord.

‘ *Suff.* Now, sirs, have you

‘ Despatched this thing ?

‘ 1 *Mur.* Ay, my good lord ; he’s dead.

‘ *Suff.* Why, that’s well said. Go, get you to my
 house ;

‘ I will reward you for this venturous deed.

‘ The king and all the peers are here at hand.—

‘ Have you laid fair the bed ? Are all things well,

‘ According as I gave directions ?

‘ 1 *Mur.* ’Tis, my good lord.

‘ *Suff.* Away, be gone ! [Exeunt Murderers.

¹ The directions concerning this scene stand thus in the quarto copy :—
 “ Then the curtains being drawne, duke Humphrey is discovered in his bed,
 and two men lying on his breast, and smothering him in his bed. And then
 enter the duke of Suffolk to them.”



Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, Lords, and others.

* *K. Hen.* Go, call our uncle to our presence straight.

* Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,

* If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

* *Suff.* I'll call him presently, my noble lord. [*Exit.*

* *K. Hen.* Lords, take your places;—and, I pray you all,

* Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster,

* Than from true evidence, of good esteem,

* He be approved in practice culpable.

* *Q. Mar.* God forbid any malice should prevail,

* That faultless may condemn a nobleman!

* Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion!

* *K. Hen.* I thank thee, Margaret; these words content me much.—

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

* *How* now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?

* Where is our uncle? what is the matter, Suffolk?

* *Suff.* Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.

* *Q. Mar.* Marry, God forefend!

* *Car.* God's secret judgment;—I did dream to-night,

* The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

[*The King swoons.*

* *Q. Mar.* How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the king is dead.

* *Som.* Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.

* *Q. Mar.* Run, go, help, help!—O Henry, ope thine eyes!

* *Suff.* He doth revive again;—madam, be patient.

* *K. Hen.* O heavenly God!

* *Q. Mar.* How fares my gracious lord?

* *Suff.* Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry comfort!

K. Hen. What, doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me?

Came he right now ¹ to sing a raven's note,

* Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers ;

And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,

‘ By crying comfort from a hollow breast,

‘ Can chase away the first-conceived sound ?

* Hide not thy poison with such sugared words ;

* Lay not thy hands on me ; forbear, I say ;

* Their touch affrights me, as a serpent's sting.

Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight !

‘ Upon thy eyeballs murderous tyranny

‘ Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.

‘ Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding ;—

‘ Yet do not go away.—Come, basilisk,

‘ And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight ;

* For in the shade of death I shall find joy ;

* In life, but double death, now Gloster's dead !

Q. Mar. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus ?

* Although the duke was enemy to him,

* Yet he, most Christianlike, laments his death ;

* And for myself,—foe as he was to me,

* Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,

* Or blood-consuming sighs, recall his life,

* I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,

* Look pale as primrose, with blood-drinking sighs,

* And all to have the noble duke alive.

‘ What know I how the world may deem of me ?

‘ For it is known we were but hollow friends.

‘ It may be judged I made the duke away ;

* So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,

* And princes' courts be filled with my reproach.

* This get I by his death. Ah me, unhappy !

* To be a queen, and crowned with infamy !

‘ *K. Hen.* Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man !

Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.

What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face ?

I am no loathsome leper ; look on me.

¹ Just now.

* What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
* Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
* Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
* Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy;
* Erect his statue then, and worship it,
* And make my image but an alehouse sign.
Was I, for this, nigh wrecked upon the sea;
' And twice by awkward wind from England's bank
' Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this, but well forewarning wind
Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,
* Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?
* What did I then, but cursed the gentle gusts,
* And he that loosed them from their brazen caves;
* And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,
* Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
* Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
* But left that hateful office unto thee.
* The pretty, vaulting sea refused to drown me;
* Knowing that thou wouldst have me drowned on
 shore,
* With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness.
* The splitting rocks cowered in the sinking sands,
* And would not dash me with their ragged sides;
* Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
* Might in thy palace perish¹ Margaret.
* As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
* When from the shore the tempest beat us back,
* I stood upon the hatches in the storm;
* And when the dusky sky began to rob
* My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
* I took a costly jewel from my neck,—
* A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—
* And threw it towards thy land;—the sea received it;
* And so, I wished, thy body might my heart:
* And even with this, I lost fair England's view,

¹ The verb *perish* is here used actively. Thus in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Maid's Tragedy* :—

“ ——— let not my sins
Perish your noble youth.”

- * And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart ;
- * And called them blind and dusky spectacles,
- * For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
- * How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
- * (The agent of thy foul inconstancy)
- * To sit and witch¹ me, as Ascanius did,
- * When he to madding Dido would unfold
- * His father's acts, commenced in burning Troy ?
- * Am I not witched like her ? or thou not false like him ?²
- * Ah me, I can no more ! Die, Margaret !
- * For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY. The Commons press to the door.

- ‘ *War.* It is reported, mighty sovereign,
- ‘ That good duke Humphrey traitorously is murdered
- ‘ By Suffolk and the cardinal Beaufort's means.
- ‘ The commons, like an angry hive of bees,
- ‘ That want their leader, scatter up and down,
- ‘ And care not who they sting in his revenge.
- ‘ Myself have calmed their spleenful mutiny,
- ‘ Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true ;

But how he died, God knows, not Henry.

- ‘ Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
- ‘ And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That I shall do, my liege.—Stay, Salisbury, With the rude multitude, till I return.

[WARWICK goes into an inner room, and SALISBURY retires.]

- * *K. Hen.* O Thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts ;
- * My thoughts, that labor to persuade my soul,

¹ The old copy reads, “*watch* me :” the emendation is Theobald's.

² Steevens thinks the word *or* should be omitted in this line, which would improve both the sense and metre. Mason proposes to read *art* instead of *or*.

- * Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life !
- * If my suspect be false, forgive me, God ;
- * For judgment only doth belong to thee !
- * Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
- * With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain ¹
- * Upon his face an ocean of salt tears ;
- * To tell my love unto his dumb, deaf trunk,
- * And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling :
- * But all in vain are these mean obsequies ;
- * And, to survey his dead and earthly image,
- * What were it but to make my sorrow greater ?

*The folding doors of an inner chamber are thrown open, and GLOSTER is discovered dead in his bed ; WARWICK and others standing by it.*²

* *War.* Come hither, gracious sovereign ; view this body.

* *K. Hen.* That is to see how deep my grave is made ;

* For with his soul fled all my worldly solace ;

* For, seeing him, I see my life in death.³

‘ *War.* As surely as my soul intends to live

‘ With that dread King that took our state upon him

‘ To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,

‘ I do believe that violent hands were laid

‘ Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

Suff. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!

‘ What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow ?

‘ *War.* See, how the blood is settled in his face !

¹ Steevens proposed to read *rain* instead of *drain*.

² This stage direction was inserted by Malone as best suited to the exhibition. The stage direction in the quarto is, "Warwick draws the curtaines, and shows duke Humphrey in his bed ;" in the folio, "A bed with Gloster's body put forth." By these and other circumstances it seems that the theatres were then unfurnished with scenes. In those days, it appears that curtains were occasionally hung across the middle of the stage on an iron rod, which being drawn open formed a second apartment, when a change of scene was required. See Malone's Account of the ancient Theatres, prefixed to the variorum edition of Shakspeare.

³ This passage evidently means, "I see my own life threatened with extermination, or surrounded by death."

Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,¹
‘ Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
‘ Being all descended to the laboring heart ;
‘ Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
‘ Attracts the same for aidance ’gainst the enemy ;
‘ Which with the heart there cools, and ne’er returneth
‘ To blush and beautify the cheek again.
‘ But, see, his face is black, and full of blood ;
‘ His eyeballs further out than when he lived,
‘ Staring full ghastly like a strangled man ;
‘ His hair upreared, his nostrils stretched with struggling ;
‘ His hands abroad displayed, as one that grasped
‘ And tugged for life, and was by strength subdued.
‘ Look, on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking ;
‘ His well-proportioned beard made rough and rugged,
‘ Like to the summer’s corn by tempest lodged.
‘ It cannot be, but he was murdered here ;
‘ The least of all these signs were probable.
‘ *Suff.* Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death ?
‘ Myself, and Beaufort, had him in protection ;
‘ And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.
‘ *War.* But both of you were vowed duke Humphrey’s foes ;
‘ And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep.
‘ ’Tis like, you would not feast him like a friend ;
‘ And ’tis well seen he found an enemy.
‘ *Q. Mar.* Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
‘ As guilty of duke Humphrey’s timeless death.
‘ *War.* Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect ’twas he that made the slaughter ?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock’s nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak ?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

¹ *Timely* may mean *early, recently, newly*.

‘ *Q. Mar.* Are you the butcher, Suffolk ; where’s
your knife ?

Is Beaufort termed a kite ? where are his talons ?

Suff. I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping men ;
But here’s a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,
That slanders me with murder’s crimson badge.—
Say, if thou dar’st, proud lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in duke Humphrey’s death.

[*Exeunt Cardinal, Som., and others.*

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare
him ?

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still ; with reverence may I
say ;

For every word you speak in his behalf,
Is slander to your royal dignity.

‘ *Suff.* Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanor !
If ever lady wronged her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern, untutored churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip ; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils’ noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign’s presence makes me mild,
I would, false, murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say—it was thy mother that thou mean’st,
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy ;
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men !

Suff. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy
blood,

If from this presence thou dar’st go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence ;

- * Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
- * And do some service to duke Humphrey's ghost.

[*Exeunt SUFFOLK and WARWICK.*]

* *K. Hen.* What stronger breast plate than a heart untainted?

- * Thrice is he armed, that hath his quarrel just;
- * And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
- * Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A noise within.*]

Q. Mar. What noise is this?

Re-enter SUFFOLK, and WARWICK, with their weapons drawn.

* *K. Hen.* Why, how now, lords? your wrathful weapons drawn

* Here in our presence? Dare you be so bold?—

* Why, what tumultuous clamor have we here?

Suff. The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury,

Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Noise of a crowd within. Re-enter SALISBURY.

* *Sal.* Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind.—

[*Speaking to those within*]

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,

* They will by violence tear him from your palace,

* And torture him with grievous, lingering death.

* They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died:

* They say, in him they fear your highness' death;

* And mere instinct of love and loyalty—

* Free from a stubborn, opposite intent,

* As being thought to contradict your liking—

* Makes them thus forward in his banishment.

* They say, in care of your most royal person,

* That, if your highness should intend to sleep,

* And charge—that no man should disturb your rest,

* In pain of your dislike, or pain of death ;
 * Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
 * Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
 * That slyly glided towards your majesty,
 * It were but necessary you were waked ;
 * Lest, being suffered in that harmful slumber,
 * The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal.
 * And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
 * That they will guard you, whe'r you will, or no,
 * From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is ;
 * With whose envenomed and fatal sting
 * Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
 * They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the king, my
 lord of Salisbury.

Suff. 'Tis like the commons, rude, unpolished hinds,
 Could send such message to their sovereign.
 But you, my lord, were glad to be employed,
 To show how quaint¹ an orator you are :
 But all the honor Salisbury hath won,
 Is—that he was the lord ambassador,
 Sent from a sort² of tinkers to the king.

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the king, or
 we'll all break in.

‘ *K. Hen.* Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me
 ‘ I thank them for their tender, loving care ;
 ‘ And had I not been 'cited so by them,
 ‘ Yet did I purpose as they do entreat ;
 ‘ For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
 ‘ Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.
 ‘ And therefore—by his Majesty I swear,
 ‘ Whose far unworthy deputy I am—
 ‘ He shall not breathe infection in this air³
 ‘ But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[*Exit* SALISBURY.]

‘ *Q. Mar.* O, Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk !

‘ *K. Hen.* Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.

¹ i. e. dexterous.

² A company.

³ i. e. he shall not contaminate this air with his infected breath.

' No more, I say ; if thou dost plead for him,
 ' Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
 ' Had I but said, I would have kept my word ;
 ' But, when I swear, it is irrevocable.—
 * If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found,
 * On any ground that I am ruler of,
 * The world shall not be ransom for thy life.—
 ' Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me ;
 ' I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt* K. HENRY, WARWICK, Lords, &c.]

' *Q. Mar.* Mischance, and sorrow, go along with you !

' Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,
 ' Be playfellows to keep you company !
 ' There's two of you, the devil make a third !
 ' And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps !
 * *Suff.* Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
 * And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

' *Q. Mar.* Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch !

' Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies ?

Suff. A plague upon them ! wherefore should I curse them ?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,¹
 ' I would invent as bitter-searching terms.
 * As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
 Delivered strongly through my fixed teeth,
 ' With full as many signs of deadly hate,
 As lean-faced Envy in her loathsome cave.
 My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words ;
 Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint ;
 My hair be fixed on end, as one distract ;
 Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban :
 And even now my burdened heart would break,

¹ The fabulous accounts of the plant called a *mandrake* give it an inferior degree of animal life, and relate that, when it is torn from the ground, it groans, and that, this groan being certainly fatal to him that is offering such unwelcome violence, the practice of those who gathered mandrakes was to tie one end of a string to the plant, and the other to a dog, upon whom the fatal groan discharged its malignity. See *Bulleine's Bulwarke of Defence against Sicknesse*, &c. fol. 1579, p. 41.

Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
 Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
 Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees!
 Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks!
 Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings!¹
 Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss:
 And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
 All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st
 thyself;

* And these dread curses—like the sun 'gainst glass,

* Or like an overcharged gun—recoil,

* And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suff. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
 Now, by the ground that I am banished from,
 Well could I curse away a winter's night,
 Though standing naked on a mountain top,
 Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
 And think it but a minute spent in sport.

* *Q. Mar.* O, let me entreat thee, cease! Give me
 thy hand,

* That I may dew it with my mournful tears;

* Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,

* To wash away my woful monuments.

‘ O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand;

[*Kisses his hand.*

* That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,

‘ Through whom a thousand sighs are breathed for
 thee!²

‘ So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;

‘ 'Tis but surmised whilst thou art standing by,

* As one that surfeits thinking on a want.

‘ I will repeal thee, or, be well assured,

‘ Adventure to be banished myself;

¹ This is one of the vulgar errors in the natural history of our ancestors. The *lizard* has no sting, and is quite harmless.

² That by the impression of my kiss forever remaining on thy hand, thou mightst think on those lips through which a thousand sighs will be breathed for thee.

- * And banished I am, if but from thee.
- * Go, speak not to me ; even now be gone.—
- * O, go not yet !—Even thus two friends condemned
- * Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
- * Loather a hundred times to part than die.
- * Yet now farewell ; and farewell life with thee !
- Suff.* Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
- * 'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence ;
- * A wilderness is populous enough,
- * So Suffolk had thy heavenly company.
- * For where thou art, there is the world itself,
- * With every several pleasure in the world ;
- * And where thou art not, desolation.
- * I can no more.—Live thou to joy thy life ;
- * Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter VAUX.

‘ *Q. Mar.* Whither goes Vaux so fast ? what news,
I pr’ythee ?

‘ *Vaux.* To signify unto his majesty,
That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death.
‘ For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
‘ That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
‘ Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
‘ Sometime he talks as if duke Humphrey’s ghost
‘ Were by his side ; sometime he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
* The secrets of his overcharged soul :
‘ And I am sent to tell his majesty,
‘ That even now he cries aloud for him.

‘ *Q. Mar.* Go, tell this heavy message to the king.

[*Exit VAUX.*

‘ Ah me ! what is this world ? what news are these ?
‘ But wherefore grieve I at an hour’s poor loss,
‘ Omitting Suffolk’s exile, my soul’s treasure ?
‘ Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
‘ And with the southern clouds, contend in tears ;

‘ Theirs for the earth’s increase, mine for my sorrow’s ?
‘ Now, get thee hence. The king, thou know’st, is
coming :

‘ If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

‘ *Suff.* If I depart from thee, I cannot live ;
‘ And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap ?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
‘ As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
Dying with mother’s dug between its lips :
Where,¹ from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
‘ And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
‘ To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth ;
‘ So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
‘ Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it lived in sweet Elysium.

To die by thee, were but to die in jest ;
From thee to die, were torture more than death ;
O, let me stay, befall what may befall.

‘ *Q. Mar.* Away ! though parting be a fretful
cor’sive,²

‘ It is applied to a deathful wound.
‘ To France, sweet Suffolk ; let me hear from thee ;
‘ For wheresoe’er thou art in this world’s globe,
I’ll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

Suff. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.

Suff. A jewel, locked into the woful’st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we ;
This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar.

This way for me.

[*Exeunt, severally.*

¹ *Where* for *whereas* ; as in other places.

² *Corrosive* was generally pronounced and most frequently written *cor sive* in Shakspeare’s time.

SCENE III. London. Cardinal Beaufort's *Bed-chamber*.

Enter KING HENRY,¹ SALISBURY, WARWICK, and others. *The Cardinal in bed ; Attendants with him.*

* *K. Hen.* How fares my lord ? Speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

‘ *Car.* If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,

‘ Enough to purchase such another island,

‘ So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

* *K. Hen.* Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,

* When death's approach is seen so terrible !

* *War.* Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

* *Car.* Bring me unto my trial when you will.

‘ Died he not in his bed ? Where should he die ?

Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no ?—

* O ! torture me no more ; I will confess.—

‘ Alive again ? Then show me where he is ;

‘ I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—

* He hath no eyes ; the dust hath blinded them.—

Comb down his hair ; look ! look ! it stands upright,

‘ Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul !—

‘ Give me some drink ; and bid the apothecary

‘ Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

* *K. Hen.* O, thou eternal Mover of the heavens,

* Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch !

* O, beat away the busy, meddling fiend,

* That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,

* And from his bosom purge this black despair !

‘ *War.* See, how the pangs of death do make him grin !

* *Sal.* Disturb him not ; let him pass peaceably.

¹ The quarto offers this stage direction:—“ *Enter the King and Salisbury, and then the curtaines be drawne, and the Cardinal is discovered in his bed, raving and staring as if he were mad.*” This description did not escape Shakspeare, for he has availed himself of it in a preceding speech by Vaux.

* *K. Hen.* Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be !

‘ Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,

‘ Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—

‘ He dies, and makes no sign. O, God, forgive him !

‘ *War.* So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

‘ *K. Hen.* Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—

‘ Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close ;

‘ And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Kent. *The Sea-shore near Dover.*¹

Firing heard at sea. Then enter, from a boat, a Captain, a Master, a Master's Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, and others ; with them SUFFOLK, and other Gentlemen, prisoners.

* *Cap.* The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day

* Is crept into the bosom of the sea ;

* And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades

* That drag the tragic, melancholy night ,

* Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings

* Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws

* Breathe foul, contagious darkness in the air.

* Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize ;

* For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,

* Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,

* Or with their blood stain this discolored shore.—

‘ Master, this prisoner freely give I thee ;—

¹ There is a curious circumstantial account of the event on which this scene is founded in the Paston Letters, published by sir John Fenn, vol. i. p. 38, Letter x. The scene is founded on the narration of Hall, which is copied by Holinshed.

' Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded ;
 ' Thy name is—*Gaultier*, being rightly sounded.
 ' *Whit.* *Gaultier*, or *Walter*, which it is, I care not ;
 ' Ne'er yet did base dishonor blur our name,
 ' But with our sword we wiped away the blot ;
 ' Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
 ' Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defaced,
 ' And I proclaimed a coward through the world !

[*Lays hold on* SUFFOLK.]

' *Suff.* Stay, Whitmore ; for thy prisoner is a prince,
 The duke of Suffolk, William de la Poole.

' *Whit.* The duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags !

Suff. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke ;
 Jove sometime went disguised, and why not I ?

Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

' *Suff.* Obscure and lowly swain, king Henry's
 blood,

The honorable blood of Lancaster,

' Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.¹

Hast thou not kissed thy hand, and held my stirrup ?

' Bare-headed plodded by my footcloth mule,

' And thought thee happy when I shook my head ?

' How often hast thou waited at my cup,

' Fed from my trencher, kneeled down at the board,

' When I have feasted with queen Margaret !

* Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fallen ;

* Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride.

* How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,

* And duly waited for my coming forth !

' This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,

' And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

* *Whit.* Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn
 swain ?

* *Cap.* First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

* *Suff.* Base slave ! thy words are blunt, and so
 art thou.

¹ A *jaded groom* is a low fellow. Suffolk's boast of his own blood was hardly warranted by his origin. His great grandfather had been a merchant at Hull.

‘ *Cap.* Convey him hence, and on our longboat’s side
 ‘ Strike off his head.

Suff. Thou dar’st not for thy own.

Cap. Yes, Poole.

Suff. Poole ?

Cap. Poole ? sir Poole ? Lord !

‘ Ay, kennel, puddle, sink ; whose filth and dirt
 ‘ Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
 ‘ Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
 ‘ For swallowing the treasure of the realm.
 ‘ Thy lips, that kissed the queen, shall sweep the ground ;
 ‘ And thou, that smil’dst at good duke Humphrey’s
 death,

‘ Against the senseless winds shall grin in vain,
 * Who, in contempt, shall hiss at thee again ;
 * And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
 * For daring to affy¹ a mighty lord
 * Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
 * Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
 * By devilish policy art thou grown great,
 * And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorged
 * With goblets of thy mother’s bleeding heart.
 * By thee, Anjou and Maine were sold to France.
 * The false, revolting Normans, thorough thee,
 * Disdain to call us lord ; and Picardy
 * Hath slain their governors, surprised our forts,
 * And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
 * The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,—
 * Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,—
 * As hating thee, are rising up in arms.
 * And now the house of York—thrust from the crown,
 * By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
 * And lofty, proud, encroaching tyranny—
 * Burns with revenging fire ; whose hopeful colors
 * Advance our half-faced sun,² striving to shine,
 * Under the which is writ—*Invitis nubibus*.

¹ To betroth in marriage. This enumeration of Suffolk’s crimes seems to have been suggested by the *Mirror for Magistrates*.

² Edward III. bore for his device the rays of the sun dispersing themselves out of a cloud.—*Camden’s Remaines*.

* The commons here in Kent are up in arms ;

* And, to conclude, reproach, and beggary,

* Is crept into the palace of our king,

* And all by thee.—Away ! convey him hence.

* *Suff.* O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder

* Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges !

* Small things make base men proud ; ‘ this villain here,

‘ Being captain of a pinnace,¹ threatens more

‘ Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.²

‘ Drones suck not eagles’ blood, but rob beehives.

‘ It is impossible, that I should die

‘ By such a lowly vassal as thyself.

‘ Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me :³

‘ I go of message from the queen to France ;

‘ I charge thee, waft me safely cross the channel.

‘ *Cap.* Walter,——

‘ *Whit.* Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

* *Suff.* *Gelidus timor occupat artus ;*⁴—’tis thee I fear.

‘ *Whit.* Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I leave thee.

‘ What, are ye daunted now ? now will ye stoop ?

‘ 1 *Gent.* My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

‘ *Suff.* Suffolk’s imperial tongue is stern and rough,

‘ Used to command, untaught to plead for favor.

‘ Far be it we should honor such as these

‘ With humble suit ; no, rather let my head

¹ A *pinnace* then signified a ship of small burden, built for speed.

² “ *Bargulus*, Illyrius Latro, de quo est apud Theopompum, magnas opes habuit.”—*Cicero de Officiis*, lib. ii. c. 11. Shakspeare, as Dr. Farmer has shown, might have met with this pirate in some of the translations of his time : he points out two in which he is mentioned. In the old play it is, “ Abradas the great Macedonian pirate.”

³ This line in the original play is properly given to the captain.

⁴ The source from whence this line has been extracted has not yet been discovered. The following lines are the nearest which have been found in the classic poets :—

“ Subitus tremor occupat artus.”

Virg. Æn. v. 446.

“ Ille quidem gelidos radiorum viribus artus.”

Ovid. Metam. iv. 247.

‘ Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,
‘ Save to the God of heaven, and to my king ;
‘ And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
‘ Than stand uncovered to the vulgar groom.
* True nobility is exempt from fear ;—
‘ More can I bear, than you dare execute.

'Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

‘ *Suff.* Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,¹
‘ That this my death may never be forgot!—
‘ Great men oft die by vile bezonians.²
‘ A Roman sworder and banditto slave,
‘ Murdered sweet Tully ; Brutus’ bastard hand
‘ Stabbed Julius Cæsar ; savage islanders,
‘ Pompey the Great ;³ and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exit SUFF., with WHIT. and others*

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure, one of them depart.—

Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[*Exeunt all but the first Gentleman.*

Re-enter WHITMORE, *with* SUFFOLK's *body.*

‘ *Whit.* There let his head and lifeless body lie,⁴
‘ Until the queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit.*

‘ 1 *Gent.* O barbarous and bloody spectacle !
 ‘ His body will I bear unto the king :
 ‘ If he revenge it not, yet will his friends ;
 ‘ So will the queen, that living held him dear.

[Exit, with the body.]

¹ According to the Letter in the Paston Collection, already cited, the cutting off of Suffolk's head was very barbarously performed. "One of the lewdest of the ship bade him lay down his head, and he should be fairly ferd [dealt] with, and dye on a sword; and took a rusty sword and smote off his head within half a dozen strokes."

² A *bezonian* is a mean, low person.

3 Pompey was killed by Achilles and Septimius at the moment that the Egyptian fishing-boat, in which they were, reached the coast, his head being thrown into the sea—a circumstance sufficiently resembling Suffolk's death to bring it to the Poet's memory; though his mention of it is not quite accurate. In the old play Pompey is not named.

4 They "laid his body on the sands of Dover, and some say that his head was set on a pole by it."—*Paston's Letters*, vol. i. p. 41.

SCENE II. Blackheath.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS *and* JOHN HOLLAND.

‘ *Geo.* Come, and get thee a sword, though made
‘ of a lath ; they have been up these two days.

‘ *John.* They have the more need to sleep now
‘ then.

‘ *Geo.* I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means
‘ to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set
‘ a new nap upon it.

John. So he had need, for ’tis threadbare. Well,
I say, it was never merry world in England, since
gentlemen came up.

* *Geo.* O miserable age ! Virtue is not regarded
* in handicrafts-men.

‘ *John.* The nobility think scorn to go in leather
‘ aprons.

* *Geo.* Nay, more, the king’s council are no good
* workmen.

* *John.* True ; and yet it is said,—*Labor in thy*
* *vocation* ; which is as much to say, as,—*Let the*
* *magistrates be laboring men* ; and therefore should
* we be magistrates.

* *Geo.* Thou hast hit it ; for there’s no better
* sign of a brave mind, than a hard hand.

* *John.* I see them ! I see them ! There’s Best’s
* son, the tanner of Wingham ;——

* *Geo.* He shall have the skins of our enemies,
* to make dog’s leather of.

John. And Dick the butcher,——

* *Geo.* Then is sin struck down like an ox, and
* iniquity’s throat cut like a calf.

* *John.* And Smith the weaver,——

* *Geo.* *Argo*, their thread of life is spun.

* *John.* Come, come, let’s fall in with them.

Drum. Enter CADE, DICK the Butcher, SMITH the Weaver, and others in great number.

‘ *Cade.* We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father,——

Dick. Or, rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.¹

[*Aside.*

‘ *Cade.* — for our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes.—Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer.—

Dick. He was an honest man, and a good brick-layer. [*Aside.*

‘ *Cade.* My mother a Plantagenet,—

‘ *Dick.* I knew her well; she was a midwife.

[*Aside.*

‘ *Cade.* My wife descended of the Lacies,—

Dick. She was, indeed, a pedler’s daughter, and sold many laces. [*Aside.*

‘ *Smith.* But, now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home.

[*Aside.*

‘ *Cade.* Therefore am I of an honorable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honorable; and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a house, but the cage.² [*Aside.*

* *Cade.* Valiant I am.

* *Smith.* ’A must needs; for beggary is valiant.

[*Aside.*

Cade. I am able to endure much.

¹ Tom Nashe speaks of having weighed one of Gabriel Harvey’s books against a *cade of herrings*, and ludicrously says, “That the rebel Jack Cade was the first that devised to put red herrings in cades, and from him they have their name.”—*Lenten Stuffe*, 1599.—*Cade*, however, is derived from *cadus* (Lat.), a cask. We may add, from the accounts of the Celeress of the Abbey of Barking, in the *Monasticon Anglicanum*, “a barrell of herryng shold contain a thousand herryngs, and a *cade* of herryng six hundred, six score to the hundred.” *Cade*, with more learning than should naturally fall to his character, alludes to his name from *cado*, to fall.

² “Little places of prison, set commonly in the market-place for harlots and vagabonds, we call *cages*.”—*Baret*.

Dick. No question of that ; for I have seen him whipped three market days together. [*Aside.*

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof. [*Aside.*

Dick. But, methinks, he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep.

[*Aside.*

Cade. Be brave then ; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be, in England, seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny ; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops ;¹ and I will make it felony, to drink small beer ; all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And, when I am king (as king I will be)——

All. God save your majesty !

‘ *Cade.* I thank you, good people :—there shall
‘ be no money ; all shall eat and drink on my score ;
‘ and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they
‘ may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

‘ *Dick.* The first thing we do, let’s kill all the
‘ lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do.² Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment ? that parchment, being scribbled o’er, should undo a man ? Some say, the bee stings ; but I say, ’tis the bee’s wax ; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now ; who’s there ?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham : he can write and read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous !

¹ These drinking-vessels of our ancestors were of wood. Nash, in his *Pierce Pennilesse*, 1595, says, “I believe *hoopes* in quart pots were invented to that end, that every man should take his *hoope*, and no more.”

² This speech was transposed by Shakspeare from a subsequent scene in the old play.

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Smith. H'as a book in his pocket, with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't; the man is a proper man, on mine honor; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee. What is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters.¹—'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone.—Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest, plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confessed: away with him; he's a villain, and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say; hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck.

[*Exeunt some, with the Clerk.*]

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Where's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down. He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself. He is but a knight, is 'a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight

¹ That is, on the top of letters missive and such like public acts. See Mabillon's *Diplomata*.

‘ presently ; rise up sir John Mortimer. Now have at
 ‘ him.¹

*Enter SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and WILLIAM his
 Brother, with drum and Forces.*

* *Staf.* Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
 * Marked for the gallows,—lay your weapons down ;
 * Home to your cottages ; forsake this groom.—
 * The king is merciful, if you revolt.

* *W. Staf.* But angry, wrathful, and inclined to blood,
 * If you go forward ; therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not ;²
 It is to you, good people, that I speak,
 * O’er whom, in time to come, I hope to reign ;
 * For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

‘ *Staf.* Villain, thy father was a plasterer ;
 ‘ And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not ?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

‘ *W. Staf.* And what of that ?

Cade. Marry, this ;—Edmund Mortimer, earl of
 March,
 Married the duke of Clarence’ daughter : did he not ?

‘ *Staf.* Ay, sir.

Cade. By her, he had two children at one birth.

W. Staf. That’s false.

‘ *Cade.* Ay, there’s the question ; but, I say, ’tis
 true.

‘ The elder of them, being put to nurse,
 ‘ Was by a beggar-woman stolen away ;
 ‘ And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
 ‘ Became a bricklayer when he came to age.
 ‘ His son am I ; deny it, if you can.

¹ After this speech, in the old play, are the following words :—

“ — Is there any more of them that be knights ?

Tom. Yea, his brother.

Cade. Then kneel down, Dick Butcher ; rise up sir Dick Butcher
 Sound up the drum.”

² I care not, I pay them no regard.

“ Transform me to what shape you can,

I pass not what it be.” Drayton’s Quest of Cynthia.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true ; therefore he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it ; therefore, deny it not.

* *Staf.* And will you credit this base drudge's words,
* That speaks he knows not what ?

* *All.* Ay, marry, will we ; therefore get ye gone.

W. Staf. Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught you this.

* *Cade.* He lies, for I invented it myself. [*Aside.*]
—Go to, sirrah. Tell the king from me, that—for his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to span counter for French crowns,—I am content he shall reign ; but I'll be protector over him.

‘ *Dick.* And, furthermore, we'll have the lord Say's
‘ head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

‘ *Cade.* And good reason ; for thereby is England
‘ maimed, and fain to go with a staff, but that my
‘ puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you, that
‘ that lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, and
‘ made it a eunuch ; and more than that, he can
‘ speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

‘ *Staf.* O gross and miserable ignorance !

‘ *Cade.* Nay, answer, if you can. The Frenchmen
‘ are our enemies : go to, then, I ask but this ; Can he
‘ that speaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a good
‘ counsellor, or no ?

* *All.* No, no ; and therefore we'll have his head.

* *W. Staf.* Well, seeing gentle words will not
prevail,

* Assail them with the army of the king.

‘ *Staf.* Herald, away ; and, throughout every town,
‘ Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade ;
‘ That those which fly before the battle ends,
‘ May, even in their wives' and children's sight,
‘ Be hanged up for example at their doors.—
‘ And you, that be the king's friends, follow me

[*Exeunt the two STAFFORDS and Forces.*]

* *Cade.* And you, that love the commons, follow
me.—

- * Now show yourselves men ; 'tis for liberty.
- * We will not leave one lord, one gentleman.
- * Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon ;
- * For they are thrifty, honest men, and such
- * As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.
- * *Dick.* They are all in order, and march toward us.
- * *Cade.* But then are we in order, when we are
- * most out of order. Come, march forward. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another Part of Blackheath.*

Alarums. *The two parties enter and fight, and both the STAFFORDS are slain.*

‘ *Cade.* Where’s Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

‘ *Dick.* Here, sir.

‘ *Cade.* They fell before thee like sheep and oxen,
‘ and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in
‘ thine own slaughter-house ; therefore thus will I re-
‘ ward thee,—The Lent shall be as long again as it is ;
‘ and thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred
‘ lacking one, a week.¹

‘ *Dick.* I desire no more.

* *Cade.* And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less.
* This monument of the victory will I bear ;² and the
* bodies shall be dragged at my horse’s heels, till I do
* come to London, where we will have the mayor’s
* sword borne before us.

* *Dick.* If we mean to thrive and do good, break
* open the jails, and let out the prisoners.

¹ The last two words, *a week*, were added by Malone from the old play. It is necessary to render the passage intelligible. In the reign of Elizabeth, butchers who had interest at court, frequently obtained a dispensation to kill a certain number of beasts *a week* during Lent ; of which indulgence, the wants of invalids who could not subsist without animal food, was made the pretence.

² Here Cade must be supposed to take off Stafford’s armor. So Holinshed :—“Jack Cade, upon his victory against the Staffords, apparelled himself in sir Humphrey’s brigandine, set full of gilt nails, and so in glory returned again toward London.”

* *Cade.* Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's
 * march towards London. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, *reading a supplication*; the DUKE of BUCKINGHAM, and LORD SAY *with him*; *at a distance*, QUEEN MARGARET, *mourning over* SUFFOLK's head.

* *Q. Mar.* Oft have I heard—that grief softens the
 mind,

* And makes it fearful and degenerate;
 * Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.
 * But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
 * Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast;
 * But where's the body that I should embrace?

‘ *Buck.* What answer makes your grace to the
 ‘ rebels' supplication?

* *K. Hen.* I'll send some holy bishop¹ to entreat;
 ‘ For God forbid, so many simple souls
 ‘ Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
 ‘ Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
 ‘ Will parley with Jack Cade their general.—
 ‘ But stay, I'll read it over once again.

* *Q. Mar.* Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely
 face

* Ruled, like a wandering planet, over me;
 * And could it not enforce them to relent,
 * That were unworthy to behold the same?

‘ *K. Hen.* Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have
 thy head.

‘ *Say.* Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his.

¹ Shakspeare has here fallen into another inconsistency, by sometimes following Holinshed instead of the old play. He afterwards forgets this holy bishop; and in scene the eighth we find only Buckingham and Clifford were sent, conformably to the old play. Holinshed mentions that the archbishop of Canterbury and the duke of Buckingham were sent.

K. Hen. How now, madam? Still
Lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's death?
I fear, my love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourned so much for me.

Q. Mar. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die
for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

* *K. Hen.* How now! what news? why com'st
thou in such haste?

‘ *Mes.* The rebels are in Southwark. Fly, my
lord!

‘ Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer,
‘ Descended from the duke of Clarence' house;
‘ And calls your grace usurper, openly,
‘ And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
‘ His army is a ragged multitude
‘ Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless;
‘ Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
‘ Hath given them heart and courage to proceed.
‘ All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
‘ They call—false caterpillars, and intend their death.

* *K. Hen.* O graceless men! they know not what
they do.¹

‘ *Buck.* My gracious lord, retire to Kenelworth,
‘ Until a power be raised to put them down.

* *Q. Mar.* Ah! were the duke of Suffolk now
alive,

* These Kentish rebels would be soon appeased.

‘ *K. Hen.* Lord Say, the traitors hate thee;
‘ Therefore away with us to Kenelworth.

‘ *Say.* So might your grace's person be in danger:
‘ The sight of me is odious in their eyes;
‘ And therefore in this city will I stay,
‘ And live alone as secret as I may.

¹ Instead of this line the old copy has:—

“Go bid Buckingham and Clifford gather
An army up, and meet with the rebels.”

Enter another Messenger.

* 2 *Mess.* Jack Cade hath gotten London bridge:
the citizens

* Fly and forsake their houses ;

* The rascal people, thirsting after prey,

* Join with the traitor ; and they jointly swear

* To spoil the city and your royal court.

* *Buck.* Then linger not, my lord ; away, take
horse.

* *K. Hen.* Come, Margaret ; God, our hope, will
succor us.

Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is de-
ceased.

* *K. Hen.* Farewell, my lord ; [*To LORD SAY.*]
trust not the Kentish rebels.

* *Buck.* Trust nobody, for fear you be betrayed.

‘ *Say.* The trust I have is in mine innocence,
‘ And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. The Tower.*

*Enter LORD SCALES, and others, on the walls. Then
enter certain Citizens, below.*

Scales. How now ? is Jack Cade slain ?

1 *Cit.* No, my lord, nor likely to be slain ; for they
have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand
them. The lord mayor craves aid of your honor from
the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command ;
But I am troubled here with them myself ;
The rebels have assayed to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither will I send you Matthew Gough.
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives ;
And so farewell, for I must hence again. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI. *The same.* Cannon Street.

Enter JACK CADE and his Followers. He strikes his staff on London-stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than—lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running.

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*¹

* *Smith.* If this fellow be wise, he'll never call
* you Jack Cade more; I think he hath a very fair
* warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them. But, first, go and set London bridge on fire;² and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The same.* Smithfield. *Alarum.*

*Enter, on one side, CADE and his Company; on the other, Citizens, and the King's Forces, headed by MATTHEW GOUGH.*³ *They fight; the Citizens are routed, and MATTHEW GOUGH is slain.*

Cade. So, sirs.—Now go some and pull down the

¹ "He also put to execution in Southwarke diverse persons, some for breaking this ordinance, and other being his old acquaintance, lest they should bewray his base lineage, disparaging him for his usurped name of Mortimer."—*Holinshed*, p. 634.

² At that time London bridge was of wood; the houses upon it were actually burnt in this rebellion. Hall says, "he entered London, and cut the ropes of the drawbridge."

³ Holinshed calls Mathew Gough "a man of great wit and much expe-

Savoy;¹ others to the inns of court; down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

‘ *Dick.* Only, that the laws of England may come
‘ out of your mouth.²

‘ *John.* Mass, ’twill be sore law then; for he was
‘ thrust in the mouth with a spear, and ’tis not whole
‘ yet. [*Aside.*

‘ *Smith.* Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his
‘ breath stinks with eating toasted cheese. [*Aside.*

‘ *Cade.* I have thought upon it; it shall be so.
‘ Away, burn all the records of the realm; my mouth
‘ shall be the parliament of England.

* *John.* Then we are like to have biting statutes,
* unless his teeth be pulled out. [*Aside.*

* *Cade.* And henceforward all things shall be in
* common.

Enter a Messenger.

‘ *Mess.* My lord, a prize, a prize! Here’s the lord
‘ Say, which sold the towns in France; * he that
* made us pay one-and-twenty fifteens,³ and one shil-
* ling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS, with the LORD SAY.

‘ *Cade.* Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten
‘ times.—Ay, thou say,⁴ thou serge, nay, thou buck-
‘ ram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our
‘ jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my
‘ majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto monsieur

nence in feats of chivalrie, the which in continuall warres had spent his time in serving of the king his father.” See also *W. of Wyrcestre*, p. 357; and the *Paston Letters*, vol. i. p. 42.

¹ “This trouble had been saved Cade’s reformers by his predecessor Wat Tyler. It was never rebuilt till Henry VI. founded the hospital.”

² “It was reported, indeed, that he should saie with great pride that within four daies *all the laws of England should come foorth of his mouth.*”—*Holinshed*, p. 432.

³ A fifteen was the fifteenth part of all the movables, or personal property, of each subject.

⁴ *Say* is a kind of thin woollen stuff or serge.

' Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known
 ' unto thee, by these presence, even the presence of
 ' lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep
 ' the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast
 ' most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm, in
 ' erecting a grammar-school; and whereas, before, our
 ' forefathers had no other books but the score and the
 ' tally, thou hast caused printing to be used;¹ and,
 ' contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou
 ' hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy
 ' face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk
 ' of a noun, and a verb, and such abominable words,
 ' as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast
 ' appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before
 ' them about matters they were not able to answer.
 ' Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because
 ' they could not read, thou hast hanged them;² when,
 ' indeed, only for that cause, they have been most
 ' worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth,³ dost
 ' thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

* *Dick.* And work in their shirt too; as myself, for
 * example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

' *Say.* Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens*.⁴

¹ Shakspeare is a little too early with this accusation. Yet Meerman, in his *Origines Typographicæ*, has availed himself of this passage to support his hypothesis that printing was introduced into England by Frederic Corsellis, one of Coster's workmen, from Haerlem, in the time of Henry VI.

² i. e. they were hanged because they could not claim the benefit of clergy.

³ A foot-cloth was a kind of housing, which covered the body of the horse; it was sometimes made of velvet and bordered with gold lace.

⁴ After this line the old play proceeds thus:—

Cade. *Bonun terrum*, What's that?

Dick. He speaks French.

Will. No, 'tis Dutch.

Nick. No, 'tis Outalian: I know it well enough.

‘ *Cade.* Away with him, away with him ! he speaks
‘ Latin.

* *Say.* Hear me but speak, and bear me where you
will.

‘ Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,
‘ Is termed the civil’st place of all this isle.¹
‘ Sweet is the country, because full of riches ;
‘ The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy ;
‘ Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
‘ I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy ;

* Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.

* Justice with favor have I always done ;

* Prayers and tears have moved me ; gifts could never.

* When have I aught exacted at your hands,

* Kent, to maintain the king, the realm, and you ? ²

* Large gifts have I bestowed on learned clerks,

* Because my book preferred me to the king ;

* And,—seeing ignorance is the curse of God,

* Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,—

* Unless you be possessed with devilish spirits,

* You cannot but forbear to murder me.

* This tongue hath parleyed unto foreign kings

* For your behoof,—

* *Cade.* Tut ! when struck’st thou one blow in the
* field ?

* *Say.* Great men have reaching hands ; oft have I
struck

* Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

* *Geo.* O monstrous coward ! what, to come behind
folks ?

* *Say.* These cheeks are pale for watching for your
good.

* *Cade.* Give him a box o’ the ear, and that will
* make ’em red again.

¹ “ Ex his omnibus sunt humanissimi, qui Cantium incolunt.”—*Cæsar*.

² This passage has been supposed corrupt merely because it was erroneously pointed. It was thus pointed in the folio :—

“ When have I aught exacted at your hands ?
Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you ?
Large gifts, have I bestowed on learned clerks,” &c.

* *Say.* Long sitting to determine poor men's causes
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

* *Cade.* Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and
* the pap of a hatchet.¹

‘ *Dick.* Why dost thou quiver, man?

‘ *Say.* The palsy, and not fear, provoketh me.

‘ *Cade.* Nay, he nods at us ; as who should say, I'll
‘ be even with you. I'll see if his head will stand
‘ steadier on a pole, or no. Take him away, and
‘ behead him.

* *Say.* Tell me wherein I have offended most ?

* Have I affected wealth, or honor ? Speak.

* Are my chests filled up with extorted gold ?

* Is my apparel sumptuous to behold ?

* Whom have I injured, that ye seek my death ?

* These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,²

* This breast from harboring foul, deceitful thoughts.

* O, let me live !

* *Cade.* I feel remorse in myself with his words ;
* but I'll bridle it ; he shall die, an it be but for plead-
* ing so well for his life. Away with him ! he has
* a familiar³ under his tongue ; he speaks not o' God's
* name. ‘ Go, take him away, I say, and strike off
‘ his head presently ; and then break into his son-in-
‘ law's house, sir James Cromer,⁴ and strike off his
‘ head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

‘ *All.* It shall be done.

* *Say.* Ah, countrymen ! if, when you make your
prayers,

* God should be so obdurate as yourselves,

* How would it fare with your departed souls ?

* And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

* *Cade.* Away with him, and do as I command ye.

[*Exeunt some, with LORD SAY.*

¹ The old copy reads, “the *help* of a hatchet.” Lyly wrote a pamphlet with the title of “Pap with a Hatchet ;” and the phrase occurs in his play of *Mother Bombie* : “They give us pap with a spoone, and when we speake for what we love, *pap with a hatchet.*”

² i. e. these hands are free from shedding guiltless or innocent blood.

³ A demon who was supposed to attend at call.

⁴ It was William Crowmer, sheriff of Kent, whom Cade put to death.

‘ The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head
 ‘ on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute. There
 ‘ shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me
 ‘ her maidenhead ere they have it. Men shall hold
 ‘ of me *in capite*; and we charge and command, that
 ‘ their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue
 ‘ can tell.

‘ *Dick.* My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside,
 ‘ and take up commodities upon our bills?¹

‘ *Cade.* Marry, presently.

‘ *All.* O brave!

*Re-enter Rebels, with the heads of LORD SAY and his
 Son-in-law.*

‘ *Cade.* But is not this braver?—Let them kiss one
 ‘ another, for they loved well, when they were alive.
 ‘ Now part them again, lest they consult about the giv-
 ‘ ing up of some more towns in France. Soldiers,
 ‘ defer the spoil of the city until night; for with these
 ‘ borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through
 ‘ the streets; and, at every corner, have them kiss.—
 ‘ Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. Southwark.

Alarum. Enter CADE, and all his Rabblement.

* *Cade.* Up Fish street! down Saint Magnus’
 * corner! kill and knock down! throw them into
 * Thames!—[*A parley sounded, then a retreat.*] What
 * noise is this I hear? dare any be so bold to sound re-
 * treat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter BUCKINGHAM and Old CLIFFORD, with Forces.

‘ *Buck.* Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb
 thee.
 ‘ Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king

¹ An equivoque alluding to the halberds or bills borne by the rabble.

‘ Unto the commons whom thou hast misled ;
‘ And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
‘ That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

‘ *Cliff.* What say ye, countrymen ? will ye relent,
‘ And yield to mercy, whilst ’tis offered you ;
‘ Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths ?
‘ Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,
‘ Fling up his cap, and say—*God save his majesty !*
‘ Who hateth him, and honors not his father,
‘ Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,
‘ Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

‘ *All.* God save the king ! God save the king !

‘ *Cade.* What, Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye so
‘ brave ?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe him ?
‘ Will you needs be hanged with your pardons about
‘ your necks ? Hath my sword therefore broke through
‘ London gates, that you should leave me at the White
‘ Hart in Southwark ? I thought ye would never have
‘ given out these arms, till you had recovered your an-
‘ cient freedom ; but you are all recreants, and das-
‘ tards ; and delight to live in slavery to the nobility.
‘ Let them break your backs with burdens, take your
‘ houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daugh-
‘ ters before your faces. For me,—I will make shift
‘ for one ; and so—God’s curse ’light upon you all !

‘ *All.* We’ll follow Cade, we’ll follow Cade.

‘ *Clif.* Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,
‘ That thus you do exclaim—you’ll go with him ?
‘ Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
‘ And make the meanest of you earls and dukes ?
‘ Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to ;
‘ Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,
‘ Unless by robbing of your friends, and us.
‘ Wer’t not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,
‘ The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
‘ Should make a start o’er seas, and vanquish you ?
‘ Methinks already, in this civil broil,
‘ I see them lording it in London streets,
‘ Crying—*Villageois !* unto all they meet.
‘ Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,

‘ Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman’s mercy.
 ‘ To France, to France, and get what you have lost ;
 ‘ Spare England, for it is your native coast.
 ‘ Henry hath money ; you are strong and manly ;
 ‘ God on our side, doubt not of victory.

‘ *All.* A Clifford ! a Clifford ! We’ll follow the king,
 ‘ and Clifford.

‘ *Cade.* Was ever feather so lightly blown to and
 ‘ fro, as this multitude ? The name of Henry the
 ‘ Fifth hales them to a hundred mischiefs, and makes
 ‘ them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads
 ‘ together, to surprise me ; my sword make way for
 ‘ me, for here is no staying.—In despite of the
 ‘ devils and hell, have through the very midst of you !
 ‘ And Heavens and honor be witness, that no want of
 ‘ resolution in me, but only my followers’ base and ig-
 ‘ nominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels.

[*Exit.*

‘ *Buck.* What, is he fled ? Go, some, and follow him ;
 ‘ And he that brings his head unto the king,
 ‘ Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.—

[*Exeunt some of them.*

‘ Follow me, soldiers ; we’ll devise a mean

‘ To reconcile you all unto the king. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IX. Kenelworth Castle.

Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, and SOMERSET,
on the terrace of the castle.

* *K. Hen.* Was ever king that joyed an earthly throne,
 * And could command no more content than I ?
 * No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
 * But I was made a king, at nine months old.¹

¹ So all the historians agree ; and yet in Part I. Act iii. Sc. 4, king Henry is made to say :—

“ I do remember how my father said,”—

a plain proof that the whole of that play was not written by the same hand as this.

- * Was never subject longed to be a king,
- * As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and CLIFFORD.

- * *Buck.* Health, and glad tidings, to your majesty!
- * *K. Hen.* Why, Buckingham, is the traitor, Cade, surprised?
- * Or is he but retired to make him strong?

Enter, below, a great number of CADE'S Followers, with halters about their necks.

- ‘ *Clif.* He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;
- ‘ And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
- ‘ Expect your highness' doom, of life, or death.
- ‘ *K. Hen.* Then, Heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
- ‘ To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—
- ‘ Soldiers, this day have you redeemed your lives,
- ‘ And showed how well you love your prince and country.
- ‘ Continue still in this so good a mind,
- ‘ And Henry, though he be infortunate,
- ‘ Assure yourselves, will never be unkind.
- ‘ And so, with thanks, and pardon to you all,
- ‘ I do dismiss you to your several countries.
- All.* God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

- * *Mess.* Please it your grace to be advértised,
- * The duke of York is newly come from Ireland;
- * And with a puissant and a mighty power,
- * Of Gallowglasses,¹ and stout Kernes,
- * Is marching hitherward in proud array;

¹ “The *Gallowglasse* useth a kind of pole-axe for his weapon. These men are grim of countenance, tall of stature, big of limme, lusty of body, well and strongly timbered.”—*Stanihurst's Descript. of Ireland*, c. viii. f. 21.

- * And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
 - * His arms are only to remove from thee
 - * The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.
 - * *K. Hen.* Thus stands my state 'twixt Cade and
York distressed ;
 - * Like to a ship, that, having scaped a tempest,
 - * Is straightway calmed¹ and boarded with a pirate ;
 - * But now² is Cade driven back, his men dispersed ;
 - * And now is York in arms to second him.—
 - * I pray thee, Buckingham, go forth and meet him ;
 - * And ask him, what's the reason of these arms.
 - * Tell him, I'll send duke Edmund to the Tower ;—
 - * And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
 - * Until his army be dismissed from him.
 - * *Som.* My lord,
 - * I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
 - * Or unto death, to do my country good.
 - * *K. Hen.* In any case, be not too rough in terms ;
 - * For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.
 - * *Buck.* I will, my lord ; and doubt not so to deal,
 - * As all things shall redound unto your good.
 - * *K. Hen.* Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern
better ;
 - * For yet may England curse my wretched reign.
- [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X. Kent. Iden's Garden.³

Enter CADE.

- * *Cade.* Fie on ambition ! fie on myself ; that
- * have a sword, and yet am ready to famish ! These

¹ The first folio reads *calme* ; which may be right. The second folio printed by mistake *claimed* ; and the third folio *calmed*. This reading has been adopted as most perspicuous, and because in *Othello* we have :—

“ ——— must be be-lee'd and *calmed*.”

² *But* is here not adversative. “It was only *just now* (says Henry), that Cade and his followers were routed.”

³ “A gentleman of Kent, named Alexander Eden, awaited so his time, that he tooke the said Cade in a garden in *Susser*, so that there he was slaine at Hothfield,” &c.—*Holinshed*, p. 635. “This Iden was, in fact, the new sheriff of Kent, who had followed Cade from Rochester.”—*William of Wyrcester*, p. 472.

* five days have I hid me in these woods ; and durst
* not peep out, for all the country is layed for me ; but
* now am I so hungry, that if I might have a lease of
* my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer.
* Wherefore, on a brick-wall have I climbed into this
* garden ; to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet
* another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's
* stomach this hot weather. And, I think, this word
* sallet was born to do me good ; for, many a time, but
* for a sallet,¹ my brain-pan had been cleft with a
* brown bill ; and, many a time, when I have been dry,
* and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a
* quart-pot to drink in ; and now the word sallet must
* serve me to feed on.

Enter IDEN, with Servants.

‘ *Iden.* Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
‘ And may enjoy such quiet walks as these ?
‘ This small inheritance, my father left me,
‘ Contenteth me, and is worth a monarchy.
‘ I seek not to wax great by others’ waning ;
‘ Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy ;
‘ Sufficeth, that I have maintains my state,
‘ And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

‘ *Cade.* Here’s the lord of the soil come to seize me
‘ for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave.
‘ Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand
‘ crowns of the king for carrying my head to him ; but
‘ I’ll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my
‘ sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

‘ *Iden.* Why, rude companion, whatsoe’er thou be,
‘ I know thee not. Why then should I betray thee ?
‘ Is’t not enough to break into my garden,
‘ And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
‘ Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
‘ But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms ?

Cade. Brave thee ? ay, by the best blood that ever

¹ A *sallet* is a helmet.

was broached, and beard thee too. Look on me well. I have eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door nail, I pray God, I may never eat grass more.

‘ *Iden.* Nay, it shall ne’er be said, while England stands,

That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famished man.

‘ Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine;
‘ See if thou canst outface me with thy looks.
‘ Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;
‘ Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
‘ Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon;
‘ My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
‘ And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
‘ Thy grave is digged already in the earth.
‘ As for words, whose greatness answers words,¹
‘ Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

* *Cade.* By my valor, the most complete champion
* that ever I heard.—‘ Steel, if thou turn the edge, or
‘ cut not out the burly-boned clown in chines of beef
‘ ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech God² on my
‘ knees, thou mayst be turned to hobnails. [*They*
‘ *fight*; CADE *falls.*] O, I am slain! famine, and no
‘ other, hath slain me; let ten thousand devils come
‘ against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost,
‘ and I’d defy them all. Wither, garden; and be
‘ henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this
‘ house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

‘ *Iden.* Is’t Cade that I have slain, that monstrous
traitor?

‘ Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
‘ And hang thee o’er my tomb when I am dead.
* Ne’er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;
* But thou shalt wear it as a herald’s coat,
* To emblaze the honor that thy master got.

¹ Johnson explains this, “As for words, whose pomp and rumor may answer words, and only words, I shall forbear them, and refer the rest to my sword.”

² In the folio “I beseech *Jove*” was substituted to avoid the penalty of the statute, 3 Jac. I. c. 2, against profane swearing.

‘ *Cade*. Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory.
‘ Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and
‘ exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never
‘ feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valor.
[*Dies*.

* *Iden*. How much thou wrong’st me, Heaven be
my judge.

* Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!
* And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
* So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
‘ Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
‘ Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
‘ And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
‘ Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
‘ Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.
[*Exit, dragging out the body*.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same. Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.*

The King’s Camp on one side. On the other, enter YORK, attended, with drum and colors: his Forces at some distance.

‘ *York*. From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his
right,
‘ And pluck the crown from feeble Henry’s head.
‘ Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
‘ To entertain great England’s lawful king.
Ah, *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?
‘ Let them obey that know not how to rule;
‘ This hand was made to handle nought but gold;
‘ I cannot give due action to my words,

- ‘ Except a sword, or sceptre, balance it.¹
- ‘ A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul,²
- ‘ On which I’ll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

- ‘ Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?
- ‘ The king hath sent him, sure. I must dissemble.
- ‘ *Buck.* York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.
- ‘ *York.* Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
- ‘ Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?
- ‘ *Buck.* A messenger, from Henry, our dread liege,
- ‘ To know the reason of these arms in peace;
- ‘ Or why, thou,—being a subject as I am,—
- ‘ Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
- ‘ Shouldst raise so great a power without his leave,
- ‘ Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.
- ‘ *York.* Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.
- ‘ O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,
- ‘ I am so angry at these abject terms;
- ‘ And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
- ‘ On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury!
- ‘ I am far better born than is the king:
- ‘ More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:
- ‘ But I must make fair weather yet awhile,
- ‘ Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.—
- ‘ O, Buckingham, I pr’ythee, pardon me,
- ‘ That I have given no answer all this while;
- ‘ My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
- ‘ The cause why I have brought this army hither,
- ‘ Is—to remove proud Somerset from the king,
- ‘ Seditious to his grace and to the state.

} *Aside.*

¹ i. e. balance my hand.

² York means to say, “If I have a *soul*, my hand shall not be without a sceptre.”

‘ *Buck.* That is too much presumption on thy part.

‘ But if thy arms be to no other end,
‘ The king hath yielded unto thy demand ;
‘ The duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honor, is he prisoner ?

Buck. Upon mine honor, he is prisoner.

‘ *York.* Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.—

‘ Soldiers, I thank you all ; disperse yourselves ;

‘ Meet me to-morrow in Saint George’s field,

‘ You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.

* And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,

* Command my eldest son,—nay, all my sons,

* As pledges of my fealty and love ;

* I’ll send them all as willing as I live ;

* Lands, goods, horse, armor, any thing I have

* Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

‘ *Buck.* York, I commend this kind submission :

‘ We twain will go into his highness’ tent.

Enter KING HENRY, attended.

‘ *K. Hen.* Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,

‘ That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm ?

* *York.* In all submission and humility,

* York doth present himself unto your highness.

* *K. Hen.* Then what intend these forces thou dost bring ?

* *York.* To heave the traitor Somerset from hence

‘ And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,

‘ Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, with CADE’S head.

‘ *Iden.* If one so rude, and of so mean condition,

‘ May pass into the presence of a king,

‘ Lo, I present your grace a traitor’s head,

‘ The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

- ‘ *K. Hen.* The head of Cade?—Great God, how
just art thou!—
- ‘ O, let me view his visage, being dead,
‘ That, living, wrought me such exceeding trouble.
‘ Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?
‘ *Iden.* I was, an’t like your majesty.
‘ *K. Hen.* How art thou called? and what is thy
degree?
‘ *Iden.* Alexander Iden, that’s my name;
‘ A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.
* *Buck.* So please it you, my lord, ’twere not amiss
* He were created knight for his good service.
‘ *K. Hen.* Iden, kneel down; [*He kneels.*] rise up
a knight.
‘ We give thee for reward a thousand marks;
‘ And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.
‘ *Iden.* May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
‘ And never live but true unto his liege!
‘ *K. Hen.* See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with
the queen.
‘ Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET and SOMERSET.

- ‘ *Q. Mar.* For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his
head,
‘ But boldly stand, and front him to his face.
‘ *York.* How now! is Somerset at liberty?
‘ Then, York, unloose thy long-imprisoned thoughts,
‘ And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
‘ Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?—
‘ False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,
‘ Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
‘ King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;
‘ Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
‘ Which dar’st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
‘ That head of thine doth not become a crown;
‘ Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer’s staff,
‘ And not to grace an awful, princely sceptre.
‘ That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;

‘ *Clif.* This is my king, York ; I do not mistake ;
 ‘ But thou mistak’st me much, to think I do.

‘ To Bedlam¹ with him ! Is the man grown mad ?

‘ *K. Hen.* Ay, Clifford ; a bedlam and ambitious
 humor

‘ Makes him oppose himself against his king.

‘ *Clif.* He is a traitor ; let him to the Tower,
 ‘ And chop away that factious pate of his.

‘ *Q. Mar.* He is arrested, but will not obey ;
 ‘ His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

‘ *York.* Will you not, sons ?

Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

‘ *Rich.* And if words will not, then our weapons
 shall.

* *Clif.* Why, what a brood of traitors have we here !

* *York.* Look in a glass, and call thy image so ;

* I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.—

‘ Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,²

* That, with the very shaking of their chains,

* They may astonish these fell lurking curs.

* Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me.

Drums. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY, with Forces.

‘ *Clif.* Are these thy bears ? we’ll bait thy bears to
 death,

‘ And manacle the bearward in their chains,

‘ If thou dar’st bring them to the baiting-place.

* *Rich.* Oft have I seen a hot, o’erweening cur

* Run back and bite, because he was withheld ;

* Who, being suffered with the bear’s fell paw,

¹ This has been thought an anachronism ; but Stowe shows that it is not :—“ Next unto the parish of St. Buttolph is a fayre inne for receipt of travellers ; then an *hospitall of S. Mary of Bethlehem*, founded by Simon Fitz-Mary, one of the Sheriffes of London, in the yeare 1246. He founded it to have beene a priorie of cannons with brethren and sisters, and king Edward the Thirde granted a protection, which I have seene, for the brethren *Miliciæ beatæ Mariæ de Bethlem*, within the citie of London, the 14th yeare of his raigne. *It was an hospitall for distracted people.*”—*Survey of London*, p. 127, 1598.

² The Nevils, earls of Warwick, had a bear and ragged staff for their crest.

* Hath clapped his tail between his legs, and cried.

* And such a piece of service will you do,

* If you oppose yourselves to match lord Warwick.

* *Clif.* Hence, heap of wrath, foul, indigested lump,

* As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

* *York.* Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

* *Clif.* Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

* *K. Hen.* Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?

* Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair,

* Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!—

* What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,

* And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?

* O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?

* If it be banished from the frosty head,

* Where shall it find a harbor in the earth?—

* Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,

* And shame thine honorable age with blood?

* Why art thou old, and want'st experience?

* Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?

* For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,

* That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

* *Sal.* My lord, I have considered with myself

* The title of this most renowned duke;

* And in my conscience do repute his grace

* The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

* *K. Hen.* Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

* *Sal.* I have.

* *K. Hen.* Canst thou dispense with Heaven for such an oath?

* *Sal.* It is great sin, to swear unto a sin;

* But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath.

* Who can be bound by any solemn vow

* To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,

* To force a spotless virgin's chastity,

* To reave the orphan of his patrimony,

* To wring the widow from her custom'd right;

* And have no other reason for this wrong,

* But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

* *Q. Mar.* A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

‘ *K. Hen.* Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

‘ *York.* Call Buckingham and all the friends thou hast,

‘ I am resolved for death or dignity.

Clif. The first, I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

‘ *War.* You were best to go to bed, and dream again,

To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Clif. I am resolved to bear a greater storm,
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I’ll write upon thy burgonet,¹
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

War. Now, by my father’s badge, old Nevil’s crest,

The rampant bear chained to the ragged staff,
This day I’ll wear aloft my burgonet,
(As on a mountain top the cedar shows,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,)
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Clif. And from thy burgonet I’ll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
‘ Despite the bearward that protects the bear.

‘ *Y. Clif.* And so to arms, victorious father,

‘ To quell the rebels, and their ’complices.

Rich. Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with *Jesu Christ* to-night.

‘ *Y. Clif.* Foul stigmatic,² that’s more than thou canst tell.

‘ *Rich.* If not in heaven, you’ll surely sup in hell.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

¹ A *burgonet* is a helmet; a Burgundian’s steel cap or casque.

² One on whom nature has set a mark of deformity, a stigma. It was, originally and properly, “a person who had been branded with a hot iron for some crime.”

SCENE II. Saint Albans.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls!
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now,—when the angry trumpet sounds alarm;
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,—
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland.
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter YORK.

' How now, my noble lord? what, all afoot?
' *York.* The deadly-handed Clifford slew my
steed;
' But match to match I have encountered him,
' And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
' Even of the bonny beast he loved so well.

Enter CLIFFORD.

' *War.* Of one or both of us the time is come.
York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other
chase,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.
War. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou
fight'st.—
' As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassailed.

[Exit WARWICK.]

' *Clif.* What seest thou in me, York? why dost
thou pause?
' *York.* With thy brave bearing should I be in
love,
' But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,

‘ But that ’tis shown ignobly, and in treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy sword,

'As I in justice and true right express it!

Clif. My soul and body on the action both!—

York. A dreadful lay! ¹—address thee instantly.

[They fight, and CLIFFORD falls.]

Clif. *La fin couronne les œuvres.* [Dies.]

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.

‘ Peace with his soul, Heaven, if it be thy will ! [*Exit.*

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

*** Y. Clif.** Shame and confusion! all is on the
route:

* Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds

*** Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,**

*** Whom angry Heavens do make their minister,**

*** Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part**

*** Hot coals of vengeance ! Let no soldier fly :**

*** He that is truly dedicate to war,**

*** Hath no self-love ; nor he, that loves himself,**

*** Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,**

*** The name of valor.—O, let the vile world end,**

[Seeing his dead father.

¹ A dreadful wager.

² The author, in making Clifford fall by the hand of York, has departed from the truth of history, a practice not uncommon with him when he does his utmost to make his characters considerable. This circumstance, however, serves to prepare the reader or spectator for the vengeance afterwards taken by Clifford's son on York and Rutland. At the beginning of the third part of this drama, the Poet has forgot this circumstance, and there represents Clifford's death as it really happened:—

**"Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all abreast,
Charged our main battle's front, and breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain."**

These lines were adopted by Shakspeare from The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, upon which the Third Part of King Henry VI. is founded.

* And the premised¹ flames of the last day
* Knit earth and heaven together !
* Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
* Particularities and petty sounds
* To cease !²—Wast thou ordained, dear father,
* To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
* The silver livery of advised age ;
* And, in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
* To die in ruffian battle ?—Even at this sight,
* My heart is turned to stone ; and, while 'tis mine,
* It shall be stony. York not our old men spares ;
* No more will I their babes : tears virginal
* Shall be to me even as the dew to fire ;
* And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
* Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
* Henceforth I will not have to do with pity :
* Meet I an infant of the house of York,
* Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
* As wild Medea young Absyrtus did :
* In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
' Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house.
[*Taking up the body.*
' As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
' So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders ;
* But then Æneas bare a living load,
* Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [Exit.

*Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET and SOMERSET, fighting,
and SOMERSET is killed.*

Rich. So, lie thou there ;—
' For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The castle in Saint Albans, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.³—

¹ *Premised* is sent before their time.

² *To cease* is to stop ; a verb active.

³ The death of Somerset here accomplishes that equivocal prediction of Jourdain, the witch, in the first act.

- * Sword, hold thy temper ; heart, be wrathful still ;
- * Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [Exit.]

Alarums : Excursions. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, and others, retreating.

- ‘ Q. Mar. Away, my lord ! you are slow ; for shame, away !
- * K. Hen. Can we outrun the heavens ? good Margaret, stay.
- * Q. Mar. What are you made of ? you’ll not fight, nor fly.
- * Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
- * To give the enemy way ; and to secure us
- * By what we can, which can no more but fly. [Alarum afar off]
- * If you be ta’en, we then should see the bottom
- * Of all our fortunes ; but if we haply scape,
- * (As well we may, if not through your neglect,)
- * We shall to London get, where you are loved ;
- * And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
- * May readily be stopped.

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

- * Y. Clif. But that my heart’s on future mischief set,
- * I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly ;
- * But fly you must ; uncurable discomfit
- * Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.¹
- * Away, for your relief ! and we will live
- * To see their day, and them our fortune give.
- * Away, my lord, away ! [Exeunt.]

¹ *Parts* may stand for *parties* ; it may be also an error for *party*.

SCENE III. *Fields near Saint Albans.*

Alarum: Retreat. Flourish; then enter YORK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, and Soldiers, with drum and colors.

‘ *York.* Of Salisbury, who can report of him ;
* That winter lion, who, in rage, forgets
* Aged contusions and all brush of time ;¹
* And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,²
* Repairs him with occasion ? This happy day
* Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
* If Salisbury be lost.

' Rich. My noble father
‘ Three times to-day I help him to his horse,
‘ Three times bestrid him, thrice I led him off,
‘ Persuaded him from any further act ;
‘ But still, where danger was, still there I met him ;
* And like rich hangings in a homely house,
* So was his will in his old feeble body.
* But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

‘ *Sal.* Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought
to-day ;
‘ By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard.
‘ God knows how long it is I have to live ;
‘ And it hath pleased him that three times to-day
‘ You have defended me from imminent death.—
* Well, lords, we have not got that which we have ;³
* ’Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
* Being opposites of such repairing nature.

¹ Warburton would substitute "all *bruise* of time;" but, as Steevens observes, "the *brush* of time" is the gradual detrition of time.

² i. e. the height of youth; the *brow* of a hill is its summit.

³ i. e. we have not *secured* that which we have *acquired*.

‘ *York.* I know our safety is to follow them ;
‘ For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
‘ To call a present court of parliament.
‘ Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth.—
‘ What says lord Warwick ? shall we after them ?

War. After them ! nay, before them, if we can.
Now, by my faith, lords, ’twas a glorious day ;
Saint Albans’ battle won by famous York,
Shall be eternized in all age to come.—
Sound, drums and trumpets,—and to London all ;
And more such days as these to us befall ! [*Exeunt.*

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH.*

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE action of this play opens just after the first battle of St. Albans [May 23, 1455], wherein the York faction carried the day; and closes with the murder of king Henry VI. and the birth of prince Edward, afterwards king Edward V. [November 4, 1471]. So that this history takes in the space of full sixteen years.

The title of the old play, which Shakspeare altered and improved, is, "The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the Death of good King Kenry the Sixth: with the whole Contention between the Two Houses of Lancaster and Yorke: as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke his Servants. Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Millington, and are to be solde at his Shoppe under St. Peter's Church in Cornewal, 1595." There was another edition in 1600, by the same publisher; and it was reproduced with the name of Shakspeare on the title page, printed by T. P. no date, but ascertained to have been printed in 1619.

The present historical drama was altered by Crown, and brought on the stage in 1680, under the title of *The Miseries of Civil War*. Surely the works of Shakspeare could have been little read at that period; for Crown, in his prologue, declares the play to be entirely his own composition:—

"For by his feeble skill 'tis built alone,
The divine Shakspeare *did not lay one stone.*"

Whereas the very first scene is that of Jack Cade, copied almost verbatim from the Second Part of King Henry VI., and several others from this Third Part, with as little variation.

* This play is only divided from the former for the convenience of exhibition; for the series of action is continued without interruption, nor are any two scenes of any play more closely connected than the first scene of this play with the last of the former.—*Johnson.*

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH :

EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, his Son.*

LEWIS XI. *King of France.*

Duke of Somerset,

Duke of Exeter,

Earl of Oxford,

Earl of Northumberland,

Earl of Westmoreland,

LORD CLIFFORD,

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York :*

EDWARD, *Earl of March, afterwards King*

Edward IV.

GEORGE, *afterwards Duke of Clarence,*

RICHARD, *afterwards Duke of Gloucester,*

EDMUND, *Earl of Rutland,*

Duke of Norfolk,

Marquis of Montague,

Earl of Warwick,

Earl of Pembroke,

LORD HASTINGS,

LORD STAFFORD,

SIR JOHN MORTIMER,

SIR HUGH MORTIMER,

HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, a Youth.*

LORD RIVERS, *Brother to Lady Grey.* SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.

SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY. SIR JOHN SOMERVILE. Tutor to

Rutland. Mayor of York. Lieutenant of the Tower. A

Nobleman. Two Keepers. A Huntsman. A Son that has

killed his Father. A Father that has killed his Son.

QUEEN MARGARET.

LADY GREY, *afterwards Queen to Edward IV.*

BONA, *Sister to the French Queen.*

Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry and King Edward,
Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

SCENE, during part of the third act, in France ; during all the
rest of the play, in England.

THIRD PART OF
KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *The Parliament House.*

Drums. Some Soldiers of York's party break in.
Then, enter the DUKE of YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD,
NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and others, with
white roses in their hats.

War. I WONDER how the king escaped our hands.

York. While we pursued the horsemen of the north,
He slyly stole away, and left his men ;
Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
' Cheered up the drooping army ; and himself,
' Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all abreast,
' Charged our main battle's front ; and, breaking in,
' Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.¹

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham,
' Is either slain, or wounded dangerous.
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow ;
' That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[Showing his bloody sword.]

Mont. And, brother, here's the earl of Wiltshire's
blood, *[To YORK, showing his.]*
Whom I encountered as the battles joined.

¹ See the former play. Shakspeare has fallen into this inconsistency by following the old plays in the construction of these dramas.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.¹

[*Throwing down the* DUKE of SOMERSET'S
head.]

*** York.** Richard hath best deserved of all my sons.—

What, is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset?

Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake king Henry's head.

War. And so do I.—Victorious prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by Heaven, these eyes shall never close.

This is the palace of the fearful king,

‘ And this the regal seat: possess it, York;

For this is thine, and not king Henry's heirs'.

York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will ;
' For hither we have broken in by force.

Norf. We'll all assist you ; he that flies shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk.—Stay by me, and

lords ;—

‘ And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.

War. And, when the king comes, offer him no violence,

‘ Unless he seek to thrust you out by force.

[They retire.]

* *York.* The queen, this day, here holds her parliament,

*** But little thinks we shall be of her council.**

***By words or blows here let us win our right.**

Rich. Armed as we are, let's stay within this house.

War. The bloody parliament shall this be called,
Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king ;
And bashful Henry deposed, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

¹ Shakspeare was also led into this anachronism by the old plays. At the time of the first battle of St. Albans, where Richard is represented to have fought in the last scene of the preceding play, he was not one year old; having been born at Fotheringay castle, October 21, 1454. At the time to which the third scene of the present act refers, he was but six years old; and in the fifth act, in which Henry is represented as having been killed by him in the Tower, not more than sixteen and eight months.

‘ *York.* Then leave me not, my lords ; be resolute ;
I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
‘ The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.¹

‘ I’ll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares.—
Resolve thee, Richard ; claim the English crown.

[*WARWICK leads YORK to the throne,
who seats himself.*

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, and others, with red roses in their hats.

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state ! Belike, he means
(Backed by the power of Warwick, that false peer)
To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.—
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father ;—
And thine, lord Clifford ; and you both have vowed
revenge

On him, his sons, his favorites, and his friends.

North. If I be not, Heavens, be revenged on me !

Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in
steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this ? Let’s pluck him
down ;

‘ My heart for anger burns ; I cannot brook it.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, and such as he ;
He durst not sit there had your father lived.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin ; be it so.

K. Hen. Ah, know you not the city favors them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck ?

Exe. But when the duke is slain, they’ll quickly fly.

¹ Hawks had sometimes little bells hung on them, perhaps to dare the birds ; that is, to fright them from rising.

K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,
To make a shambles of the parliament-house !
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.—

[*They advance to the Duke.*]

Thou factious duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet.
I am thy sovereign.

York. Thou art deceived ; I am thine.

Exe. For shame, come down ; he made thee duke of York.

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.¹

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping Henry.

Clif. Whom should he follow, but his natural king ?

War. True, Clifford ; and that's Richard, duke of York.

' *K. Hen.* And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne ?

' *York.* It must and shall be so. Content thyself.

War. Be duke of Lancaster ; let him be king.

West. He is both king and duke of Lancaster ;
And that the lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget,
That we are those, which chased you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with colors spread
Marched through the city to the palace gates.

' *North.* Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief ;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

' *West.* Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives,
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

' *Clif.* Urge it no more ; lest that, instead of words,

¹ The old play reads "as the *kingdom* is." Why Shakspeare altered it, it is not easy to say ; for the new line only exhibits the same meaning more obscurely. York means that the *dukedom* was his inheritance from his father, as the earldom of March was his inheritance from his mother. His title to the crown was not as duke of York, but as earl of March, and by naming that he covertly asserts his right to the crown.

I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,
As shall revenge his death, before I stir.

‘ *War.* Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!

York. Will you, we show our title to the crown?
‘ If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York;¹
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March.
I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seized upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, sith² thou hast lost it all.

K. Hen. The lord protector lost it, and not I;
When I was crowned, I was but nine months old.

Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks,
you lose.—

Father, tear the crown from the usurper’s head.

Edw. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.

Mont. Good brother, [*To York.*] as thou lov’st and
honor’st arms,

Let’s fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will
fly.

York. Sons, peace!

K. Hen. Peace thou! and give king Henry leave
to speak.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first.—Hear him,
lords;

And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him shall not live.

‘ *K. Hen.* Think’st thou that I will leave my
kingly throne,

Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?

No; first shall war unpeople this my realm;

‘ Ay, and their colors—often borne in France,

¹ Another mistake of the author of the old play. York’s father was earl of Cambridge, and was beheaded in the lifetime of his elder brother, Edward duke of York.

² Since. A contraction of *sithence*.

And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow—
Shall be my winding-sheet.—Why faint you, lords?

‘ My title's good, and better far than his.

War. But prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

K. Hen. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the
crown.

York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

K. Hen. I know not what to say; my title's weak.
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

York. What then?

‘ *K. Hen.* An if he may, then am I lawful king.

‘ For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resigned the crown to Henry the Fourth;
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrained,
Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown? ¹

Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Hen. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter?

Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer
not?

Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.

K. Hen. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st
Think not, that Henry shall be so deposed.

‘ *War.* Deposed he shall be, in despite of all.

North. Thou art deceived. 'Tis not thy southern
power,—

‘ Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,—
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,—
Can set the duke up, in despite of me.

Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence.

May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,

‘ Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

¹ i. e. detrimental to the general rights of hereditary royalty.

‘ *K. Hen.* O, Clifford, how thy words revive my heart !

York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.—
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords ?

War. Do right unto this princely duke of York ;
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And o’er the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.

[*He stamps, and the Soldiers show themselves.*

‘ *K. Hen.* My lord of Warwick, hear me but one word ;—

‘ Let me, for this my lifetime reign as king.

York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet whilst thou liv’st.

K. Hen. I am content. Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son !

War. What good is this to England, and himself !

West. Base, fearful and despairing Henry !

‘ *Clif.* How hast thou injured both thyself and us !

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

North. Nor I.

Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.

* *West.* Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,

* In whose cold blood no spark of honor bides.

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,

‘ And die in bands for this unmanly deed !

Clif. In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome !
Or live in peace, abandoned, and despised !

[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD,
and WESTMORELAND.

* *War.* Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

K. Hen. Ah, Exeter !

War. Why should you sigh, my lord ?

K. Hen. Not for myself, lord Warwick, but my son,

Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

But be it as it may :—I here entail
 ‘ The crown to thee, and to thine heirs forever ;
 Conditionally, that here thou take an oath,
 To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
 To honor me as thy king and sovereign ;
 * And neither by treason, nor hostility,
 * To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.
[Coming from the throne.]

War. Long live king Henry !—Plantagenet, embrace him.

‘ *K. Hen.* And long live thou, and these thy forward sons !

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconciled.

Exe. Accursed be he that seeks to make them foes !

[Senet. The Lords come forward.]

‘ *York.* Farewell, my gracious lord ; I’ll to my castle.¹

War. And I’ll keep London, with my soldiers.

Norf. And I to Norfolk, with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.

*[Exeunt YORK, and his Sons, WARWICK,
 NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, Soldiers, and
 Attendants.]*

* *K. Hen.* And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET and the PRINCE of WALES.

Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger.

I’ll steal away.

K. Hen. Exeter, so will I. *[Going.]*

‘ *Q. Mar.* Nay, go not from me ; I will follow thee.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

‘ *Q. Mar.* Who can be patient in such extremes ?

* Ah, wretched man ! ’would I had died a maid,

* And never seen thee, never borne thee son,

¹ Sandal castle, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire.

- * Seeing thou hast proved so unnatural a father!
- * Hath he deserved to lose his birthright thus?
- * Hadst thou but loved him half so well as I,
- * Or felt that pain which I did for him once;
- * Or nourished him, as I did with my blood;
- * Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
- * Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,
- * And disinherited thine only son.
- * *Prince.* Father, you cannot disinherit me.
- * If you be king, why should not I succeed?
- * *K. Hen.* Pardon me, Margaret;—pardon me, sweet son;—

* The earl of Warwick, and the duke, enforced me.

Q. Mar. Enforced thee! Art thou king, and wilt be forced?

I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!

Thou hast undone thyself, thy son and me,

‘ And given unto the house of York such head,

* As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.

* To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,

* What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,

* And creep into it far before thy time?

* Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;

Stern Faulconbridge¹ commands the narrow seas;

The duke is made protector of the realm;

‘ And yet shalt thou be safe? *Such safety finds

* The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.

‘ Had I been there, which am a silly woman,

‘ The soldiers should have tossed me on their pikes,

¹ The person here meant was Thomas Nevil, bastard son to the lord Faulconbridge, “a man (says Hall) of no lesse corage than audacitie, who for his cruel condicions was such an apte person, that a more meter could not be chosen to set all the world in a broyle, and to put the estate of the realme on an ill hazard.” He had been appointed by Warwick, vice-admiral of the sea, and had in charge so to keep the passage between Dover and Calais, that none which either favored king Henry or his friends, should escape untaken or undrowned; such, at least, were his instructions with respect to the friends and favorers of king Edward after the rupture between him and Warwick. On Warwick’s death, he fell into poverty, and robbed, both by sea and land, as well friends as enemies. After roving on the sea some little time longer, he ventured to land at Southampton, where he was taken and beheaded. See Hall and Holinshed.—*Ritson*.

' Before I would have granted to that act.
 * But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honor;
 ' And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,
 ' Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
 ' Until that act of parliament be repealed,
 ' Whereby my son is disinherited.

The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colors,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread.

' And spread they shall be; to thy foul disgrace,
 ' And utter ruin of the house of York.
 ' Thus do I leave thee.—Come, son, let's away;
 ' Our army's ready; come, we'll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murdered by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field,
I'll see your grace; till then, I'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt* QUEEN MARGARET and the Prince.]

K. Hen. Poor queen! how love to me, and to her son,

' Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
 ' Revenged may she be on that hateful duke;
 * Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
 * Will coast¹ my crown, and, like an empty eagle,
 * Tire² on the flesh of me, and of my son!
 * The loss of those three lords³ torments my heart;
 * I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair.—
 * Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

* *Exe.* And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ To *coast* is, apparently, to *pursue*, to hover about any thing. The old form of the word appears to have been *costoye*, or *costoie*, from the French *costoyer*, to pursue a course alongside an object, to watch it.

² To *tire* is to *tear*; to *feed* like a bird of prey.

³ i. e. of Northumberland, Westmoreland, and Clifford, who had left him in disgust.

SCENE II. *A Room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield in Yorkshire.*

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and MONTAGUE.

‘ *Rich.* Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter YORK.

‘ *York.* Why, how now, sons and brother,¹ at a strife?

‘ What is your quarrel? How began it first?

‘ *Edw.* No quarrel, but a slight contention.

‘ *York.* About what?

‘ *Rich.* About that which concerns your grace and us ;

‘ The crown of England, father, which is yours.

‘ *York.* Mine, boy? not till king Henry be dead.

* *Rich.* Your right depends not on his life, or death.

* *Edw.* Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now.

* By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,

* It will outrun you, father, in the end.

‘ *York.* I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

‘ *Edw.* But, for a kingdom, any oath may be broken ;

‘ I’d break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

‘ *Rich.* No ; God forbid your grace should be forsworn.

‘ *York.* I shall be, if I claim by open war.

‘ *Rich.* I’ll prove the contrary, if you’ll hear me speak.

‘ *York.* Thou canst not, son ; it is impossible.

‘ *Rich.* An oath is of no moment, being not took

¹ Shakspeare seems to have thought York and Montague brothers-in-law. But Montague was brother to Warwick ; Warwick’s daughter was married to a son of York, but not during the life of York.

' Before a true and lawful magistrate,
 ' That hath authority over him that swears.
 ' Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
 ' Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
 ' Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
 ' Therefore, to arms. *And, father, do but think,
 * How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
 * Within whose circuit is Elysium,
 * And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
 * Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,
 * Until the white rose that I wear be dyed
 * Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

' *York.* Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.—
 ' Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
 ' And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.—
 ' Thou, Richard, shalt unto the duke of Norfolk,
 ' And tell him privily of our intent.—
 ' You, Edward, shall unto my lord Cobham,
 With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise.
 ' In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
 ' Witty,¹ courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—
 ' While you are thus employed, what resteth more, .
 ' But that I seek occasion how to rise;
 ' And yet the king not privy to my drift,
 ' Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger.²

' But, stay—what news? Why com'st thou in such
 post?
 ' *Mess.* The queen, with all the northern earls and
 lords,
 ' Intend here to besiege you in your castle.
 ' She is hard by with twenty thousand men;
 ' And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.
 * *York.* Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou
 that we fear them?—

¹ Of sound judgment.

² The folio reads "Enter *Gabriel*." It was the name of the actor, probably *Gabriel Singer*, who played this insignificant part. The emendation is from the old play, and was made by Theobald.

- ‘ Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;
‘ My brother Montague shall post to London;
* Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
* Whom we have left protectors of the king,
* With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
* And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.
* *Mont.* Brother, I go; I’ll win them, fear it not.
* And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [*Exit.*

Enter SIR JOHN *and* SIR HUGH MORTIMER.

York. Sir John, and sir Hugh Mortimer, mine
uncles!

‘ You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need; we’ll meet her in the
field.

‘ *York.* What, with five thousand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
A woman’s general; what should we fear?

[*A march afar off.*

Edw. I hear their drums; let’s set our men in order;
‘ And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.

‘ *York.* Five men to twenty!—though the odds be
great,

‘ I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.

‘ Many a battle have I won in France,

‘ When as the enemy hath been ten to one;

‘ Why should I not now have the like success?

[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Plains near Sandal Castle.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter RUTLAND, *and* his
Tutor.¹

‘ *Rut.* Ah, whither shall I fly to ’scape their hands?
Ah, tutor! look, where bloody Clifford comes!

¹ “A priest called sir Robert Aspell.”—*Hall*, fo. 99.

Enter CLIFFORD and Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father,¹—he shall die.

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him.

Tut. Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child,
' Lest thou be hated both of God and man.

[Exit, forced off by Soldiers.]

Clif. How now! is he dead already? Or, is it fear
That makes him close his eyes?—I'll open them.

' *Rut.* So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
' That trembles under his devouring paws:
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey;
' And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.—
' Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel, threat'ning look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die;—
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath;
Be thou revenged on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's
blood
Hath stopped the passage where thy words should
enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again;
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives, and
thine,
Were not revenge sufficient for me.
No, if I digged up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul;
' And till I root out their accursed line,
' And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore—— *[Lifting his hand.]*

¹ i. e. the father of which brat, namely, the duke of York.

Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death.—
To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me!

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm; why wilt thou slay me?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.¹

Thou hast one son; for his sake pity me;
Lest, in revenge thereof,—sith God is just,—
He be as miserably slain as I.

Ah, let me live in prison all my days;
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause?

Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.

[CLIFFORD stabs him.

Rut. *Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ!*²

[Dies.

Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood, cleaving to my blade,
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congealed with this, do make me wipe off both.

[Exit.

SCENE IV. *The same.*

Alarum. Enter YORK.

' *York.* The army of the queen hath got the field.
' My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;³
' And all my followers to the eager foe
' Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,
' Or lambs pursued by hunger-starved wolves.
' My sons—God knows what hath bechanced them;

¹ Rutland was born in 1443; or at latest, according to Hall, in 1448, and Clifford's father was slain at the battle of St. Albans, in 1455. Consequently Rutland was then at least seven years old, more probably twelve.

² This line is in Ovid's Epistle from Phillis to Demophoon. The same quotation is in Nash's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596.

³ These were two bastard uncles by the mother's side, sir John and sir Hugh Mortimer. See Grafton's *Chronicle*, p. 649.

But this I know,—they have demeaned themselves
Like men born to renown, by life, or death.

‘ Three times did Richard make a lane to me ;
And thrice cried,—*Courage, father, fight it out !*
‘ And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt
‘ In blood of those that had encountered him ;
‘ And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
‘ Richard cried,—*Charge ! and give no foot of ground !*
‘ And cried,—*A crown, or else a glorious tomb !*
‘ *A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre !*
With this we charged again ; but, out, alas !
‘ We bodged¹ again ; as I have seen a swan
‘ With bootless labor swim against the tide,
‘ And spend her strength with overmatching waves.

[*A short alarum within.*

‘ Ah, hark ! the fatal followers do pursue ;
‘ And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury :
‘ And, were I strong, I would not shun their fury.
‘ The sands are numbered that make up my life ;
‘ Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBER-
LAND, *and* Soldiers.

‘ Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,—
‘ I dare your quenchless fury to more rage ;
‘ I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,
With downright payment, showed unto my father.
Now Phaëton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.²

York. My ashes, as the Phoenix, may bring forth

¹ *Bodged* is probably the same as *budged*, from *bouger* (French). In the following passage, Coriolanus speaks of his army who had fled from their adversaries.

“The mouse ne’er shunned the cat, as they did *budge*
From rascals worse than they.”

² Noontide point on the dial.

‘ A bird that will revenge upon you all ;
 ‘ And, in that hope, I throw mine eyes to heaven,
 Scorning whate’er you can afflict me with.
 ‘ Why come you not ? what ! multitudes, and fear ?

Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no further ;
 ‘ So doves do peck the falcon’s piercing talons ;
 So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
 Breathe out invectives ’gainst the officers.

York. O, Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
 ‘ And in thy thought o’errun my former time.
 * And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face ;
 And bite thy tongue that slanders him with cowardice,
 ‘ Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word ;
 But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.

[*Draws.*

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford ! for a thousand
 causes,

I would prolong awhile the traitor’s life.
 Wrath makes him deaf ; speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford ; do not honor him so much,
 To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.
 What valor were it, when a cur doth grin,
 For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
 When he might spurn him with his foot away ?
 It is war’s prize¹ to take all vantages ;
 ‘ And ten to one is no impeach of valor.

[*They lay hands on YORK, who struggles.*

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the cony struggle in the net.

[*YORK is taken prisoner.*

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquered
 booty ;
 So true men yield, with robbers so o’ermatched.

North. What would your grace have done unto him
 now ?

¹ *Prize* here means an advantage that may be taken ; unless we can imagine that it may signify *licitum est*, “it is *prized* or *esteemed* lawful in war,” &c. *Price*, *prise*, and *prize*, were used indiscriminately by our ancestors.

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
 Come make him stand upon this molehill here ;
 ‘ That raught¹ at mountains with outstretched arms,
 Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—
 * What ! was it you that would be England’s king ?
 Was’t you that revelled in our parliament,
 And made a preachment of your high descent ?
 Where are your mess of sons to back you now ?
 The wanton Edward, and the lusty George ?
 ‘ And where’s that valiant, crookback prodigy,
 Dicky, your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,
 Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies ?
 Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland ?
 Look, York ; I stained this napkin with the blood
 That valiant Clifford, with his rapier’s point,
 Made issue from the bosom of the boy ;
 And, if thine eyes can water for his death,
 I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
 ‘ Alas, poor York ! but that I hate thee deadly,
 I should lament thy miserable state.
 I pr’ythee, grieve, to make me merry, York ;
 Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
 What, hath thy fiery heart so parched thine entrails,
 That not a tear can fall for Rutland’s death ?
 * Why art thou patient, man ? thou shouldst be mad ;
 * And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
 Thou wouldst be feed, I see, to make me sport ;
 York cannot speak unless he wear a crown.—
 A crown for York ;—and, lords, bow low to him.—
 Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.—

*[Putting a paper crown on his head.]*²

¹ Reached.

² According to Hall, the paper crown was not placed on York’s head till after he was dead ; but Holinshed, after having copied Hall, says :—
 “Some write that the duke was taken alive and in derision caused to stand upon a molehill, on whose heade they put a garland instead of a crown, which they had fashioned and made of segges or bulrushes, and having so crowned him with that garlande, they kneeled down afore him, as the Jews did to Christe, in scorne, saying to him, Hayle, king without rule, ha le, king without heritage, hayle, duke and prince without people or

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!
Ay, this is he that took king Henry's chair;
And this is he was his adopted heir.—
But how is it that great Plantagenet
Is crowned so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king,
Till our king Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale¹ your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
O, 'tis a fault too, too unpardonable!—
Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head;
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.

York. She wolf of France, but worse than wolves of
France,

' Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
How ill-beseeming is it, in thy sex,
To triumph like an Amazonian trull,
' Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates!
But that thy face is, visorlike, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush.
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom derived,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not
shameless.

Thy father bears the type² of king of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem;
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;
Unless the adage must be verified,—
That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.
'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;

possessions. And, at length having thus scorned hym with these and
diverse other the like despitfull woordes, they strooke off his heade,
which (as ye have heard) they presented to the queen."

¹ *Impale*, encircle with a crown.

² i. e. the crown, the emblem or symbol of royalty.

But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small.
 'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired ;
 The contrary doth make thee wondered at.
 'Tis government,¹ that makes them seem divine ;
 The want thereof makes thee abominable.
 Thou art as opposite to every good,
 As the antipodes are unto us,
 Or as the south to the septentrion.
 O, tiger's heart, wrapped in a woman's hide !
 How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
 To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
 And yet be seen to bear a woman's face ?
 Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible ;
 ' Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
 ' Bidd'st thou me rage ? why, now thou hast thy wish :
 ' Wouldst have me weep ? why, now thou hast thy
 will ;
 ' For raging wind blows up incessant showers.
 And, when the rage allays, the rain begins.
 These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies ;
 ' And every drop cries vengeance for his death,—
 ' 'Gainst thee, fell Clifford,—and thee, false French-
 woman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions² move me so,
 That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
 Would not have touched, would not have stained with
 blood ;

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,—
 O, ten times more,—than tigers of Hyrcania.
 See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears ;
 This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
 And I with tears do wash the blood away.
 Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this ;

[He gives back the handkerchief.]

And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
 Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears ;

¹ Government, in the language of the time, signified evenness of temper, and decency of manners.

² *Passions* for *griefs*.

Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say,—*Alas, it was a piteous deed!*—
There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my
curse ;

And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand !
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world ;
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads !

North. Had he been slaughterman to all my kin,
' I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly-sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my lord Northum-
berland ?

Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's
death. *[Stabbing him.]*

Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-hearted
king. *[Stabbing him.]*

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God !
' My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee.
[Dies.]

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates ;
So York may overlook the town of York.¹ *[Exeunt.]*

¹ This gallant prince fell by his own imprudence, in consequence of leading an army of only five thousand men to engage with twenty thousand, and not waiting for the arrival of his son, the earl of March, with a large body of Welshmen. He and Cecily his wife, with his son Edmund, earl of Rutland, were originally buried in the chancel of Fotheringay church. Peacham, in his *Complete Gentleman*, 1627, p. 153, gives an account of the destruction of their monuments, of the disinterment, &c., and of their reinterment in the church, by command of queen Elizabeth, under a mean monument of plaster.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire. Drums.*

Enter EDWARD and RICHARD, with their Forces, marching.

* *Edw.* I wonder how our princely father 'scaped ;
 * Or whether he be 'scaped away, or no,
 * From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit.
 * Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news ;
 Had he been slain, we should have heard the news ;
 * Or, had he 'scaped, methinks we should have heard
 * The happy tidings of his good escape.
 ' How fares my brother ? why is he so sad ?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolved
 Where our right valiant father is become.
 ' I saw him in the battle range about ;
 ' And watched him how he singled Clifford forth.
 ' Methought he bore him in the thickest troop,
 As doth a lion in a herd of neat ;
 * Or as a bear encompassed round with dogs ;
 * Who having pinched a few, and made them cry,
 * The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
 * So fared our father with his enemies ;
 * So fled his enemies my warlike father ;
 ' Methinks 'tis prize¹ enough to be his son.
 See how the morning opes her golden gates,
 And takes her farewell of the glorious sun !
 * How well resembles it the prime of youth,
 * Trimmed like a younker, prancing to his love !

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns ?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun ;²

¹ *Prize* is here again used for *estimation*.

² This circumstance is mentioned both by Hall and Holinshed. "At which tyme the *sun* (as some write) appeared to the earl of March like *three sunnes*, and sodainely joyned altogether in one; upon whiche sight

Not separated with the racking clouds,¹
 But severed in a pale, clear-shining sky.
 See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
 As if they vowed some league inviolable;
 Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
 In this the heaven figures some event.

* *Edw.* 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never
 heard of.

I think it cites us, brother, to the field;
 That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
 ' Each one already blazing by our meeds,²
 Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
 ' And overshine the earth, as this the world.
 ' Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
 Upon my target three fair-shining suns.

* *Rich.* Nay, bear three daughters;—by your leave
 I speak it;

* You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

' But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
 ' Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mess. Ah, one that was a woful looker on,
 When as the noble duke of York was slain,

* Your princely father, and my loving lord.

' *Edw.* O, speak no more! for I have heard too
 much.

' *Rich.* Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

' *Mess.* Environed he was with many foes;

* And stood against them as the hope of Troy

* Against the Greeks, that would have entered Troy.

* But Hercules himself must yield to odds;

* And many strokes, though with a little axe,

hee tooke such courage, that he fiercely setting on his enemyes put them
 to flight; and for this cause menne ymaged that he gave the sun in his
 full bryghtnesse for his badge or cognizance.—*Holinshed.*

¹ i. e. the clouds floating before the wind like a *reek* or vapor. This
 verb, though now obsolete, was formerly in common use; and it is now
 provincially common to speak of the *rack* of the weather.

² *Meed* anciently signified *merit* as well as reward.

* Hew down and fell the hardest-timbered oak.
' By many hands your father was subdued ;
' But only slaughtered by the ireful arm
' Of unrelenting Clifford and the queen :
' Who crowned the gracious duke in high despite ;
' Laughed in his face ; and, when with grief he wept,
' The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
' A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
' Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain.
' And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
' They took his head, and on the gates of York
' They set the same ; and there it doth remain,
' The saddest spectacle that e'er I viewed.

Edw. Sweet duke of York, our prop to lean upon ;
' Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay !—
* O Clifford, boisterous Clifford, thou hast slain
* The flower of Europe for his chivalry ;
* And treacherously hast thou vanquished him,
* For, hand to hand, he would have vanquished thee !—
Now my soul's palace is become a prison ;
Ah, would she break from hence ! that this my body
' Might in the ground be closed up in rest.
' For never henceforth shall I joy again,
' Never, O never, shall I see more joy.

' *Rich.* I cannot weep ; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart.
* Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden ;
* For self-same wind, that I should speak withal,
* Is kindling coals, that fire all my breast,
* And burn me up with flames that tears would quench.
* To weep, is to make less the depth of grief.
* Tears, then, for babes ; blows and revenge, for me !—
' Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,
' Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee ;
' His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun ;
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say ;
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

*March. Enter WARWICK and MONTAGUE, with Forces.*¹

War. How now, fair lords? What fare? what news abroad?

‘ *Rich.* Great lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and, at each word’s deliverance,
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O valiant lord, the duke of York is slain.

Edw. O, Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly, as his soul’s redemption,
Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drowned these news in tears;
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things since then befallen.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breathed his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.
I then in London, keeper of the king,
Mustered my soldiers, gathered flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought,
Marched towards Saint Albans to intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along;
For by my scouts I was advértised,
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
‘ Touching king Henry’s oath, and your succession.
Short tale to make,—we at Saint Albans met,
Our battles joined, and both sides fiercely fought;
But, whether ’twas the coldness of the king,
Who looked full gently on his warlike queen,
That robbed my soldiers of their hated spleen;
Or whether ’twas report of her success;
Or more than common fear of Clifford’s rigor,
‘ Who thunders to his captives—blood and death,
I cannot judge; but, to conclude with truth,

¹ This meeting was at Chipping Norton, according to W. Wyrcester p. 488.

Their weapons like to lightning came and went ;
Our soldiers'—like the night-owl's lazy flight,
' Or like a lazy thrasher with a flail,—
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheered them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay, and great rewards ;
But all in vain ; they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them, no hope to win the day,
So that we fled ; the king, unto the queen ;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you ;
For in the marches here, we heard you were,
Making another head to fight again.

' *Edw.*¹ Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle
Warwick ?

And when came George from Burgundy to England ?

' *War.* Some six miles off the duke is with the
soldiers ;

And for your brother,—he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy,

' With aid of soldiers to this needful war.²

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick
fled.

Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear ;
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist ;
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is famed for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, lord Warwick : blame me not ;

¹ The ages of the duke of York's children will show how far historic truth is departed from in the present play. The battle of Wakefield was fought on the 29th of December, 1460, when Edward was in his nineteenth year, Rutland in his eighteenth, George of York, afterwards duke of Clarence, in his twelfth, and Richard only in his ninth year.

² This circumstance is not warranted by history. Clarence and Gloster (as they were afterwards created) were sent into Flanders immediately after the battle of Wakefield, and did not return until their brother Edward had got possession of the crown. The duchess of Burgundy was not their aunt, but a third cousin.

'Tis love, I bear thy glories, makes me speak.
But, in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say—Ay, and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you
out;

And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud, insulting queen,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather, many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.
' Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong.
Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
' Will but amount to five-and-twenty thousand,
Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain;
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
' And once again cry—Charge upon our foes!
But never once again turn back, and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks I hear great Warwick
speak.

Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
' That cries—Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean,
' And when thou fall'st, (as God forbid the hour!)
Must Edward fall, which peril Heaven forefend!

War. No longer earl of March, but duke of York.
' The next degree is, England's royal throne;
For king of England shalt thou be proclaimed
In every borough as we pass along;

And he that throws not up his cap for joy,
 ' Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
 King Edward,—valiant Richard,—Montague,—
 Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
 ' But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

* *Rich.* Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,

* (As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,)

* I come to pierce it,—or to give thee mine.

* *Edw.* Then strike up, drums;—God, and saint George, for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what news?

Mess. The duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
 The queen is coming with a puissant host;
 And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why then it sorts,¹ brave warriors. Let's away. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *Before York.*

Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, the PRINCE of WALES, CLIFFORD and NORTHUMBERLAND, with Forces.

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.

Yonder's the head of that arch enemy,
 That sought to be encompassed with your crown.
 ' Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

' *K. Hen.* Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck;—

To see this sight, it irks my very soul.—
 Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
 Not wittingly have I infringed my vow.

Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity,

¹ Why, then, things are as they should be; *it falls out right.*

And harmful pity, must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;
' And doves will peck, in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows;
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue, like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, blessed with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
' Which argued thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young;
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them (even with those wings
' Which sometime they have used with fearful flight)
Make war with him that climbed unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!
Were it not pity that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault;
And long hereafter say unto his child,—
*What my great grandfather and grandsire got,
My careless father fondly¹ gave away?*
Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford played the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.

' But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear,
That things ill got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son,

¹ Foolishly.

Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?¹

I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;

And 'would my father had left me no more!

For all the rest is held at such a rate,

' As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,

' Than in possession any jot of pleasure.

Ah, cousin York! 'would thy best friends did know,

' How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

' *Q. Mar.* My lord, cheer up your spirits; our foes
are nigh,

' And this soft courage makes your followers faint.

' You promised knighthood to our forward son;

' Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently.—

Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
And learn this lesson,—Draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness;
' For, with a band of thirty thousand men,
Comes Warwick, backing of the duke of York;
And, in the towns, as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him.
' Darraign your battle,² for they are at hand.

Clif. I would your highness would depart the field;
The queen hath best success when you are absent.³

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll
stay.

¹ The king quotes two proverbs; the one—"Ill-gotten goods never prosper;" the other—"Happy the child whose father went to the devil."

² i. e. arrange your host. *Darraign* is used by Chaucer, Skelton, and Spenser.

³ "Happy was the queene in her two battayls, but unfortunate was the king in all his enterprises; for where his person was present the victorie fledde ever from him to the other parte."—*Hall's Chronicle*. Henry VI. fol. c. Drayton has enlarged upon this superstitious belief, in his *Miseries of Queen Margaret*.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence.
Unsheathe your sword, good father ; cry, *Saint George !*

March. *Enter* EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WAR-
WICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, *and* Soldiers.

‘ *Edw.* Now, perjured Henry ! wilt thou kneel for
grace,

‘ And set thy diadem upon my head ;
* Or bide the mortal fortune of the field ?

Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud, insulting boy !
‘ Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,
‘ Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king ?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee.
I was adopted heir by his consent ;
Since when, his oath is broke ;¹ for, as I hear,
You—that are king, though he do wear the crown—
Have caused him, by new act of parliament,
‘ To blot out me, and put his own son in.

‘ *Clif.* And reason too ;
Who should succeed the father, but the son ?

‘ *Rich.* Are you there, butcher ?—O, I cannot
speak !

‘ *Clif.* Ay, crookback ; here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. ’Twas you that killed young Rutland, was it
not ?

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For God’s sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

War. What say’st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the
crown ?

¹ Edward’s argument is founded on an article said to have been in the compact between Henry and the duke of York : “That if the king did closely or apertly studye or go about to compass or imagine the death or destruction of the sayde duke or his blood, then he *to forfeit the crowne*, and the duke of Yorke to take it.”—*Hall*. If this had been one of the articles of the compact, the duke having been killed at Wakefield, his eldest son would now have a title to the crown ; but Malone doubts whether it ever made part of that agreement. The Poet followed Hall.

Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick?
dare you speak?

When you and I met at St. Albans last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valor, Clifford, drove me
thence.

North. No, nor your manhood, that durst make
you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.—
Break off the parle; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swollen heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy father: call'st thou him a child?

Rich. Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But, ere sunset, I'll make thee curse the deed.

K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and hear
me speak.

Q. Mar. Defy them, then, or else hold close thy
lips.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue,
I am a king, and privileged to speak.

Clif. My liege, the wound that bred this meeting
here,
Cannot be cured by words; therefore be still.

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheath thy sword.
By him that made us all, I am resolved,¹

'That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armor on.

Prince. If that be right, which Warwick says is
right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

¹ It is my firm persuasion.

Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands ;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire, nor dam ;
But like a foul, misshapen stigmatic,
Marked by the destinies to be avoided,
' As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English guilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king,
(As if a channel¹ should be called the sea,)
' Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art ex-
traught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart ?

Edw. A wisp of straw² were worth a thousand
crowns,
To make this shameless callet know herself.—
* Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
* Although thy husband may be Menelaus ;
* And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wronged
* By that false woman, as this king by thee.
' His father revelled in the heart of France,
And tamed the king, and made the dauphin stoop ;
And, had he matched according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day ;
But, when he took a beggar to his bed,
And graced thy poor sire with his bridal day,
' Even then that sunshine brewed a shower for him,
' That washed his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heaped sedition on his crown at home.
' For what hath broached this tumult, but thy pride ?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept ;
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipped our claim until another age.

' *Geo.* But, when we saw our sunshine made thy
spring,

¹ A *channel* in the Poet's time signified what we now call a *kennel*, which word is still pronounced *channel* in the north.

² A *wisp of straw* was often applied as a mark of opprobrium to an immodest woman, a scold, or similar offenders. A *callet* was a lewd woman, but a term often given to a *scold*.

‘ And that thy summer bred us no increase,
 We set the axe to thy usurping root ;
 And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
 ‘ Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
 ‘ We’ll never leave, till we have hewn thee down,
 Or bathed thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee ;
 Not willing any longer conference,
 Since thou deny’st the gentle king to speak.—
 Sound trumpets !—let our bloody colors wave !—
 And either victory, or else a grave.

Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.

Edw. No, wrangling woman ; we’ll no longer stay .
 These words will cost ten thousand lives to-day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Field of Battle between Towton and
 Saxton, in Yorkshire.*¹

Alarums : Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

‘ *War.* Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,
 I lay me down a little while to breathe ;
 For strokes received, and many blows repaid,
 Have robbed my strong-knit sinews of their strength.
 ‘ And, spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile.

Enter EDWARD, running.

Edw. Smile, gentle Heaven ! or strike, ungentle
 death !

‘ For this world frowns, and Edward’s sun is clouded.

War. How now, my lord ? what hap ? what hope
 of good ?

¹ Shakspeare has here, perhaps, intentionally thrown three different actions into one. The principal action took place on the eve of Palm Sunday, 1461. “This battle (says Carte) decided the fate of the house of Lancaster, overturning in one day an usurpation strengthened by sixty-two years’ continuance, and established Edward on the throne of England.”

Enter GEORGE.

- * *Geo.* Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair ;
 ' Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us.
 ' What counsel give you ? whither shall we fly ?
 ' *Edw.* Bootless is flight ; they follow us with wings ;
 ' And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

- ' *Rich.* Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself ?
 ' Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,¹
 ' Broached with the steely point of Clifford's lance ;
 ' And, in the very pangs of death, he cried,—
 ' Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,—
 ' *Warwick, revenge ! Brother, revenge my death !*
 ' So, underneath the belly of their steeds,
 ' That stained their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
 ' The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.
 ' *War.* Then let the earth be drunken with our blood ;

I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.

- * Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
 * Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage ;
 * And look upon,² as if the tragedy
 * Were played in jest by counterfeiting actors ?
 ' Here on my knee I vow to God above,
 ' I'll never pause again, never stand still,
 ' Till either death hath closed these eyes of mine,
 ' Or fortune given me measure of revenge.
Edw. O, Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine ;
 ' And, in this vow, do chain my soul to thine.—
 * And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
 * I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
 Thou setter up and plucker down of kings !

¹ The brother here mentioned is no person in the drama, but a natural son of Salisbury. Holinshed, relating the death of lord Clifford in this action at Ferry-bridge, on the 28th of March, 1461, says, "He was slaine, and with him the bastard of Salisbury, brother to the earl of Warwick, a valiant young gentleman, and of great audacitie."

² Look upon for look on ; i. e. are mere spectators.

' Beseeching thee,—if with thy will it stands,
 ' That to my foes this body must be prey,—
 ' Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
 ' And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!—
 ' Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
 Where'er it be, in heaven, or on earth.

' *Rich.* Brother, give me thy hand; and, gentle
 Warwick,

' Let me embrace thee in my weary arms.—
 ' I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
 ' That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

' *War.* Away, away! Once more, sweet lords,
 farewell.

' *Geo.* Yet let us all together to our troops,
 ' And give them leave to fly that will not stay;
 And call them pillars, that will stand to us;
 ' And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
 ' As victors wear at the Olympian games;
 * This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;
 * For yet is hope of life, and victory.—
 * Fore-slow¹ no longer; make we hence amain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. Another Part of the Field.*

Excursions. Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD.

' *Rich.* Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone;
 ' Suppose this arm is for the duke of York,
 ' And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
 ' Wert thou environed with a brazen wall.

' *Clif.* Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone;
 This is the hand that stabbed thy father York;
 And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;
 And here's the heart that triumphs in their death,
 And cheers these hands, that slew thy sire and brother,

¹ To *fore-slow* is to delay, to loiter.

"*Fore-slow* no time; sweet Lancaster, let's march."

Marlowe's Edward III.

To execute the like upon thyself.
And so, have at thee.

[*They fight.* WARWICK *enters*; CLIFFORD *flies*.

‘*Rich.* Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY.

* *K. Hen.* This battle fares like to the morning’s
war,

- * When dying clouds contend with growing light;
- * What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
- * Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
- ‘ Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
- ‘ Forced by the tide to combat with the wind;
- ‘ Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
- ‘ Forced to retire by fury of the wind;
- ‘ Sometime the flood prevails; and then the wind;
- ‘ Now, one the better; then, another best;
- ‘ Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
- ‘ Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered;
- ‘ So is the equal poise of this fell war.
- * Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
- * To whom God will, there be the victory!
- ‘ For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
- ‘ Have chid me from the battle; swearing, both,
- ‘ They prosper best of all when I am thence.
- ‘ ‘Would I were dead! if God’s good will were so;
- ‘ For what is in this world, but grief and woe?
- * O, God! methinks it were a happy life,¹

¹ This speech is exquisitely suited to the character of the king. There are some verses preserved of Henry VI. which are in a strain of the same pensive, moralizing character. The reader may not be displeased to have them here subjoined, that he may compare them with the congenial thoughts the Poet has attributed to him:—

“Kingdoms are but cares;
State is devoid of stay;

‘ To be no better than a homely swain ;
 * To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
 * To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
 * Thereby to see the minutes how they run ;
 * How many make the hour full complete,
 * How many hours bring about the day,
 * How many days will finish up the year,
 * How many years a mortal man may live.
 * When this is known, then to divide the times :
 * So many hours must I tend my flock ;
 * So many hours must I take my rest ;
 * So many hours must I contemplate ;
 * So many hours must I sport myself ;
 * So many days my ewes have been with young ;
 * So many weeks ere the poor fools will yeau ;
 * So many years ere I shall shear the fleece :
 * So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
 * Passed over to the end they were created,
 * Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
 * Ah, what a life were this ! how sweet ! how lovely !
 * Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
 * To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
 * Than doth a rich, embroidered canopy
 * To kings, that fear their subjects’ treachery ?
 * O, yes it doth ; a thousand fold it doth.
 * And to conclude,—the shepherd’s homely curds,
 * His cold, thin drink out of his leather bottle,
 * His wonted sleep under a fresh tree’s shade,
 * All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
 * Is far beyond a prince’s delicates,
 * His viands sparkling in a golden cup,

Riches are ready snares,
 And hasten to decay.

Pleasure is a privy [game],
 Which vice doth still provoke ;
 Pomp unprompt ; and fame a flame ;
 Power a smouldering smoke.

Who meaneth to remove the rock
 Out of his slimy mud,
 Shall mire himself, and hardly scape
 The swelling of the flood.”

- * His body couched in a curious bed,
- * When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son that has killed his Father, dragging in the dead body.

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.—
 ‘ This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
 ‘ May be possessed with some store of crowns;
 * And I, that haply take them from him now,
 * May yet ere night yield both my life and them
 * To some man else, as this dead man doth me.—
 ‘ Who’s this?—O God! it is my father’s face,
 ‘ Whom in this conflict I unawares have killed.
 ‘ O heavy time, begetting such events!
 ‘ From London by the king was I pressed forth;
 ‘ My father, being the earl of Warwick’s man,
 ‘ Came on the part of York, pressed by his master;
 ‘ And I, who at his hands received my life,
 ‘ Have by my hands of life bereaved him.—
 ‘ Pardon me, God; I knew not what I did!—
 And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!—
 * My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
 * And no more words, till they have flowed their fill.
 ‘ *K. Hen.* O pitcous spectacle! O bloody times!
 Whilst lions war, and battle for their dens,
 ‘ Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.—
 * Weep, wretched man; I’ll aid thee tear for tear;
 * And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,
 * Be blind with tears and break, o’ercharged with grief.

Enter a Father, who has killed his Son, with the body in his arms.

‘ *Fath.* Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
 ‘ Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
 ‘ For I have bought it with a hundred blows.—
 ‘ But let me see:—is this our foeman’s face?
 ‘ Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!—
 * Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,

* Throw up thine eye ; see, see, what showers arise,
 * Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
 * Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart !—
 ‘ O, pity, God, this miserable age !—
 ‘ What stratagems,¹ how fell, how butcherly,
 ‘ Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
 ‘ This deadly quarrel daily doth beget !—
 ‘ O, boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
 ‘ And hath bereft thee of thy life too late !²

K. Hen. Woe above woe ! grief more than common
 grief !

‘ O that my death would stay these ruthless deeds !
 * O, pity, pity, gentle Heaven, pity !
 The red rose and the white are on his face,
 The fatal colors of our striving houses :
 * The one, his purple blood right well resembles ;
 * The other, his pale cheeks, methinks, present !
 Wither one rose, and let the other flourish !
 ‘ If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother, for a father’s death,
 Take on³ with me, and ne’er be satisfied !

Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
 ‘ Shed seas of tears, and ne’er be satisfied !

‘ *K. Hen.* How will the country, for these woful
 chances,

‘ Misthink⁴ the king, and not be satisfied !

‘ *Son.* Was ever son, so rued a father’s death ?

‘ *Fath.* Was ever father, so bemoaned a son ?

‘ *K. Hen.* Was ever king, so grieved for subjects’
 woe ?

‘ Much is your sorrow ; mine, ten times so much.

‘ *Son.* I’ll bear thee hence, where I may weep my
 fill. [Exit with the body.]

¹ *Stratagems* here means *direful events*.

² Of these obscure lines the following explanation by Henley is the most probable which has been offered :—Had the son been younger, he would have been precluded from the levy which brought him to the field ; and had the father recognized him before their mortal encounter, it would not have been too late to have saved him from death.

³ To *take on* is a phrase still in use in common parlance, and signifies *to persist in clamorous lamentations*.

⁴ Think unfavorably of.

* *Fath.* These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet ;

* My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre ;

* For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.

* My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell ;

* And so obsequious¹ will thy father be,

* Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,

* As Priam was for all his valiant sons.

I'll bear thee hence ; and let them fight that will,
For I have murdered where I should not kill.

[*Exit with the body.*

‘ *K. Hen.* Sad-hearted men, much overgone with
care,

‘ Here sits a king more woful than you are.

*Alarums : Excursions. Enter QUEEN MARGARET,
PRINCE of WALES, and EXETER.*

‘ *Prince.* Fly, father, fly ! for all your friends are
fled,

‘ And Warwick rages like a chafed bull :

‘ Away ! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

‘ *Q. Mar.* Mount you, my lord ; towards Berwick
post amain ;

‘ Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds,

‘ Having the fearful, flying hare in sight,

‘ With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,

‘ And bloody steel grasped in their ireful hands,

‘ Are at our backs ; and, therefore, hence amain.

‘ *Exe.* Away ! for vengeance comes along with
them ;

‘ Nay, stay not to expostulate ; make speed ;

Or else come after, I'll away before.

‘ *K. Hen.* Nay, take me with thee, good, sweet
Exeter ;

‘ Not that I fear to stay, but love to go

‘ Whither the queen intends. Forward ; away !

[*Exeunt.*

¹ *Obsequious* is here careful of *obsequies* or funeral rites.

SCENE VI. *The same. A loud Alarum.**Enter CLIFFORD, wounded*¹

‘ *Clif.* Here burns my candle out, ay, here it dies,
 Which, while it lasted, gave king Henry light.
 O, Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow,
 More than my body’s parting with my soul.
 My love and fear glued many friends to thee;
 ‘ And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt.
 Impairing Henry, strengthening mis-proud York,
 The common people swarm like summer flies;
 And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?
 And who shines now but Henry’s enemies?
 O, Phœbus! hadst thou never given consent
 That Phaeton should check thy fiery steeds,
 Thy burning car never had scorched the earth:
 And, Henry, hadst thou swayed as kings should do,
 Or as thy father, and his father, did,
 Giving no ground unto the house of York,
 * They never then had sprung like summer flies:
 ‘ I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
 Had left no mourning widows for our death,
 And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
 For what doth cherish weeds, but gentle air?
 ‘ And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity?
 Bootless are complaints, and cureless are my wounds;
 ‘ No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight;
 The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
 For at their hands I have deserved no pity.
 ‘ The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
 And much effuse of blood doth make me faint:—
 Come, York, and Richard; Warwick, and the rest;
 ‘ I stabbed your fathers’ bosoms, split my breast.

[He faints.]

¹ In the old play the stage direction adds, *with an arrow in his neck*. It is thought that Beaumont and Fletcher ridiculed this, by introducing Ralph, the grocer’s prentice, in the Knight of the Burning Pestle, with a *forked arrow through his head*. The circumstance is related by Holinshed, p. 664:—“The lord Clifford, either for heat or paine, putting off his gorget suddenlie, with an arrow (as some saie) without a head, was stricken into the *throte*, and immediately rendered his spirit.”

Alarum and Retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Soldiers.

‘ *Edw.* Now breathe we, lords ; good fortune bids us pause,

‘ And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.—

* Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,

‘ That led calm Henry, though he were a king,

‘ As doth a sail, filled with a fretting gust,

‘ Command an argosy to stem the waves.

‘ But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them ?

War. No, ’tis impossible he should escape ;

For, though before his face I speak the words,

Your brother Richard marked him for the grave ;

‘ And, wheresoe’er he is, he’s surely dead.

[CLIFFORD groans, and dies.

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave ?

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death’s departing.¹

Edw. See who it is ; and now the battle’s ended, If friend or foe, let him be gently used.

‘ *Rich.* Revoke that doom of mercy, for ’tis Clifford ;

‘ Who not contented that he lopped the branch

‘ In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,

‘ But set his murdering knife unto the root

‘ From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring ;

‘ I mean our princely father, duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,

Your father’s head, which Clifford placed there ;

‘ Instead whereof, let this supply the room ;

Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,

‘ That nothing sung but death to us and ours ;

‘ Now death shall stop his dismal, threatening sound,

‘ And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

[Attendants bring the body forward.

¹ *Departing for separation.*

War. I think his understanding is bereft :—
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee ?—
Dark, cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

Rich. O, 'would he did ! and so, perhaps, he doth ;
' 'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
' Because he would avoid such bitter taunts,
' Which in the time of death he gave our father.

Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.¹

Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland, I will pity thee.

Geo. Where's captain Margaret, to fence you now ?

War. They mock thee, Clifford ! swear as thou
wast wont.

Rich. What, not an oath ? nay, then the world
goes hard,

' When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath ;
I know by that he's dead ; and, by my soul,
' If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,
' This hand should chop it off ; and with the issuing
blood

Stifle the villain, whose unstanched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead. Off with the traitor's
head,

And rear it in the place your father's stands.—

And now to London with triumphant march,

There to be crowned England's royal king.

' From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,

And ask the lady Bona for thy queen ;

So shalt thou sinew both these lands together ;

' And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread

¹ *Sour* words ; words of asperity. " Verie eagre or sowre : peracerbous."—*Baret*.

The scattered foe, that hopes to rise again ;
 For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
 Yet look to have them buzz, to offend thine ears.
 First, will I see the coronation ;
 ‘ And then to Brittany I’ll cross the sea,
 To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be ;
 * For on thy shoulder do I build my seat ;
 * And never will I undertake the thing,
 * Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—
 ‘ Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloster ;—
 ‘ And George, of Clarence ;—Warwick, as ourself,
 ‘ Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be duke of Clarence ; George, of
 Gloster ;
 For Gloster’s dukedom is too ominous.¹

War. Tut, that’s a foolish observation ;
 Richard, be duke of Gloster. Now to London,
 To see these honors in possession. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Chase in the North of England.*

Enter two Keepers,² with crossbows in their hands.

1 *Keep.* Under this thick-grown brake we’ll shroud
 ourselves ;

¹ Alluding to the deaths of Thomas of Woodstock and Humphrey, dukes of Gloster. The author of the old play, in which this line is found, had a passage of Hall’s Chronicle in his thoughts, in which the unfortunate ends of those who had borne the title is recounted : he thus concludes :—“ So that this name of Gloucester is taken for an unhappie and unfortunate stile, as the proverb speaks of Segane’s horse, whose ryder was ever unhorsed, and whose possessor was ever brought to miserie.”

² In the folio copy, instead of *two keepers*, we have, through negligence, the names of the persons who represented these characters, *Sincklo* and *Humphrey*. Humphrey was probably Humphrey Jeaffes, mentioned in

‘ For through this laund¹ anon the deer will come ;
 ‘ And in this covert will we make our stand,
 ‘ Culling the principal of all the deer.

* 2 *Keep*. I’ll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

* 1 *Keep*. That cannot be ; the noise of thy cross-
 bow

* Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.

* Here stand we both, and aim we at the best ;

* And, for the time shall not seem tedious,

* I’ll tell thee what befell me on a day,

* In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

‘ 2 *Keep*. Here comes a man ; let’s stay till he be
 passed.

Enter KING HENRY, disguised, with a prayer-book.

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stolen, even of pure
 love,

‘ To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.

‘ No, Harry, Harry, ’tis no land of thine ;

* Thy place is filled, thy sceptre wrung from thee,

* Thy balm washed off, wherewith thou wast anointed:

No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,

‘ No humble suitors press to speak for right,

* No, not a man comes for redress of thee ;

For how can I help them, and not myself ?

‘ 1 *Keep*. Ay, here’s a deer whose skin’s a keeper’s
 fee :

‘ This is the *quondam* king ; let’s seize upon him.

Mr. Henslowe’s manuscript ; *Sincklo* we have before mentioned, his name being prefixed to some speeches in the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*. Hall and Holinshed tell us that Henry VI. “was no sooner entered into England but he was known and taken of one Cantlow, and brought to the king.” It appears, however, from records in the duchy office, that king Edward granted a rent-charge of one hundred pounds to sir James Harington, in recompense of his great and laborious diligence about the capture and detention of the king’s great traitor, rebel, and enemy, lately called Henry the Sixth, made by the said James ; and likewise annuities to Richard and Thomas Talbot, esquires,—Talbot, and Levesey, for their services in the same capture. Henry had been for some time harbored by James Maychell of Crakenthorpe, Westmoreland. See Rymer’s *Fœdera*, xi. 548, 575.

¹ A *lawn*.

* *K. Hen.* Let me embrace these our adversities ;

* For wise men say, it is the wisest course.

* *2 Keep.* Why linger we ? let us lay hands upon him.

* *1 Keep.* Forbear awhile ; we'll hear a little more.

K. Hen. My queen and son are gone to France for aid ;

And, as I hear, the great, commanding Warwick

‘ Is thither gone, to crave the French king’s sister

‘ To wife for Edward. If this news be true,

‘ Poor queen, and, son, your labor is but lost ;

‘ For Warwick is a subtle orator,

‘ And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.

‘ By this account, then, Margaret may win him ;

‘ For she’s a woman to be pitied much ;

* Her sighs will make a battery in his breast ;

* Her tears will pierce into a marble heart ;

* The tiger will be mild, while she doth mourn ;

* And Nero will be tainted with remorse,

* To hear, and see, her complaints, her brinish tears.

* Ay, but she’s come to beg ; Warwick, to give ;

She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry ;

He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.

She weeps, and says—her Henry is deposed ;

He smiles, and says—his Edward is installed ;

* That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more ;

* Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,

* Inferreth arguments of mighty strength ;

* And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,

* With promise of his sister, and what else,

* To strengthen and support king Edward’s place.

* O, Margaret, thus ’twill be ; and thou, poor soul,

* Art then forsaken, as thou went’st forlorn.

2 Keep. Say, what art thou, that talk’st of kings and queens ?

‘ *K. Hen.* More than I seem, and less than I was born to ;

‘ A man at least, for less I should not be ;

And men may talk of kings, and why not I ?

2 Keep. Ay, but thou talk’st as if thou wert a king

‘ *K. Hen.* Why, so I am, in mind ; and that’s enough.

2 *Keep.* But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown ?

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head :

* Not decked with diamonds, and Indian stones,

* Nor to be seen : ‘ my crown is called content ;

‘ A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.

‘ 2 *Keep.* Well, if you be a king crowned with content,

Your crown content, and you, must be contented

‘ To go along with us ; for, as we think,

‘ You are the king ; king Edward hath deposed,

‘ And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,

‘ Will apprehend you as his enemy.

* *K. Hen.* But did you never swear, and break an oath ?

* 2 *Keep.* No, never such an oath, nor will not now.

* *K. Hen.* Where did you dwell, when I was king of England ?

* 2 *Keep.* Here in this country, where we now remain.

* *K. Hen.* I was anointed king at nine months old ;

* My father and my grandfather were kings ;

* And you were sworn true subjects unto me ;

* And, tell me then, have you not broke your oaths ?

* 1 *Keep.* No ;

For we were subjects but while you were king.

* *K. Hen.* Why, am I dead ? do I not breathe a man ?

* Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear.

* Look, as I blow this feather from my face,

* And as the air blows it to me again,

* Obeying with my wind when I do blow,

* And yielding to another when it blows,

* Commanded always by the greater gust ;

* Such is the lightness of you common men.

* But do not break your oaths ; for of that sin

* My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.

* Go where you will, the king shall be commanded ;

* And be you kings ; command, and I’ll obey.

* 1 *Keep.* We are true subjects to the king, king Edward.

* *K. Hen.* So would you be again to Henry,

* If he were seated as king Edward is.

1 *Keep.* We charge you, in God's name, and in the king's,

To go with us unto the officers.

‘ *K. Hen.* In God's name, lead ; your king's name be obeyed :

* And what God will, then let your king perform ;

* And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, and LADY GREY.

‘ *K. Edw.* Brother of Gloster, at Saint Albans' field

‘ This lady's husband, sir John Grey, was slain,

His lands then seized on by the conqueror :

Her suit is now, to repossess those lands,

‘ Which we in justice cannot well deny,

Because in quarrel of the house of York

‘ The worthy gentleman did lose his life.¹

Glo. Your highness shall do well to grant her suit ;

* It were dishonor to deny it her.

¹ This is in every particular a falsification of history. Sir John Grey fell in the second battle of St. Albans, fighting on the side of king Henry ; and so far is it from being true that his lands were seized by the conqueror (queen Margaret), that they were, in fact, seized by king Edward after his victory at Towton, 1461. The present scene is laid in 1464. Shakspeare followed the old play in this instance ; but when he afterwards had occasion to mention this matter in writing his King Richard III., he stated it truly as he found it in the Chronicles. In Act i. Sc. 2, of that play, Richard, addressing himself to queen Elizabeth (the lady Grey of the present scene), says :—

“ In all which time you and your husband *Grey*
Were factious *for the house of Lancaster* ;
(And, Rivers, so were you :)—was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at Saint Albans slain ? ”

Malone says that this circumstance, among numerous others, proves incontestably that Shakspeare was not the original author of this and the preceding play.

K. Edw. It were no less ; but yet I'll make a pause.

‘ *Glo.* Yea ! is it so ?

I see, the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

Clar. He knows the game ; how true he keeps the
wind ! [*Aside.*

Glo. Silence ! [*Aside.*

‘ *K. Edw.* Widow, we will consider of your suit ;
‘ And come some other time, to know our mind.

‘ *L. Grey.* Right gracious lord, I cannot brook de-
lay :

‘ May it please your highness to resolve me now ;
‘ And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.

‘ *Glo.* [*Aside.*] Ay, widow ? then I'll warrant you
all your lands,

‘ And if what pleases him shall pleasure you.

‘ Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

* *Clar.* I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.
[*Aside.*

* *Glo.* God forbid that ! for he'll take vantages.

[*Aside.*

‘ *K. Edw.* How many children hast thou, widow ?
tell me.

Clar. I think he means to beg a child of her.

[*Aside.*

Glo. Nay, whip me then ; he'll rather give her two.
[*Aside.*

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glo. You shall have four, if you'll be ruled by him.

[*Aside.*

‘ *K. Edw.* 'Twere pity they should lose their
father's land.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave ; I'll try this widow's
wit.

Glo. Ay, good leave have you ; for you will have
leave,

‘ Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.

[*GLOSTER and CLARENCE retire to the
other side.*



* *K. Edw.* Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

* *L. Grey.* Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

* *K. Edw.* And would you not do much, to do them good?

* *L. Grey.* To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

* *K. Edw.* Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

* *L. Grey.* Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

* *L. Grey.* So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

* *K. Edw.* What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

* *L. Grey.* What you command, that rests in me to do.

* *K. Edw.* But you will take exceptions to my boon.

* *L. Grey.* No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

* *K. Edw.* Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

* *L. Grey.* Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

* *Glo.* He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble. *[Aside.*

* *Clar.* As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt. *[Aside.*

L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

L. Grey. That's soon performed, because I am a subject.

K. Edw. Why, then thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Glo. The match is made; she seals it with a curt'sy.

* *K. Edw.* But stay thee; 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

* *L. Grey.* The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

* *K. Edw.* Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense. What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

‘ *L. Grey.* My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers ;

‘ That love which virtue begs and virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

* *L. Grey.* Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

* *K. Edw.* But now you partly may perceive my mind.

* *L. Grey.* My mind will never grant what I perceive

* Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

* *L. Grey.* To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.

K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower ;

For by that loss I will not purchase them.

‘ *K. Edw.* Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination

‘ Accords not with the sadness of my suit ;

Please you dismiss me, either with ay, or no.

K. Edw. Ay ; if thou wilt say ay, to my request : No ; if thou dost say no, to my demand.

L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

‘ *Glo.* The widow likes him not ; she knits her brows. [Aside.

Clar. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

[Aside.

‘ *K. Edw.* [Aside.] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty ;

* Her words do show her wit incomparable ;

* All her perfections challenge sovereignty.
One way, or other, she is for a king ;
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—
Say, that king Edward take thee for his queen ?

L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord.

I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends ;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto.
' I know I am too mean to be your queen ;
And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. Edw. You cavil, widow ; I did mean, my queen.

L. Grey. 'Twill grieve your grace, my sons should call you—father.

K. Edw. No more than when thy daughters call thee mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children ;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some ; why, 'tis a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.

' Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.
[*Aside.*

Clar. When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.
[*Aside.*

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

* *Glo.* The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.

K. Edw. You'd think it strange if I should marry her.

Clar. To whom, my lord ?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glo. That would be ten days' wonder, at the least.

Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

' *Glo.* By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers; I can tell you
 both,
 Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
 And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

K. Edw. See that he be conveyed unto the Tower;—
 ‘ And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
 ‘ To question of his apprehension.—
 ‘ Widow, go you along.—Lords, use her honorable.

[*Exeunt* KING EDWARD, LADY GREY,
 CLARENCE, and Lord.

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honorably.
 Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
 ‘ That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
 ‘ To cross me from the golden time I look for!
 ‘ And yet between my soul's desire and me
 * (The lustful Edward's title buried)
 ‘ Is Clarence, Henry, and his son, young Edward,
 ‘ And all the unlooked-for issue of their bodies,
 ‘ To take their rooms, ere I can place myself.
 A cold premeditation for my purpose!
 * Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty;
 * Like one that stands upon a promontory,
 * And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
 * Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;
 * And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
 * Saying—he'll lade it dry to have his way.
 * So do I wish the crown, being so far off;
 * And so I chide the means that keep me from it;
 * And so I say—I'll cut the causes off,
 * Flattering me with impossibilities.—
 * My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
 * Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
 * Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;
 * What other pleasure can the world afford?
 ‘ I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
 ‘ And deck my body in gay ornaments,

And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.

‘ O miserable thought ! and more unlikely,

‘ Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns !

Why, love forswore me in my mother’s womb.

‘ And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,

‘ She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe

‘ To shrink mine arm up like a withered shrub ;

‘ To make an envious mountain on my back,

Where sits deformity to mock my body ;

‘ To shape my legs of an unequal size ;

* To disproportion me in every part,

* Like to a chaos, or an unlicked bear-whelp,

* That carries no impression like the dam.

And am I then a man to be beloved ?

‘ O, monstrous fault, to harbor such a thought !

* Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,

* But to command, to check, to o’erbear such

* As are of better person than myself,

* I’ll make my heaven—to dream upon the crown ;

* And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,

* Until my head, that this misshaped trunk bears,¹

* Be round impaled with a glorious crown.

* And yet I know not how to get the crown,

* For many lives stand between me and home.

* And I—like one lost in a thorny wood,

* That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns ;

* Seeking a way, and straying from the way,

* Not knowing how to find the open air,

* But toiling desperately to find it out—

* Torment myself to catch the English crown ;

* And from that torment I will free myself,

* Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.

Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile ;

‘ And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart ;

* And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,

* And frame my face to all occasions.

* I’ll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall ;

* I’ll slay more gazers than the basilisk ;

¹ The folio reads, *Until my misshaped trunk, that bears this head.*

* I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
 * Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,
 * And, like a Sinon, take another Troy.
 I can add colors to the chameleon;
 Change shapes, with Proteus, for advantages,
 ' And set the murderous Machiavel¹ to school.
 Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
 ' Tut! were it further off, I'll pluck it down. [Exit.

SCENE III. France. *A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter LEWIS, the French King, and LADY BONA, attended; the King takes his state. Then enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD her Son, and the EARL of OXFORD.

' K. Lew. Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret,
 [Rising.

' Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state,
 ' And birth, that thou shouldst stand, while Lewis doth sit.

* Q. Mar. No, mighty king of France; now Margaret
 * Must strike her sail, and learn awhile to serve,
 * Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
 * Great Albion's queen in former golden days.
 * But now mischance hath trod my title down,
 * And with dishonor laid me on the ground;
 * Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
 * And to my humble seat conform myself.

* K. Lew. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs
 this deep despair?

* Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with
 tears,

* And stops my tongue, while heart is drowned in cares.

* K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
 * And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck
 [Seats her by him.

¹ The old play reads, with more propriety,

"And set the *aspiring Catiline* to school."

By which the anachronism is also avoided.

* To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind

* Still ride in triumph over all mischance.

* Be plain, queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;

* It shall be eased, if France can yield relief.

* *Q. Mar.* Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,

* And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.

* Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,

* That Henry, sole possessor of my love,

* Is, of a king, become a banished man,

* And forced to live in Scotland a forlorn ;

* While proud, ambitious Edward, duke of York,

* Usurps the regal title, and the seat

* Of England's true, anointed, lawful king.

* This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret,

* With this my son, prince Edward, Henry's heir,

* Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid ;

‘ And, if thou fail us, all our hope is done :

‘ Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help ;

* Our people and our peers are both misled,

* Our treasure seized, our soldiers put to flight,

* And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

* *K. Lew.* Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,

* While we bethink a means to break it off.

* *Q. Mar.* The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

* *K. Lew.* The more I stay, the more I'll succor thee.

* *Q. Mar.* O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow ;

* And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter WARWICK,¹ attended.

‘ *K. Lew.* What's he, approacheth boldly to our presence ?

¹ This nobleman's embassy and commission, the insult he receives by the king's hasty marriage, and his consequent resolution to avenge it, with the capture, imprisonment, and escape of the king, Shakspeare found in Hall and Holinshed ; but later as well as earlier writers of better au-

Q. Mar. Our earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France?

[*Descending from his state, Queen MARGARET rises.*]

* *Q. Mar.* Ay, now begins a second storm to rise ;

* For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

‘ *War.* From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come,—in kindness, and unfeigned love,—
First, to do greetings to thy royal person ;
And, then, to crave a league of amity ;
And, lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

‘ *Q. Mar.* If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

War. And, gracious madam, [*To BONA.*] in our king's behalf,

‘ I am commanded, with your leave and favor,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart ;
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath placed thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.

Q. Mar. King Lewis, and lady Bona, hear me speak,

‘ Before you answer Warwick. His demand

* Springs not from Edward's well-meant, honest love,

* But from deceit, bred by necessity ;

* For how can tyrants safely govern home,

* Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?

* To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice,—

thority incline us to discredit the whole ; and to refer the rupture between the king and his political creator to other causes. The king was privately married to the lady Elizabeth Widville, in 1463, and in February, 1465, Warwick actually stood sponsor to the princess Elizabeth, their first child. It should seem from the *Annales* of W. of Wyrcester, that no open rupture had taken place between the king and Warwick, up to the beginning of November, 1468 ; at least, nothing appears to the contrary in that historian, whose work is, unfortunately, defective from that period.

- * That Henry liveth still ; but were he dead,
- * Yet here prince Edward stands, king Henry's son.
- * Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage,
- * Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonor ;
- * For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
- * Yet Heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret !

Prince.

And why not queen ?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp ;
And thou no more art prince, than she is queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain ;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
' Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest ;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France :
From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,
You told not, how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten ?
Methinks these peers of France should smile at that.
But for the rest,—you tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years ; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

' *Oxf.* Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy
liege,
' Whom thou obey'dst thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush ?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree ?
For shame, leave Henry, and call Edward king.

' *Oxf.* Call him my king, by whose injurious doom
' My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death ? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellowed years,
' When nature brought him to the door of death ?
No, Warwick, no ; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster

War. And I the house of York.

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, prince Edward, and Oxford,

‘ Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside,
‘ While I use further conference with Warwick.

* *Q. Mar.* Heaven grant that Warwick’s words bewitch him not!

[*Retiring with the Prince and OXFORD.*]

‘ *K. Lew.* Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,

‘ Is Edward your true king? for I were loath
‘ To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honor.

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people’s eye?

War. The more, that Henry was unfortunate.¹

K. Lew. Then further,—all dissembling set aside,
‘ Tell me for truth the measure of his love
‘ Unto our sister Bona.

War. Such it seems,
As may beseem a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say, and swear,—
That this his love was an eternal plant;
Whereof the root was fixed in virtue’s ground,
The leaves and fruit maintained with beauty’s sun;
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine;
Yet I confess, [*To WAR.*] that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king’s desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

* *K. Lew.* Then, Warwick, thus—Our sister shall be Edward’s;

* And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
* Touching the jointure that your king must make,
* Which with her dowry shall be counterpoised.—
Draw near, queen Margaret; and be a witness,
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.

¹ He means, “that Henry was unsuccessful in war.”

- * *Q. Mar.* Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
 * By this alliance to make void my suit;
 * Before thy coming Lewis was Henry's friend.
 * *K. Lew.* And still is friend to him and Margaret;
 * But if your title to the crown be weak,—
 * As may appear by Edward's good success,—
 * Then 'tis but reason that I be released
 * From giving aid, which late I promised.
 * Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand,
 * That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease;
 Where having nothing, nothing he can lose.
 And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen,—
 You have a father able to maintain you;¹—
 And better 'twere, you troubled him than France.

- * *Q. Mar.* Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick, peace;
 * Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!²
 * I will not hence, till with my talk and tears,
 * Both full of truth, I make king Lewis behold
 * Thy sly conveyance,³ and thy lord's false love;
 * For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

[*A horn sounded within.*

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us, or thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you,
 Sent from your brother, marquis Montague.
 These from our king unto your majesty.—
 And, madam, these for you; from whom I know not.

[*To MARGARET. They all read their letters.*

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress
 Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

¹ Johnson is inclined to think this ironical. The poverty of Margaret's father was a frequent topic of reproach.

² The queen here applies to Warwick the very words that king Edward, p. 469, addresses to the Deity. It seems doubtful whether these words in the former instance are not in the old play addressed to Warwick also.

³ *Conveyance* is used for any crafty artifice. The word has already been explained.

Prince. Nay, mark how Lewis stamps as he were nettled.

* I hope all's for the best.

‘ *K. Lew.* Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair queen?

‘ *Q. Mar.* Mine, such as fill my heart with unhopèd joys.

War. Mine full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lew. What! has your king married the lady Grey?

‘ And now, to sooth¹ your forgery and his,

‘ Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?

‘ Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?

‘ Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

* *Q. Mar.* I told your majesty as much before.

This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest,—in sight of Heaven,

And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,—

That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;

No more my king, for he dishonors me;

But most himself, if he could see his shame.—

Did I forget, that by the house of York

My father came untimely to his death?

Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?²

Did I impale him with the regal crown?

Did I put Henry from his native right;

‘ And am I guerdoned at the last with shame?

* Shame on himself! for my desert is honor.

* And, to repair my honor lost for him,

* I here renounce him, and return to Henry.

‘ My noble queen, let former grudges pass,

And henceforth I am thy true servitor;

¹ To *sooth*, in ancient language, was “to countenance a falsehood or forged tale, to uphold one in his talke, and affirme it to be true which he speaketh.”—*Baret*.

² “King Edward did attempt a thing once in the earle's house, which was much against the earle's honestie (whether he would have deflowered his daughter or his *niece*, the certaintie was not for both their honors revealed), for surely such a thing was attempted by king Edward.”—*Holinshed*, p. 668.

I will revenge his wrong to lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

‘ *Q. Mar.* Warwick, these words have turned my
hate to love ;

‘ And I forgive and quite forget old faults,

‘ And joy that thou becom’st king Henry’s friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That, if king Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I’ll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.

’Tis not his new-made bride shall succor him.

* And as for Clarence,—as my letters tell me,—

* He’s very likely now to fall from him ;

* For matching more for wanton lust than honor,

* Or than for strength and safety of our country.

* *Bona.* Dear brother, how shall Bona be revenged,
* But by the help to this distressed queen ?

* *Q. Mar.* Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry
live,

* Unless thou rescue him from foul despair ?

* *Bona.* My quarrel, and this English queen’s, are one.

* *War.* And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with yours.

K. Lew. And mine with hers, and thine, and
Margaret’s.

Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolved,
You shall have aid.

* *Q. Mar.* Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lew. Then, England’s messenger, return in post ;
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,—
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.

* Thou seest what’s past ; go fear¹ thy king withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he’ll prove a widower
shortly,
I’ll wear the willow garland for his sake.

Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armor on.

¹ Fright.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong ;
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.

There's thy reward ; be gone. [*Exit Mess*

K. Lew. But, Warwick, thou,
And Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle ;

* And, as occasion serves, this noble queen

* And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.

‘ Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt.—

‘ What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty ?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty ;—
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter,¹ and my joy,
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

‘ *Q. Mar.* Yes, I agree, and thank you for your
motion.—

‘ Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous.

‘ Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick ;

‘ And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,

‘ That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

* *Prince.* Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it ;

* And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

[*He gives his hand to WARWICK.*

‘ *K. Lew.* Why stay we now ? These soldiers shall
be levied,

‘ And thou, lord Bourbon, our high admiral,

‘ Shalt waft them over with our royal fleet.—

‘ I long, till Edward fall by war's mischance,

‘ For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

[*Exeunt all but WARWICK.*

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe ;
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.

¹ Edward prince of Wales was married to Anne, *second* daughter of the earl of Warwick. In fact, Isabella, his *eldest* daughter, was married to Clarence in 1468. There is, however, no inconsistency in the present proposal ; for at the time represented, when Warwick was in France, neither of his daughters was married. Shakspeare has here again followed the old play. In King Richard III. he has properly represented lady Anne, the widow of Edward prince of Wales, as the *youngest* daughter of Warwick.

Had he none else to make a stale,¹ but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that raised him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again;
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, MONTAGUE,
and others.

‘ *Glo.* Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
‘ Of this new marriage with the lady Grey?

* Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

* *Clar.* Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to
France;

* How could he stay till Warwick made return?

* *Som.* My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the
king.

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, *attended*; LADY
GREY, *as Queen*; PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, HASTINGS,
and others.

* *Glo.* And his well-chosen bride.

* *Clar.* I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

‘ *K. Edw.* Now, brother of Clarence, how like you
our choice,

‘ That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?

‘ *Clar.* As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of
Warwick;

¹ A *stale* here means a *stalking-horse*, a *pretence*.

Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

‘ *K. Edw.* Suppose they take offence without a
cause,

They are but Lewis and Warwick ; I am Edward,
‘ Your king and Warwick’s, and must have my will.

‘ *Glo.* And you shall have your will, because our
king :

Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended
too ?

‘ *Glo.* Not I.

‘ No ; God forbid that I should wish them severed

‘ Whom God hath joined together ; ay, and ’twere pity,
To sunder them that yoke so well together.

‘ *K. Edw.* Setting your scorns and your mislike
aside,

‘ Tell me some reason why the lady Grey

‘ Should not become my wife, and England’s queen.—

‘ And you, too, Somerset, and Montague,

‘ Speak freely what you think.

‘ *Clar.* Then this is my opinion,—That king Lewis

‘ Becomes your enemy, for mocking him

‘ About the marriage of the lady Bona.

‘ *Glo.* And Warwick, doing what you gave in
charge,

‘ Is now dishonored by this new marriage.

‘ *K. Edw.* What if both Lewis and Warwick be
appeased,

‘ By such invention as I can devise ?

‘ *Mont.* Yet to have joined with France in such
alliance,

Would more have strengthened this our commonwealth
‘Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.

‘ *Hast.* Why, knows not Montague, that of itself

‘ England is safe, if true within itself ?

* *Mont.* Yes ; but the safer, when ’tis backed with
France.

* *Hast.* ’Tis better using France, than trusting
France.

- * Let us be backed with God, and with the seas,
- * Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
- * And with their helps only defend ourselves ;
- * In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.

Clar. For this one speech, lord Hastings well deserves

- ‘ To have the heir of the lord Hungerford.

‘ *K. Edw.* Ay, what of that? It was my will, and grant ;

- * And, for this once, my will shall stand for law.

‘ *Glo.* And yet methinks your grace hath not done well,

- ‘ To give the heir and daughter of lord Scales

‘ Unto the brother of your loving bride ;

‘ She better would have fitted me, or Clarence.

‘ But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

‘ *Clar.* Or else you would not have bestowed the heir¹

- ‘ Of the lord Bonville on your new wife’s son,

‘ And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence ! Is it for a wife,

‘ That thou art malcontent ? I will provide thee.

‘ *Clar.* In choosing for yourself, you showed your judgment ;

‘ Which being shallow, you shall give me leave

‘ To play the broker in mine own behalf ;

‘ And to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.

‘ *K. Edw.* Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,

‘ And not be tied unto his brother’s will.

‘ *Q. Eliz.* My lords, before it pleased his majesty

‘ To raise my state to title of a queen,

‘ Do me but right, and you must all confess

‘ That I was not ignoble of descent,²

¹ Until the Restoration, minors coming into possession of great estates were in the wardship of the king, who *bestowed* them on his favorites ; or, in other words, gave them up to plunder, and afterwards disposed of them in marriage as he pleased.

² Her father was sir Richard Widville, knight, afterwards earl of Rivers ; her mother Jaqueline, duchess dowager of Bedford, who was daughter of Peter of Luxemburg, earl of St. Paul, and widow of John duke of Bedford, brother to king Henry V.

* And meaner than myself have had like fortune.

* But as this title honors me and mine,

* So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,

* Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

‘ *K. Edw.* My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns.

‘ What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,

‘ So long as Edward is thy constant friend,

‘ And their true sovereign, whom they must obey ?

‘ Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,

‘ Unless they seek for hatred at my hands ;

‘ Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,

‘ And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

* *Glo.* I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.
[*Aside.*

Enter a Messenger.

‘ *K. Edw.* Now, messenger, what letters, or what news,
From France ?

‘ *Mess.* My sovereign liege, no letters ; and few words,

‘ But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

‘ *K. Edw.* Go to, we pardon thee ; therefore, in brief,

‘ Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.

‘ What answer makes king Lewis unto our letters ?

Mess. At my depart, these were his very words :

Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,—

That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,

To revel it with him and his new bride.

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave ? Belike he thinks me Henry.

‘ But what said lady Bona to my marriage ?

Mess. These were her words, uttered with mild disdain :

Tell him, in hope he’ll prove a widower shortly,

I’ll wear the willow garland for his sake.

K. Edw. I blame not her ; she could say little less ;

‘ She had the wrong. But what said Henry’s queen?
 ‘ For I have heard, that she was there in place.¹

Mess. *Tell him, quoth she, my mourning weeds are
 done,
 And I am ready to put armor on.*

‘ *K. Edw.* Belike, she minds to play the Amazon.
 But what said Warwick to these injuries?

‘ *Mess.* He, more incensed against your majesty
 ‘ Than all the rest, discharged me with these words :
*Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
 And therefore I’ll uncrown him, ere’t be long.*

K. Edw. Ha ! durst the traitor breathe out so proud
 words ?

‘ Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarned ;
 ‘ They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
 ‘ But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret ?

Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign ; they are so linked in
 friendship,
 ‘ That young prince Edward marries Warwick’s
 daughter.

Clar. Belike, the elder ; Clarence will have the
 younger.²

* Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
 * For I will hence to Warwick’s other daughter ;
 * That though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
 * I may not prove inferior to yourself.—
 You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.³

[*Exit CLARENCE, and SOMERSET follows.*

* *Glo.* Not I.

* My thoughts aim at a further matter ; I
 * Stay not for love of Edward, but the crown. [*Aside.*

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to
 Warwick !

* Yet am I armed against the worst can happen ;

¹ *In place* signifies there *present*. The expression is of frequent occurrence in old English writers. It is from the French *en place*.

² This is consonant with the former passage of this play, though at variance with what really happened.

³ Johnson has remarked upon the actual improbability of Clarence making this speech in the king’s hearing. Shakspeare followed the old play, where this line is also found.

* And haste is needful in this desperate case.—

- ‘ Pembroke, and Stafford, you in our behalf
- ‘ Go levy men, and make prepare for war ;
- ‘ They are already, or quickly will be landed :
- ‘ Myself in person will straight follow you.

[*Exeunt* PEMBROKE and STAFFORD.]

- ‘ But ere I go, Hastings,—and Montague,—
- ‘ Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
- ‘ Are near to Warwick, by blood, and by alliance.
- ‘ Tell me, if you love Warwick more than me ?
- ‘ If it be so, then both depart to him ;
- ‘ I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends ;
- ‘ But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
- ‘ Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
- ‘ That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont. So God help Montague, as he proves true !

Hast. And Hastings, as he favors Edward’s cause !

‘ *K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard, will you stand by
us ?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

‘ *K. Edw.* Why so ; then am I sure of victory.

- ‘ Now therefore let us hence ; and lose no hour,
- ‘ Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Plain in Warwickshire.*

Enter WARWICK and OXFORD, with French and other
Forces.

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well ;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter CLARENCE and SOMERSET.

But, see, where Somerset and Clarence come.—
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends ?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto War-
wick ;

And welcome, Somerset.—I hold it cowardice,
 To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
 Hath pawned an open hand in sign of love ;
 Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother,
 Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings.
 But welcome, sweet Clarence ; my daughter shall be
 thine.

And now what rests, but, in night's coverture,
 Thy brother being carelessly encamped,
 His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
 And but attended by a simple guard,
 We may surprise and take him at our pleasure ?
 Our scouts have found the adventure very easy ;
 * That as Ulysses, and stout Diomede,
 * With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
 * And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds ;¹
 * So we, well covered with the night's black mantle,
 * At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
 * And seize himself ; I say not—slaughter him,
 * For I intend but only to surprise him.—
 * You, that will follow me to this attempt,
 ' Applaud the name of Henry, with your leader.

[*They all cry Henry !*

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort.
 For Warwick and his friends, God and saint George !
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Edward's Camp near Warwick.

Enter certain Watchmen, to guard the King's tent.

- * 1 *Watch.* Come on, my masters ; each man take
 his stand ;
- * The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.
- * 2 *Watch.* What, will he not to bed ?
- * 1 *Watch.* Why, no ; for he hath made a solemn
 vow

¹ We are told by some of the writers of the Trojan story, that the capture of these horses was one of the necessary preliminaries of the fate of Troy.

* Never to lie and take his natural rest,

* Till Warwick, or himself, be quite suppressed.

* 2 *Watch*. To-morrow then, belike, shall be the day,

* If Warwick be so near as men report.

* 3 *Watch*. But say, I pray, what nobleman is that

* That with the king here resteth in his tent?

* 1 *Watch*. 'Tis the lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.

* 3 *Watch*. O, is it so? But why commands the king,

* That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,

* While he himself keepeth in the cold field?

* 2 *Watch*. 'Tis the more honor because more dangerous.

* 3 *Watch*. Ay; but give me worship and quietness;

* I like it better than a dangerous honor.

* If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,

* 'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.

* 1 *Watch*. Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

* 2 *Watch*. Ay, wherefore else guard we his royal tent,

* But to defend his person from night foes?

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, and Forces.

* *War*. This is his tent; and see, where stand his guard.

Courage, my masters: honor now, or never!

But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

1 *Watch*. Who goes there?

* 2 *Watch*. Stay, or thou diest.

[WARWICK, and the rest, cry all—Warwick!
Warwick! and set upon the guard; who
fly, crying, Arm! Arm! Warwick, and
the rest, following them.]

The drum beating, and trumpets sounding. Re-enter WARWICK, and the rest, bringing the King out in a gown, sitting in a chair; GLOSTER and HASTINGS fly.

‘ *Som.* What are they that fly there?

‘ *War.* Richard, and Hastings; let them go; here’s the duke.

K. Edw. The duke! why, Warwick, when we parted last,
Thou call’dst me king!

War. Ay, but the case is altered;
‘ When you disgraced me in my embassy,
‘ Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you duke of York.
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors;
Nor how to be contented with one wife;
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;
* Nor how to study for the people’s welfare;
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

* *K. Edw.* Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?

* Nay, then I see, that Edward needs must down.—
‘ Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
‘ Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,
‘ Edward will always bear himself as king;
* Though fortune’s malice overthrow my state,
* My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then, for his mind,¹ be Edward England’s king. *[Takes off his crown.]*

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,

* And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow.—

‘ My lord of Somerset, at my request,
‘ See that forthwith duke Edward be conveyed
‘ Unto my brother, archbishop of York.
‘ When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
‘ I’ll follow you, and tell what answer

¹ i. e. in his mind; as far as his own mind goes.

‘ Lewis, and the lady Bona, send to him ;
Now, for a while, farewell, good duke of York.

* *K. Edw.* What fates impose, that men must needs
abide ;

* It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[*Exit KING EDWARD, led out; SOMERSET
with him.*]

* *Oxf.* What now remains, my lords, for us to do,

* But march to London with our soldiers ?

War. Ay, that’s the first thing that we have to do ;

‘ To free king Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and RIVERS.

‘ *Riv.* Madam, what makes you in this sudden
change ?

‘ *Q. Eliz.* Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn
‘ What late misfortune is befallen king Edward ?

Riv. What, loss of some pitched battle against
Warwick ?

‘ *Q. Eliz.* No, but the loss of his own royal person.

‘ *Riv.* Then is my sovereign slain ?

‘ *Q. Eliz.* Ay, almost slain, for he is taken pris-
oner ;

‘ Either betrayed by falsehood of his guard,

‘ Or by his foe surprised at unawares ;

‘ And, as I further have to understand,

‘ Is now committed to the bishop of York,

‘ Fell Warwick’s brother, and by that our foe.

‘ *Riv.* These news, I must confess, are full of grief ;

‘ Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may ;

‘ Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

Q. Eliz. Till then, fair hope must hinder life’s
decay.

* And I the rather wean me from despair,

* For love of Edward’s offspring in my womb ;

- * This is it that makes me bridle passion,
* And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross ;
* Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
* And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
* Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
‘ King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.
* *Riv.* But, madam, where is Warwick then become ?
‘ *Q. Eliz.* I am informed, that he comes towards London,
* To set the crown once more on Henry's head :
* Guess thou the rest ; king Edward's friends must down.
‘ But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,
‘ (For trust not him that hath once broken faith,)
‘ I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
‘ To save at least the heir of Edward's right ;
‘ There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.
‘ Come, therefore, let us fly, while we may fly ;
‘ If Warwick take us, we are sure to die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A Park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.*¹

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, SIR WILLIAM STANLEY,
and others.

- ‘ *Glo.* Now, my lord Hastings, and sir William Stanley,
‘ Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
‘ Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
‘ Thus stands the case :—You know, our king, my brother,
‘ Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
‘ He hath good usage and great liberty ;
‘ And often, but attended with weak guard,

¹ Shakspeare follows Holinshed in the representation here given of king Edward's capture and imprisonment. The whole, however, is untrue. Edward was never in the hands of Warwick.

- ‘ Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
- ‘ I have advértised him by secret means,
- ‘ That if, about this hour, he make this way,
- ‘ Under the color of his usual game,
- ‘ He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
- ‘ To set him free from his captivity.

Enter KING EDWARD and a Huntsman.

Hunt. This way, my lord ; for this way lies the game.

- ‘ *K. Edw.* Nay, this way, man ; see, where the huntsmen stand.—

- ‘ Now, brother of Gloster, lord Hastings, and the rest,
- ‘ Stand you thus close to steal the bishop’s deer ?

- ‘ *Glo.* Brother, the time and case requireth haste ;
- ‘ Your horse stands ready at the park corner.

- ‘ *K. Edw.* But whither shall we then ?

- ‘ *Hast.* To Lynn, my lord ; and ship from thence to Flanders.

- ‘ *Glo.* Well guessed, believe me ; for that was my meaning.

- ‘ *K. Edw.* Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

- * *Glo.* But wherefore stay we ? ’tis no time to talk.

- ‘ *K. Edw.* Huntsman, what say’st thou ? wilt thou go along ?

- ‘ *Hunt.* Better do so, than tarry and be hanged.

- * *Glo.* Come then, away ; let’s have no more ado.

- ‘ *K. Edw.* Bishop, farewell : shield thee from Warwick’s frown ;

And pray that I may repossess the crown. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *A Room in the Tower.*

Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, Young RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Attendants.

- * *K. Hen.* Master lieutenant, now that God and friends

- * Have shaken Edward from the regal seat ;

- * And turned my captive state to liberty,
- * My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys ;
- * At our enlargement what are thy due fees ?

* *Lieu.* Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns ;

- * But, if an humble prayer may prevail,
- * I then crave pardon of your majesty.

* *K. Hen.* For what, lieutenant ? for well using me ?

- * Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,
- * For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure ;
- * Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
- * Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
- * At last, by notes of household harmony,
- * They quite forget their loss of liberty.—
- * But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,
- * And chiefly therefore I thank God, and thee ;
- * He was the author, thou the instrument.
- * Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,
- * By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me ;
- * And that the people of this blessed land
- * May not be punished with my thwarting stars ;
- ‘ Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
- ‘ I here resign my government to thee,
- ‘ For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

- * *War.* Your grace hath still been famed for virtuous ;
- * And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
- * By spying, and avoiding, fortune's malice,
- * For few men rightly temper with the stars :¹
- * Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
- * For choosing me, when Clarence is in place.

- * *Clar.* No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
- * To whom the Heavens, in thy nativity,
- * Adjudged an olive branch and laurel crown,
- * As likely to be blessed in peace and war ;
- * And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

* *War.* And I chose Clarence only for protector.

* *K. Hen.* Warwick, and Clarence, give me both your hands ;

¹ Few men accommodate themselves to their destiny, or adapt themselves to circumstance.

* Now join your hands, and, with your hands, your hearts,

* That no dissension hinder government :

‘ I make you both protectors of this land ;

‘ While I myself will lead a private life,

‘ And in devotion spend my latter days,

To sin’s rebuke, and my Creator’s praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign’s will ?

* *Clar.* That he consents, if Warwick yield consent ;

* For on thy fortune I repose myself.

* *War.* Why then, though loath, yet must I be content ;

* We’ll yoke together, like a double shadow

* To Henry’s body, and supply his place ;

* I mean, in bearing weight of government,

* While he enjoys the honor, and his ease.

* And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful,

* Forthwith that Edward be pronounced a traitor,

* And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

Clar. What else ? and that succession be determined.

* *War.* Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

* *K. Hen.* But, with the first of all your chief affairs,

* Let me entreat (for I command no more)

* That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,

* Be sent for, to return from France with speed ;

* For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear

* My joy of liberty is half eclipsed.

Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

‘ *K. Hen.* My lord of Somerset, what youth is that,

‘ Of whom you seem to have so tender care ?

‘ *Som.* My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.

‘ *K. Hen.* Come hither, England’s hope. If secret powers

[*Lays his hand on his head.*

‘ Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,

‘ This pretty lad¹ will prove our country’s bliss.

¹ This was adopted from Hall by the author of the old play ; Holinshed also copies Hall almost verbatim :—“ Whom when the king had a good while beheld. he said to such princes as were with him, Lo, surelie this is

' His looks are full of peaceful majesty ;
 ' His head by nature framed to wear a crown,
 ' His hand to wield a sceptre ; and himself
 ' Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.
 Make much of him, my lords ; for this is he,
 ' Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

* *War.* What news, my friend ?

* *Mess.* That Edward is escaped from your brother,
 * And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unsavory news ; but how made he escape ?

* *Mess.* He was conveyed by Richard duke of
 Gloster,

* And the lord Hastings, who attended him

* In secret ambush on the forest side,

* And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him ;

* For hunting was his daily exercise.

* *War.* My brother was too careless of his charge.

* But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide

* A salve for any sore that may betide.

[*Exeunt* KING HENRY, WAR., CLAR., Lieut.,
 and Attendants.]

* *Som.* My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's ;

* For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help ;

* And we shall have more wars, before't be long.

* As Henry's late presaging prophecy

* Did glad my heart with hope of this young Rich-
 mond,

he, to whom both we and our adversaries, leaving the possession of all things, shall hereafter give roome and place," p. 678. Henry earl of Richmond was the son of Edmond earl of Richmond, and Margaret, daughter to John the first duke of Somerset. Edmond was half-brother to king Henry VI., being the son of that king's mother, queen Catharine, by her second husband, Owen Tudor. Henry the Seventh, to show his gratitude to Henry VI. for this early presage in his favor, solicited pope Julius to canonize him a saint ; but either would not pay the price, or, as Bacon supposes, the pope refused, lest, " as Henry was reputed in the world abroad but for a simple man, the estimation of that kind of honor might be diminished if there were not a distance kept between innocents and saints."

Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York, and his Brethren.

- ‘ *May.* My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
‘ And shut the gates for safety of ourselves ;
‘ For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.
‘ *K. Edw.* But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
‘ Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York.
‘ *May.* True, my good lord ; I know you for no less.
‘ *K. Edw.* Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom ;
* As being well content with that alone.
‘ *Glo.* But, when the fox hath once got in his nose,
‘ He’ll soon find means to make the body follow.

[*Aside.*

- ‘ *Hast.* Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt ?
Open the gates, we are king Henry’s friends.
‘ *May.* Ay, say you so ? The gates shall then be opened. [*Exeunt, from above.*
‘ *Glo.* A wise, stout captain, and persuaded soon !
* *Hast.* The good old man would fain that all were well,
* So ’twere not ’long of him ;¹ but, being entered,
* I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
* Both him, and all his brothers, unto reason.

Re-enter the Mayor and Two Aldermen, below.

- ‘ *K. Edw.* So, master mayor ; these gates must not be shut,
‘ But in the night, or in the time of war.
‘ What ! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys ;
[*Takes his keys.*
‘ For Edward will defend the town, and thee,
‘ And all those friends that deign to follow me.

¹ The mayor is willing we should enter, so he may not be blamed.

Drum. Enter MONTGOMERY and Forces, marching.

Glo. Brother, this is sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceived.

‘ *K. Edw.* Welcome, sir John! But why come you
in arms?

Mont. To help king Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.

‘ *K. Edw.* Thanks, good Montgomery. But we
now forget

‘ Our title to the crown; and only claim

‘ Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.

‘ *Mont.* Then fare you well, for I will hence again;
I came to serve a king, and not a duke.—

‘ Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

[*A march begun.*

‘ *K. Edw.* Nay, stay, sir John, a while; and we’ll
debate,

‘ By what safe means the crown may be recovered.

‘ *Mont.* What talk you of debating? In few words,
‘ If you’ll not here proclaim yourself our king,
‘ I’ll leave you to your fortune; and be gone,
To keep them back that come to succor you.
Why should we fight, if you pretend no title?

Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice
points?

* *K. Edw.* When we grow stronger, then we’ll make
our claim;

* Till then, ’tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

* *Hast.* Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must
rule.

* *Glo.* And fearless minds climb soonest unto
crowns.

* Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;

* The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

* *K. Edw.* Then be it as you will; for ’tis my right,
* And Henry but usurps the diadem.

Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;
And now will I be Edward’s champion.

Hast. Sound, trumpet ; Edward shall be here proclaimed.—

* Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.

[*Gives him a paper. Flourish.*]

Sold. [*Reads.*] *Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c.*

Mont. And whosoe'er gainsays king Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

[*Throws down his gauntlet.*]

All. Long live Edward the Fourth !

* *K. Edw.* Thanks, brave Montgomery ;—and
thanks unto you all.

* If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.

* Now, for this night, let's harbor here in York ;

* And, when the morning sun shall raise his car

* Above the border of this horizon,

* We'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates ;

* For, well I wot, that Henry is no soldier.—

* Ah, froward Clarence !—how evil it beseems thee

* To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother !

* Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.—

* Come on, brave soldiers ; doubt not of the day ;

* And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.¹ London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MONTAGUE,
EXETER, and OXFORD.

War. What counsel, lords ? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath passed in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London ;
* And many giddy people flock to him.

* *Oxf.* Let's levy men, and beat him back again.²

¹ In the original play this scene follows immediately after king Henry's observations on young Richmond, the sixth scene of the present play.

² This line, in the folio copy, is given to the king, to whose character

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out ;
Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war.

Those will I muster up ;—and thou, son Clarence,
' Shalt stir, in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
' The knights and gentlemen to come with thee ;
' Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
' Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
' Men well inclined to hear what thou command'st ;
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well beloved,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.—

My sovereign, with the loving citizens,—

* Like to his island, girt in with the ocean,

* Or modest Dian, circled with her nymphs,—

Shall rest in London, till we come to him.—

Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—

Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true
hope.¹

* *Clar.* In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

* *K. Hen.* Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate !

* *Mont.* Comfort, my lord,—and so I take my leave

* *Oxf.* And thus, [*Kissing HENRY's hand.*] I seal
my truth, and bid adieu.

* *K. Hen.* Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,

* And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet lords ; let's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt WAR., CLAR., OXF., and MONT.*]

K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest awhile.

* Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship ?

* Methinks the power, that Edward hath in field,

* Should not be able to encounter mine.

* *Ere.* The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

it is so unsuitable, that it has been thought best to give it to Oxford, who is the next speaker in the old play.

¹ Shakspeare has twice repeated this passage, which made an impression upon him in the old play. He has applied the same expression to the duke of York, where his overthrow at Wakefield is described. In the former instance no trace is to be found of these lines in the old play. Several similar repetitions are found in this Third Part of King Henry VI.

* *K. Hen.* That's not my fear; my meed¹ hath got me fame.

- * I have not stopped mine ears to their demands,
- * Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
- * My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
- * My mildness hath allayed their swelling griefs,
- * My mercy dried their water-flowing tears.
- * I have not been desirous of their wealth,
- * Nor much oppressed them with great subsidies,
- * Nor forward of revenge, though they much erred.
- * Then why should they love Edward more than me?
- * No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace;
- * And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
- * The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within.* A Lancaster! a Lancaster!
Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-faced Henry, bear him hence,

- ‘ And once again proclaim us king of England.—
 - * You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow:
 - * Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
 - * And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—
 - ‘ Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.
- [*Exeunt some, with* KING HENRY.
- ‘ And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
 - ‘ Where peremptory Warwick now remains:²
 - ‘ The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,
 - ‘ Cold, biting winter mars our hoped-for hay.
 - * *Glo.* Away betimes, before his forces join,
 - * And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
 - * Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ Merit.

² Warwick has but just left the stage, declaring his intention to go to Coventry. How then could Edward know of that intention? Shakspeare here again followed the old play. Some of the old dramatic writers seem to have thought that all the persons of the drama must know whatever was known to the writers themselves, or to the audience.

ACT V.

SCENE I. Coventry.

Enter, upon the walls, WARWICK, the Mayor of Coventry, Two Messengers, and others.

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?

How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

‘ 1 *Mess.* By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague?

Where is the post that came from Montague?

‘ 2 *Mess.* By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.

‘ *War.* Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?

‘ And, by the guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

‘ *Som.* At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
‘ And do expect him here some two hours hence.

[*Drum heard.*

‘ *War.* Then Clarence is at hand; I hear his drum.

* *Som.* It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies.

* The drum your honor hears, marcheth from Warwick.

* *War.* Who should that be? belike, unlooked-for friends.

* *Som.* They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

Drums. Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Forces, marching.

* *K. Edw.* Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

‘ *Glo.* See how the surly Warwick mans the wall!

War. O, unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduced,
That we could hear no news of his repair?

* *K. Edw.* Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,

‘ Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee ?

‘ Call Edward—king, and at his hands beg mercy,

‘ And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

‘ *War.* Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence, Confess who set thee up and plucked thee down ?

Call Warwick—patron, and be penitent,

And thou shalt still remain the duke of York.

Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said—the king ;

Or did he make the jest against his will ?

* *War.* Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift ?

Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give ;

* I’ll do thee service for so good a gift.¹

‘ *War.* ’Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edw. Why, then ’tis mine, if but by Warwick’s gift.

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight ;

And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again ;

And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

* *K. Edw.* But Warwick’s king is Edward’s prisoner ;

‘ And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,—

What is the body, when the head is off ?

‘ *Glo.* Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,

But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,

‘ The king was slyly fingered from the deck !²

You left poor Henry at the bishop’s palace,³

And, ten to one, you’ll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edw. ’Tis even so ; yet you are Warwick still.

* *Glo.* Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel down, kneel down.

* Nay, when ?⁴ strike now, or else the iron cools.

* *War.* I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,

¹ That is, enroll myself among thy dependents.

² A *pack* of cards was anciently termed a *deck* of cards, or a pair of cards.

³ The palace of the bishop of London.

⁴ This expression of impatience has been already noticed.

* And with the other fling it at thy face,

* Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

* *K. Edw.* Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide
thy friend ;

* This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,

* Shall, whiles the head is warm, and new cut off,

* Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—

* *Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.*

Enter OXFORD, with drum and colors.

* *War.* O, cheerful colors ! see, where Oxford comes !

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster !

[*OXFORD and his Forces enter the city.*

‘ *Glo.* The gates are open ; let us enter too.

‘ *K. Edw.* So other foes may set upon our backs.

* Stand we in good array ; for they, no doubt,

* Will issue out again, and bid us battle ;

‘ If not, the city, being but of small defence,

‘ We’ll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

War. O, welcome, Oxford, for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, with drum and colors.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster !

[*He and his Forces enter the city.*

‘ *Glo.* Thou and thy brother both shall buy this
treason

‘ Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

* *K. Edw.* The harder matched, the greater victory ;

* My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, with drum and colors.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster !

[*He and his Forces enter the city.*

Glo. Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,¹

¹ The first of these noblemen was Edmund, slain at the battle of St. Albans, 1455. The second was Henry, his son, beheaded after the battle of Hexham, 1463. The present duke, Edmund, brother to Henry, was taken prisoner at Tewksbury, 1471, and there beheaded ; his brother John losing his life in the same fight.

Have sold their lives unto the house of York ;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, with drum and colors.

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps
along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle ;
* With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,
* More than the nature of a brother's love.—
* Come, Clarence, come ; thou wilt, if Warwick calls.
Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this
means ;

[Taking the red rose out of his cap.

‘ Look here, I throw my infamy at thee.
I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime¹ the stones together,
‘ And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
‘ That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt,² unnatural,
‘ To bend the fatal instruments of war
‘ Against his brother, and his lawful king ?
* Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath :
* To keep that oath, were more impiety
* Than Jephtha's, when he sacrificed his daughter.
* I am so sorry for my trespass made,
* That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
* I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe ;
* With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,
* (As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,)
* To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.—
‘ Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends ;
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I wil henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more
beloved,
Than if thou never hadst deserved our hate.

¹ i. e. to cement.

² i. e. stupid.

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence ; this is brotherlike.

War. O, passing traitor, perjured, and unjust !

K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town,
and fight ?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears ?

War. Alas, I am not cooped here for defence.

I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads
the way.—

Lords, to the field. Saint George, and victory.

[*March. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Field of Battle near Barnet.*

*Alarums and Excursions. Enter KING EDWARD,
bringing in WARWICK, wounded.*

* *K. Edw.* So, lie thou there : die thou, and die our
fear ;

* For Warwick was a bug,¹ that feared us all.—

* Now, Montague, sit fast ; I seek for thee,

* That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.

[*Exit.*]

War. Ah, who is nigh ? Come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick ?

Why ask I that ? my mangled body shows,

* My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows

That I must yield my body to the earth,

And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.

Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,

Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,

Under whose shade the ramping lion slept ;

Whose top-branch overpeered Jove's spreading tree,

* And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.

* These eyes, that now are dimmed with death's black
veil,

* Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,

¹ Warwick was the bugbear that frightened us all.

* To search the secret treasons of the world.
The wrinkles in my brows, now filled with blood,
Were likened oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who lived king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smeared in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and, of all my lands,
Is nothing left me, but my body's length!
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,
* We might recover all our loss again!

‘ The queen from France hath brought a puissant
power;

‘ Even now we heard the news. Ah, couldst thou fly!

‘ *War.* Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,

* If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,

* And with thy lips keep in my soul a while!

* Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,

* Thy tears would wash this cold, congealed blood,

* That glues my lips, and will not let me speak.

* Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

‘ *Som.* Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breathed his
last;

‘ And, to the latest gasp, cried out for Warwick,

‘ And said—*Commend me to my valiant brother.*

‘ And more he would have said; and more he spoke,

‘ Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,¹

‘ That might not be distinguished; but, at last,

‘ I well might hear delivered with a groan—

‘ *O, farewell, Warwick!*

War.

Sweet rest to his soul!—

¹ The old play has this line:—

“ Which sounded like a *clamor* in a vault.”

Fly, lords, and save yourselves ; for Warwick bids
You all farewell, to meet again in heaven. [Dies.]

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!
[*Exeunt, bearing off WARWICK's body.*]

SCENE III. *Another Part of the Field. Flourish.*

*Enter KING EDWARD in triumph ; with CLARENCE,
GLOSTER, and the rest.*

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward
course,

‘ And we are graced with wreaths of victory.

‘ But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,

‘ I spy a black, suspicious, threatening cloud,

‘ That will encounter with our glorious sun,

‘ Ere he attain his easeful, western bed ;

‘ I mean, my lords,—those powers, that the queen

‘ Hath raised in Gallia, have arrived¹ our coast,

‘ And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

* Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,

* And blow it to the source from whence it came.

* Thy very beams will dry those vapors up ;

* For every cloud engenders not a storm.

* Glo. The queen is valued thirty thousand strong,

‘ And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her ;

‘ If she have time to breathe, be well assured,

Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertised by our loving friends,

That they do hold their course towards Tewksbury ;

‘ We, having now the best at Barnet field,

‘ Will thither straight, for willingness rides way ;

‘ And, as we march, our strength will be augmented

In every county as we go along.

Strike up the drum ; cry—Courage ! and away.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ Arrived is here used in an active form.

SCENE IV. *Plains near Tewksbury. March.*

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD, SOMERSET,
OXFORD, *and* Soldiers.

* *Q. Mar.* Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail
their loss,¹

* But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.

‘ What though the mast be now blown overboard,

‘ The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,

‘ And half our sailors swallowed in the flood?

‘ Yet lives our pilot still. Is't meet, that he

‘ Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,

* With tearful eyes add water to the sea,

‘ And give more strength to that which hath too much;

* Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,

* Which industry and courage might have saved?

* Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!

‘ Say, Warwick was our anchor; what of that?

‘ And Montague our top-mast; what of him?

‘ Our slaughtered friends the tackles; what of these?

‘ Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?

‘ And Somerset another goodly mast?

‘ The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?

‘ And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I

‘ For once allowed the skilful pilot's charge?

‘ We will not from the helm, to sit and weep;

* But keep our course, though the rough wind say—no,

* From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.

* As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.

* And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea?

* What Clarence, but a quicksand of deceit?

* And Richard, but a ragged, fatal rock?

* All these the enemies to our poor bark.

* Say, you can swim; alas, 'tis but a while:

¹ This speech, in the original play, is expressed in eleven lines. Malone thinks its extraordinary expansion into thirty-seven lines a decisive proof that the old play was the production of some writer who preceded Shakespeare.

- * Tread on the sand ; why, there you quickly sink :
- * Bestride the rock ; the tide will wash you off,
- * Or else you famish ; that's a threefold death.
- * This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
- * In case some one of you would fly from us,
- * That there's no hoped-for mercy with the brothers,
- * More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.
- * Why, courage, then ! what cannot be avoided,
- * 'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.

* *Prince.* Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit,
* Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
* Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
* And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
' I speak not this as doubting any here.
' For, did I but suspect a fearful man,
' He should have leave to go away betimes ;
' Lest, in our need, he might infect another,
' And make him of like spirit to himself.
' If any such be here, as God forbid !
' Let him depart, before we need his help.

' *Oxf.* Women and children of so high a courage !
And warriors faint ! why, 'twere perpetual shame.—
' O, brave young prince ! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee. Long mayst thou live,
To bear his image, and renew his glories !

' *Som.* And he, that will not fight for such a hope,
' Go home to bed, and like the owl by day,
' If he arise, be mocked and wondered at.

* *Q. Mar.* Thanks, gentle Somerset ;—sweet Ox-
ford, thanks.

* *Prince.* And take his thanks, that yet hath noth-
ing else.

Enter a Messenger.

' *Mess.* Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight ; therefore be resolute.

' *Oxf.* I thought no less ; it is his policy,
' To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceived ; we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.

March. *Enter, at a distance, KING EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and Forces.*

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,

‘ Which, by the Heavens’ assistance, and your strength,
‘ Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.

* I need not add more fuel to your fire,

* For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out.

* Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say,

‘ My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,

‘ Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.

‘ Therefore, no more but this:—Henry, your sovereign,

‘ Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurped,

‘ His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,

‘ His statutes cancelled, and his treasure spent;

‘ And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.

‘ You fight in justice; then, in God’s name, lords,

‘ Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[Exeunt both Armies.]

SCENE V. *Another part of the same.*

Alarums: Excursions: and afterwards a retreat.

Then enter KING EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and Forces; with QUEEN MARGARET, OXFORD, and SOMERSET, prisoners.

‘ *K. Edw.* Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hammes castle¹ straight:
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.

‘ Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.

¹ A castle in Picardy, where Oxford was confined for many years.

Lascivious Edward,—and thou perjured George,
And thou misshapen Dick,—I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are ;—

* And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of this railer here.¹
[*Stabs him.*

* *Glo.* Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.
[*GLO. stabs him.*

* *Cla.* And there's for twitting me with perjury.
[*CLA. stabs him.*

Q. Mar. O, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and shall. [Offers to kill her.

* *K. Edw.* Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done
too much.

Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with
words?

K. Edw. What! doth she swoon? use means for
her recovery.

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother.

* I'll hence to London on a serious matter ;

* Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clar. What? what?

* *Glo.* The Tower, the Tower! [Exit.

* *Q. Mar.* O, Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother,
boy!

* Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers!—

They that stabbed Cæsar, shed no blood at all,

Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,

* If this foul deed were by, to equal it.

* He was a man; this, in respect, a child;

And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

* What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?

* No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak ;—

* And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.—

* Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals!

* How sweet a plant have you untimely cropped!

¹ That is, "thou who art the likeness," &c. The old copies describe Edward as striking the first blow, and Gloster the next; and this is according to history, which informs us that Edward smote the prince with his gauntlet, on which the rest despatched him.

‘ You have no children, butchers ! if you had,
‘ The thought of them would have stirred up remorse ;
‘ But if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
‘ As, deathsmen ! you have rid¹ this sweet young
prince !

K. Edw. Away with her ; go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence ; despatch me here ;

Here sheath thy sword ; I’ll pardon thee my death.

What ! wilt thou not ?—Then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By Heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do ; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it ?

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself ;

’Twas sin before, but now ’tis charity.

‘ What ! wilt thou not ? Where is that devil’s butcher,
Hard-favored Richard ? Richard, where art thou ?

Thou art not here. Murder is thy alms-deed ;

Petitioners for blood thou ne’er put’st back.

K. Edw. Away, I say ; I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you, and yours, as to this prince !
[*Exit, led out forcibly.*]

K. Edw. Where’s Richard gone ?

‘ *Clar.* To London, all in post ; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He’s sudden, if a thing comes in his head.

‘ Now march we hence ; discharge the common sort

‘ With pay and thanks, and let’s away to London,

‘ And see our gentle queen how well she fares ;

‘ By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ To *rid* is to cut off, to *destroy*.

SCENE VI. London. *A Room in the Tower.*

KING HENRY is discovered sitting with a book in his hand, the Lieutenant attending. Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord. My lord, I should say rather;

'Tis sin to flatter; good was little better;

Good Gloster, and good devil, were alike,

* And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.

* Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves; we must confer.
[Exit Lieutenant.

* K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf:

* So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,

* And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—

What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

* K. Hen. The bird, that hath been limed in a bush,

* With trembling wings misdoubteth¹ every bush;

And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,

Have now the fatal object in my eye,

Where my poor young was limed, was caught, and killed.

* Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,

* That taught his son the office of a fowl?

* And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drowned.

* K. Hen. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;

Thy father Minos, that denied our course;

* The sun, that seared the wings of my sweet boy,

* Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,

* Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.

* Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!

* My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,

¹ To misdoubt is to suspect danger, to fear.

Than can my ears that tragic history.—

* But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?

‘ *Glo.* Think'st thou I am an executioner?

K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art;

‘ If murdering innocents be executing,

‘ Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy son I killed for his presumption.

K. Hen. Hadst thou been killed, when first thou
didst presume,

Thou hadst not lived to kill a son of mine.

‘ And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,

‘ Which now mistrust no parcel¹ of my fear;

‘ And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,

‘ And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—

‘ Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,

‘ And orphans for their parents' timeless death,—

‘ Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.

The owl shrieked at thy birth, an evil sign;

‘ The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;

Dogs howled, and hideous tempests shook down trees;

The raven rooked² her on the chimney's top,

And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.

Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,

And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;

‘ To wit,—an indigest, deformed lump,

Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.

Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast born,

To signify,—thou cam'st to bite the world;

And, if the rest be true which I have heard,

‘ Thou cam'st—

Glo. I'll hear no more:—Die, prophet, in thy speech.

[*Stabs him.*

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordained.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after
this.

O God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [*Dies.*

¹ Who suspect no part of what my fears presage.

² To *rook*, or *ruck*, is to cower down like a bird at roost or on its nest.
The word is of very ancient use in our language.

Glo. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
' O, may such purple tears be always shed
' From those that wish the downfall of our house!
' If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell: and say—I sent thee thither.

[Stabs him again.]

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.—
Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legs forward:
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
' And seek their ruin that usurped our right?
The midwife wondered; and the women cried,
O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth;
' And so I was; which plainly signified—
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
' Then, since the Heavens have shaped my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother:
' And this word, love, which greybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me; I am myself alone.—
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light;
But I will sort¹ a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buzz abroad such prophecies,
' That Edward shall be fearful of his life;
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
' King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone:
' Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;
Counting myself but bad, till I be best.—
' I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom. *[Exit.]*

¹ Select, choose out.

SCENE VII. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

KING EDWARD *is discovered sitting on his throne, QUEEN ELIZABETH with the infant Prince, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and others, near him.*

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
Repurchased with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mowed down, in tops of all their pride!
Three dukes of Somerset, threefold renowned
For hardy and undoubted champions:
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son,
And two Northumberlands; two braver men
Ne'er spurred their coursers at the trumpet's sound:
' With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fettered the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roared.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.—
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.—
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles, and myself,
Have in our armors watched the winter's night;
' Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace;
And of our labors thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;
For yet I am not looked on in the world.
This shoulder was ordained so thick, to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back.—
Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute.¹

[*Aside.*

K. Edw. Clarence, and Gloster, love my lovely queen;
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

¹ Gloucester may be supposed to touch his head and look significantly at his hand.

Clar. The duty that I owe unto your majesty,
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

K. Edw. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother,
thanks.¹

‘ *Glo.* And, that I love the tree from whence thou
sprang’st,

• Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.—

To say the truth, so Judas kissed his Master; }

‘ And cried—All hail! when as he meant— } *Aside.*
All harm.

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country’s peace, and brothers’ loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with Mar-
garet?

Reignier, her father, to the king of France
Hath pawned the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to
France.

And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasures of the court?

Sound, drums and trumpets!—farewell, sour annoy!

For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [*Exeunt.*

¹ The old quarto play appropriates this line to the *queen*. The first and second folio, by mistake, have given it to *Clarence*. In Steevens’s copy of the second folio, which had belonged to king Charles the First, his majesty had erased *Cla.* and written *King* in its stead. Shakspeare, therefore, in the catalogue of his restorers, may boast a royal name.

THE three parts of King Henry VI. are suspected, by Mr. Theobald, of being supposititious, and are declared by Dr. Warburton to be certainly not Shakspeare's. Mr. Theobald's suspicion arises from some obsolete words; but the phraseology is like the rest of the author's style; and single words, of which, however, I do not observe more than two, can conclude little.

Dr. Warburton gives no reason; but I suppose him to judge upon deeper principles and more comprehensive views, and to draw his opinion from the general effect and spirit of the composition, which he thinks inferior to the other historical plays.

From mere inferiority nothing can be inferred; in the productions of wit there will be inequality. Sometimes judgment will err, and sometimes the matter itself will defeat the artist. Of every author's works, one will be the best, and one will be the worst. The colors are not equally pleasing, nor the attitudes equally graceful, in all the pictures of Titian or Reynolds.

Dissimilitude of style, and heterogeneousness of sentiment, may sufficiently show that a work does not really belong to the reputed author. But in these plays no such marks of spuriousness are found. The diction, the versification, and the figures, are Shakspeare's. These plays, considered, without regard to characters and incidents, merely as narratives in verse, are more happily conceived, and more accurately finished, than those of King John, King Richard II., or the tragic scenes of King Henry IV. and V. If we take these plays from Shakspeare, to whom shall they be given? What author of that age had the same easiness of expression and fluency of numbers? *

Of these three plays I think the second is the best. The truth is, that they have not sufficient variety of action, for the incidents are too often of the same kind; yet many of the characters are well discriminated. King Henry, and his queen, king Edward, the duke of Gloster, and the earl of Warwick, are very strongly and distinctly painted.

The old copies of the two latter parts of King Henry VI. and of King Henry V. are so apparently mutilated and imperfect, that there is no reason for supposing them the first draughts of Shakspeare. I am inclined to believe them copies taken by some auditor, who wrote down during the representation what the time would permit; then, perhaps, filled up some of his omissions at a second or third hearing, and, when he had by this method formed something like a play, sent it to the printer.

JOHNSON.

* This note by Dr. Johnson has been preserved, notwithstanding the answer to his argument which is given in the abstract of Malone's dissertation prefixed to these plays, which discriminates between what is and what is not from the hand of our great Poet. "No fraudulent copyist (says Malone) or short-hand writer would have invented circumstances *totally different* from those which appear in Shakspeare's new-modelled draughts, as exhibited in the folio, or insert *whole speeches* of which scarcely a trace is to be found in that edition."

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